



IMMORTAL MORTAL

BOOK 01

Goose Five

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Immortal Mortal

(不朽凡人)

by

Goose Five

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Synopsis

Here, only those with spiritual roots can cultivate while those with mortal roots are destined to stay mortal.

Mo Wuji only has mortal roots, but will he only remain as a mortal?

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Chapter 1: The Fallen Prince

Prologue:

“Hahahaha... Ruoyin, I was finally able to refine the Channel Opening Solution. I’ve succeeded...” Inside a messy lab, Mo Wuji started laughing, clutching a porcelain bottle in his hand as if he had gone mad.

“Ding...” A glass cup fell onto the ground, spilling tea everywhere. A beautiful girl in a crimson red cheongsam stood by the doorway, blankly staring at the hysterical Mo Wuji. Only after a good while did she speak in a shivering voice, “Wuji, did you succeed? Did you really succeed?”

Mo Wuji stared at the beautiful girl standing at the entrance. He knew that Xia Ruoyin had come to serve him a cup of tea. This piece of information had shocked Xia Ruoyin greatly; due to her excitement, the cup slipped from her hands and fell to the ground.

“Ruoyin, there is absolutely no error this time around. I just tried half of the bottle, but I could clearly feel as if a fire was burning down my meridians as they are gradually being opened and expanded. At the moment, my meridians are still in the process of opening, but we have succeeded.”

Mo Wuji, while holding the porcelain bottle, excitedly walked up to the girl and grabbed her hands. “Ruoyin, it has been hard for you. In all these years, I have been dedicated to researching the Channel Opening Solution and I did not take care of you. Instead,

you had to take care of me. Let us marry. Afterward, we will start a company specializing in the production of the Channel Opening Solution. I believe our business will soon be a sensation throughout the world.”

The girl finally calmed down, but she still spoke in a shivering voice, “Did you take down the drug formula?”

Mo Wuji nodded his head, “Ruoyin, don’t worry. I have all the information on my laptop. Here, take a look...”

After Mo Wuji finished speaking, he turned around and walked towards his laptop.

Suddenly, he felt something cold, followed by an excruciating pain from his back. Upon seeing the tip of a blade emerging from his chest, he realized that someone had stabbed him through his heart from his back.

The pain caused him to feel extremely dizzy and his strength started to fade away. Mo Wuji slowly turned his head around as he unconsciously looked at the hands clasping the blade. It was Xia Ruoyin’s. With his eyes wide open, he muttered, “Ruoyin... Why? Why?”

He still could not believe that his lover whom he had loved dearly for many years would stab him.

“I’m sorry, Wuji. I’m sorry...” Xia Ruoyin’s hands were

trembling as a shudder went through her whole body. She had killed her lover. He was the man who she had loved for over a decade and the one who had showered her with endless affection.

Two teardrops appeared at the corners of Mo Wuji's eyes. He felt his body becoming colder by the second. He gradually lost his consciousness and his eyes began to lose its luster. However, he still did not want to close his eyes. He kept on staring at Xia Ruoyin as he murmured, "If you wanted the formula... you just had to say it and I would have given it to you... why?"

Mo Wuji did not shed his tears because he was dying. For as long as he could remember, he had never cried in his life. However, today, what hurt the most was not the injury on his back, but the pain caused by the betrayal of his lover.

Perhaps even Xia Ruoyin did not know her position in Mo Wuji's heart. If she had asked for it, Mo Wuji would have willingly died for her. However, Xia Ruoyin, the woman who he would have gladly died for, had stabbed him on this fateful day.

Maybe the question would remain unanswered for a long time. Perhaps he would not even be able to rest in his grave. His dim eyes finally closed, leaving the two teardrops by the corners of his eyes.

"Pa-ta..." Xia Ruoyin also shed two lines of tears, which fell on the corners of Mo Wuji's eyes, washing away his teardrops.

The Fallen Prince

"Gua...." The shrill sound of a crow woke Mo Wuji up. As soon as he raised his head, he saw a single crow flying above him, quickly disappearing together with its shrill cries.

"Where am I?" Mo Wuji felt strange. He seemed to be sitting on a newly piled up tomb, surrounded by seven to eight children kneeling in front of him. Among them, a young girl wearing a floral blue skirt was holding a bamboo basket beside him.

As Mo Wuji was still confused about the situation, the young girl whispered with a gentle voice, "Everyone behaved well today, however, there are no more sweets left so let us call it a day and come back tomorrow to continue playing."

"Were these games played in the previous emperor's dynasty? Why does this scene feel so familiar?"

Mo Wuji was shocked because this scene resembled the last scene of the novel in which Mu Rongfu was in. Mu Rongfu became crazy because of what he had to do for his country. His beautiful cousin and childhood sweetheart Wang Yuyan left him for another man, and in the end, all he had left by his side was a servant named Abi. This present scene is the scene after Mu Rongfu went crazy because of his lost country and Abi gathered a few children to play with him.

"Long live my King, goodbye my King. We will be back for more sweets tomorrow..." The children dispersed after chanting these

words in a non-orderly manner.

Mo Wuji gazed all over the place, and he noticed a few young men and women were walking by. When he rested his eyes on a lady wearing a purple skirt, he was so infatuated by her beauty that he completely forgot about his current situation.

The lady in the purple skirt exchanged looks with Mo Wuji. She looked confused, sympathetic and was disappointed with him. The other young and attractive men and women seemed to be discussing and laughing about him while they passed by.

“Can’t be...”

All of a sudden, Mo Wuji thought of a horrible scenario. “Could it be that after my death, I was reborn into Mu Rongfu’s body? Did our souls really crossed over to other bodies in this world?”

“And why would my soul crossover? What was I doing before this?”

At this point, Mo Wuji started to have a headache. He finally recalled that after he successfully developed the solution, his lover who he was willing to die for backstabbed him. With this thought, Mo Wuji’s entire spirit was overwhelmed with sadness...

His throbbing headache caused him to think of this matter no further. There was an excessive amount of information flooding into his head. It was only after two full hours that Mo Wuji finally

understood what was actually happening.

He realized that this was not the Song dynasty anymore, and he was not just reborn into Mu Rongfu's body.

This was not even Earth! He was currently in Rao Zhou City, the national capital of Cheng Yu state. He was called Mo Xinghe, the prince of Northern Qin Prefecture. His father named him Mo Xinghe after the Xing Han Empire.

Mo Xinghe could not recall exactly how big this world was, but he knew that Xing Han Empire is not the only empire. Every empire was divided into states, and every states were further divided into many prefectures.

Mo Xinghe belonged to Northern Qin Prefecture under Cheng Yu State, and Cheng Yu belonged to the Xing Han Empire.

Nineteen years ago, Mo Xinghe's grandfather, Mo Tiancheng, was the Northern Qin Prefecture's lord. After he arrived at Cheng Yu state, he suddenly disappeared. As a result, Northern Qin Prefecture needed a new lord, and this lord needed to have the approval of the State Lord.

If it was not for Mo Tiancheng's sudden disappearance, Mo Tiancheng could have passed the throne directly to his children and reported it to the State Lord. However, Mo Tiancheng was missing and he did not pass his throne to anyone officially. Hence, the successor must now personally head to the state to take over the throne in front of all the other prefecture and state lords.

Mo Xinghe's parents decided to bring Mo Xinghe to Rao Zhou City for two reasons. Firstly, they wanted to locate Mo Tiancheng. Secondly, Mo Xinghe's father, Mo Guangyuan, had always wanted to gain recognition from the other lords and succeed his father's throne.

Originally, succeeding the throne was a simple affair. Nobody expected it to turn out to be filled with so many different obstacles. Mo Xinghe's parents have spent countless amounts of money, and ran around for more than a decade; however, they were still unable to succeed the throne.

Mo Xinghe's parents died of illness and Mo Xinghe inherited his father's obsession to succeed the throne. With the death of Mo Xinghe's parents, the Mo family finally exhausted all their money. Mo Xinghe was then on the move for several years without achieving anything meaningful. When he found out that Northern Qin Prefecture had been taken over by Cheng Yu's lord, Mo Xinghe went crazy and was then reborn as Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji also managed to recall who the lady in a purple skirt was. Her name was Wen Manzhu and her father was very close friends with Mo Xinghe's parents. Mo Xinghe and Wen Manzhu were childhood sweethearts and even though they were not promised to one another, everyone agreed that both of them would grow up and be together.

Ever since the Mo Clan lost their opportunity to ascend the throne, along with the death of Mo Xinghe's parents and the loss of Mo Xinghe's sanity, the Wen Clan gradually disregarded Mo

Xinghe. As Wen Manzhu grew up, she grew apart from Mo Xinghe and went closer to the princes from other more influential families.

Upon feeling two drops of tears on the back of the hand, Mo Wuji raised his head from his knees and saw that it was a sad young girl, marked with a scar on her face.

Just like how Abi faithfully stayed beside Mu Rongfu, this girl called Yan'Er was the only person who stayed by him despite only being his servant. If not for Yan'Er, Mo Wuji would have never been reborn and no one would have known how long the original Mo Xinghe would have been dead.

Other than the scar on her face, Yan'Er also suffered from malnutrition. She was pale, her hair was all blonde, and she lacked the vibrant energy of a typical young lady.

“It still doesn't make sense...” Mo Wuji shivered. The Mo Clan was still a part of the royal clan, so even if Mo Xinghe's father was not able to succeed the throne, in this rich country, he still should not have died of illness in poverty. Was it not possible for him to leave Rao Zhou City and return to the Northern Qin Prefecture as soon as possible? Alternatively, was it that there was no escorts or money given to the Mo Clan?

There was certainly something wrong here...

Mo Wuji looked up and saw Yan'Er wiping her slightly reddish eyes as she gently asked, “My King, can we return now?”

Mo Wuji bowed his head and sighed, for not only Yan'Er but also his current state and body. Even while playing such a childish game, Yan'Er still had to be polite and ask for permission as if she was really in an empire state.

However, Mo Wuji recuperated very quickly and felt that he should be upset at himself the most. He had mixed feelings about whether he should be grateful that he was not dead, heartbroken that his lover was the one who plotted against him or saddened that he could no longer return to Earth.

Seeing Mo Wuji not say anything after a while, the overly cautious Yan'Er spoke again, "My King, the sky is getting darker..."

Mo Wuji sighed as he looked at the distant setting sun. He was unsure of whether it was because he thought of Mo Xinghe, or if he was just lamenting about his own destiny. He eventually said, "Let's go back..."

He saw Yan'Er's surprised look on her face, without feeling the need to explain any further, he sighed and said, "Let's go back to the dynasty..."

Having said that, he wanted to stand up, pat off the soil on his legs, and leave. However as his leg were crossed for a long time, they were numb and asleep. Fortunately, Yan'Er was there to help him up.

As Yan'Er helped him out of the sparse forest, Mo Wuji was busy rearranging the thoughts that remained on his mind.

"What kind of world is this...?" The two quietly walked for a few minutes, when Mo Wuji mumbled this to himself.

"My King, what did you just say?" Yan'Er asked as she did not quite understand what Mo Wuji said earlier.

Mo Wuji shook his head, "Yan'Er, please do not call me your King anymore. Address me by my name."

Because both Mo Wuji and Yan'Er will still be living together in the future, there was still some explaining left to do.

Feeling a bit touched, Yan'Er asked excitedly while carrying a bamboo basket with her trembling hands and teary eyes, "Young master, are you feeling better?"

Mo Wuji replied with a slightly hesitant smile, "Perhaps I have not completely recovered or remembered everything, but I will not act and dream like an idiot as before anymore."

Mo Wuji was afraid he would let the cat out of the bag, so he simply stated that he had not completely recovered.

"Then..." Yan'Er seemed like she wanted to say something, yet she did not dare to.

Mo Wuji knew Yan'Er wanted to ask if he still wanted to play with these children tomorrow, but she was afraid that after playing these games, it would remind him of the previous dynasty's incident and make him crazy again.

Patting Yan'Er's back, Mo Wuji laughed and said, "I have lived the Emperor's life before and I am now sick of it already. Let us not come tomorrow and instead, we should think about how to carry on living tomorrow."

Yan'Er dropped the bamboo basket she was holding, tears rolling down her cheeks with her knees on the floor. She can't seem to stop mumbling to herself...

Chapter 2: Living is Difficult

Mo Wuji did not help Yan'Er up. He could feel that after Mo Xinghe went crazy, Yan'Er bore a lot of pressure and suffering. At the moment, he just watched the distant shadows of the high-rise buildings as he secretly clenched his fist. "Even if I have to start from scratch, what's wrong with that?"

Although it seemed to be a monarchy in this world, the levels of science and technology were similar to that of Earth. There was a public transport system and electronic devices and equipments. How could he still be afraid that he cannot survive?

"Yan'Er, let's go back first," Mo Wuji said, watching the tall buildings as he pulled up Yan'Er who was still at a loss.

Even if he was reborn from Earth, he probably cannot recapture the Northern Qin Prefecture back.

He may not be able to dream about being a king, but Mo Wuji still had the confidence that he could establish a foothold here. After all, he was a top biological and botanist in the past. It was precisely because he was able to extract the essence from a number of plants and concoct it into a solution that could open the meridians, which caused his lover to plot against him. Consequently, this was why he was ultimately reborn in this place.

He was still unsure about the value of his solution. The existence of meridians had always been in a gray area even though meridians were often mentioned in traditional Chinese medicine. In

actuality, how many people could prove the existence of meridians and even write a research paper about it?

But, could one imagine? What if the meridians could be expanded to the point where they could actually be felt? How much more powerful would one be? One could participate in the Olympic long-distance running or weightlifting events and still have a chance of winning.

The only thing he did not expect, however, was that his lover, whom he would have spent his life and death with, would plot against him. Until now, he did not understand why she would, at the moment of his success, backstab him with a dagger.

“Yes, Master...” Yan’Er finally calmed down, her eyes containing a glimmer.

Mo Wuji helplessly said, “Yan’Er, do I look like a young master? From now on, call me by my name. The past is the past. Today is a new beginning. My name will no longer be Mo Xinghe, but Mo Wuji. “

“Yes, Master.” Yan’Er quickly responded.

Mo Wuji did not continue to persuade her; some habits were too hard to change. “The sky's going to be dark, let's go back. Tomorrow, I will go find a job.”

Although Mo Wuji had not returned home, he had some ideas.

With his parents' death and his family's wealth emptied, the Mo Family had long gone bankrupt. Afterward, Mo Xinghe went mad. In addition to work, Yan'Er also had to play this silly game with Mo Wuji. The fact that they could survive was already not bad.

“Master, you don't have to find a job. From now on, just don't come out every day. I can find another job. That will be enough.” After hearing Mo Wuji say he wanted to find a job, Yan'Er hastened to stop him.

Mo Wuji just looked at Yan'Er's faded dress and the simple hair ornament on her yellow hair, he did not say anything. Some things could not be said clearly by words alone. Until his death, Mo Xinghe did not understand the difficulty Yan'Er went through with him.

...

Although there were castle gates and walls at Rao Zhou City, there were no guards. Regardless if it was day or night, anyone was free to come and go.

In other words, the city gate and walls of Rao Zhou City were a symbol of status rather than a form of defense for war.

Mo Xinghe was determined on restoring his country and did not care about the workings of Rao Zhou City. Mo Wuji could only uncover from the faint memories of Mo Xinghe that Rao Zhou City was very busy.

After following Yan'Er into the city, Mo Wuji immediately felt the wild, booming bustle of Rao Zhou City. Spacious streets were filled with a dense flow of people, along with brightly lit shops on both sides of the street. Mo Wuji even suspected that this was a modern city from Earth.

This bustling area was naturally not a place where Mo Wuji could afford to live. After the two bypassed the busy streets and walked for nearly an hour, they came to a messy residential area. Here, the lights looked faint and dim.

Mo Wuji could see from afar the messy space that they lived in. Even though the rent is almost equal to zero, it was still not what they could afford. If it was not for the sympathy of the landlord, they might not even have a place to sleep.

“Aiyo, the king is back. We better quickly make way for this one,” An abrupt voice interrupted Mo Wuji's chain of thought.

“Hu Fei, you get out of the way,” Yan'Er, who was originally half a step behind Mo Wuji, suddenly stepped forward, like an angry little leopard, pushing Mo Wuji behind her.

Under the dim light, Mo Wuji saw a youth with thickly gelled hair. Although he said to make way for Mo Wuji, he stood in the middle of the street without showing the slightest intention of doing so.

“Little Yan'Er, Big Brother Hu specially bought half a catty of pig meat for you. You doing this to me makes me feel sad,” said Hu Fei

while he fiddled around with the lotus leaf packet in his hands. (TL: Chinese food is sometimes wrapped up in lotus/pandan/banana leaves)

Mo Wuji's belly disappointingly rumbled loudly. Yan'Er, who originally wanted to have Hu Fei move out of the way, hesitated while looking at the lotus leaf packet.

“Isn't this better? You and Big Brother Hu aren't strangers...” Hu Fei said, coming over as he moved to put his hand around Yan'Er's shoulders. Although there was a scar on Yan'Er's face along with her having an undeveloped body due to poor nutrition, she still had a set of pretty facial features.

Yan'Er's eyes showed signs of hesitation. If she was alone, she would not be bothered about Hu Fei. But today, the young master has not eaten for the whole day, and his stomach was rumbling. Furthermore, there was not even a grain of rice at home. What could she do even if she went back?

Mo Wuji did not know what Yan'Er was thinking. He did not wait for Hu Fei's hands to reach Yan'Er's shoulders before he kicked out with his foot.

Hu Fei did not expect Mo Wuji to react this way. Mo Wuji kicked him squarely in the chest.

Mo Wuji felt like he kicked a piece of steel, and he had to take a series of steps back from the strong rebound.

“Master, are you alright...” Yan’Er quickly ran over, supporting Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji looked at Hu Fei who was only forced back by a single step and could not help but become shocked. His current body was indeed very weak as it was not even able to kick down Hu Fei. Is Hu Fei a martial artist?

“You’re courting death...” Hu Fei did not expect the weak Mo Xinghe, who only dreamt of being a king, to suddenly act against him. He went into a fury and pulled out a foot-long knife from his waist and rushed towards Mo Wuji.

Several bystanders saw Hu Fei rushing towards Mo Wuji, but no one came forward to help. They did not even say a word.

“Hu Fei, hurry up and stop! It’s broad daylight and you dare to commit murder?” Yan’Er’s face turned pale white, and she did not notice that it was already night time.

“Ha ha, I have long wanted to get rid of this idiot. Today, this idiot acted against me first, even if I kill him, I will at most get only a fine. Yan’Er, I am doing this for you. If you follow me, you can have food to eat and clothes to wear...” Hu Fei apparently did not intend to stop.

Yan’Er turned anxious. There was no other way; she could only use her body to protect Mo Wuji.

At this moment, Mo Wuji completely calmed down. From his recollection, Cheng Yu State indeed had such a law. Whether you are right or wrong, if someone acted upon you first and you killed him, you would only receive a small fine.

Knowing that it was too late for regrets, Mo Wuji quickly pulled Yan'Er to the side. He calmly stared at Hu Fei and said, “Hu Fei, if you dare to even touch a single hair of mine, you will die a horrible death.”

Chapter 3: Mortal Roots

Mo Wuji calmly told Hu Fei, "I am still part of the Northern Qin Prefecture royal clan. Even though I did not manage to succeed the throne, I still have my aristocratic title. Do you dare hurt a noble like me? Hu Fei, I'm warning you, even tearing your body from limb to limb by five horses or cutting you up into a thousand pieces would be too light a punishment for you."

Hu Fei startled as he realised that even the weakened duke like him still belonged to the royal clan and that he was not someone a lowly personnel like Hu Fei could mess with.

Whether or not Mo Wuji was still considered to be part of the royal clan was not for someone like Hu Fei to find out. However Mo Wuji was right in stating that if someone were to hurt a noble, punishment such as tearing the body from limb to limb by 5 horses would indeed be going easy on the offender.

Hu Fei realised the consequence of hurting a noble and quickly responded, "My King, I am just joking with you, I would never dare to lay a finger on you."

There was no rush to get rid of Mo Wuji, Hu Fei had nothing but time on his side to do a thorough check on whether Mo Wuji's title was still valid.

Mo Wuji calmly walked over to Hu Fei and took the knife from his hand.

“What a good knife...” Mo Wuji knew this knife was exceptionally sharp the moment he got his hands on it.

Having let go of the knife in his hands, Hu Fei subconsciously took a few steps back and cautiously observed Mo Wuji.

Yan’Er watched over the two of them nervously. Even though the knife is with Mo Wuji now, Yan’Er still could not help but panic. Having served Mo Wuji for a long time, she clearly knew that Mo Wuji was just a civilian like the rest and no longer held any aristocratic title.

In other words, since Mo Wuji attacked Hu Fei first, even if Hu Fei were to indeed kill Mo Wuji, Hu Fei would at most be punished with a small fine.

Looking at the knife in his hands, Mo Wuji stared at Hu Fei’s eyes and said, “Hu Fei, I am not trying to use my position to threaten you. Even if I am no longer part of the royal clan, my ancestors were once dukes and you would not get away by hurting their descendant. Hurting the descendant of a royal blood, isn’t it equivalent to not showing any form of respect for the Cheng Yu State?”

Mo Wuji gave a cold smirk as he finished his sentence.

Hu Fei kept pondering if Mo Wuji was really part of the royal clan. Because if he was not, Hu Fei was confident of finishing him off even though the knife was with Mo Wuji. Upon hearing what Mo Wuji just said, this thought of his disappeared quickly without

a trace and he replied, “My King, a lowly personnel like me was just joking with you earlier.”

Hu Fei also wondered how Mo Wuji’s change in attitude could be so drastic.

“I am no longer the King now, scram before I change my mind,” Mo Wuji kept Hu Fei’s knife in his boot tube.

“Yes, yes Master Mo please take care,” Hu Fei’s heart ache as he watched Mo Wuji keep his knife and walk away.

That knife had always been with Hu Fei and little did he expect someone to take it away from him today. He would be lying if he said his heart did not ache.

“Master, you are no longer...” As Hu Fei left, Yan’Er cautiously walked over and whispered to Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji interrupted and said, “I know, let’s talk when we get back.”

Even without Yan’Er’s reminder, Mo Wuji would have already guessed he was no longer part of the royal clan.

...

They lived in a very cramped space and there was only an old

cloth separating the two wooden beds. There was nothing valuable in the house. Mo Wuji knew that anything with worth, even a penny, would have been sold by Yan'Er to buy sweets to play with the children.

Mo Wuji saw himself in the scratched mirror hanging in front of his bed. He resembled himself in the past life and his long dry hair was tied very neatly by Yan'Er. Even though his face was pale, it was much better compared it to Yan'Er's yellowish skinny face. Other than the tired eyes, his slick eyebrows and sharp nose made him look decently handsome.

“Master, I will go to Aunt Lu's house to borrow some rice...” Yan'Er said the moment she stepped into the house. She still felt that Mo Wuji should have taken and kept the packet of pig head meat from Hu Fei instead of the knife.

“Hold on...” Mo Wuji stopped Yan'Er.

Mo Wuji asked Yan'Er the moment he saw her turned her head curiously looking at him, “Yan'Er, Hu Fei seems to be trained in martial arts as he was much stronger than me. He's a hooligan, but where did he learn them from?”

From what Mo Wuji could remember, this world was not a place full of top martial artists. What rights did Hu Fei had that he could learn martial arts when the descendant of a noble like himself could not?

Yan'Er revealed an expression of disdain and replied, “Hu Fei

barely learned a few moves from others, and he cannot even open his spirit. How can he be considered to be true martial artist? I've heard from your grandfather that your great grandfather was a true spiritual martial artist."

"What is opening of the spirit?" Mo Wuji anxiously asked because in his memory, other than his previous country, there was absolutely nothing else. Could it be that he was wrong and that this place was still a place where one can master martial arts?

At this moment, he felt excited and fired up to go all out to learn martial arts if it is really possible now. This was so that if one day he could return to Earth, he could ask her in person: "Why?"

Yan'Er was not surprised at Mo Wuji not knowing what the opening of spirit is. What surprised Yan'Er the most is that the young master previously could not care less about such things, why is he so curious about it now?

She still decided to tell him all that she knew, "Opening of the spirit is helping someone with spiritual roots excite their spiritual roots and open up their spiritual channel. Only those who have excited roots and opened channels would be able to cultivate and master martial arts. I've heard that opening more channels during the first try would indicate a greater quality of spiritual roots."

Mo Wuji immediately caught two main points from what Yan'Er said. The first is that to learn martial arts, one has to have spiritual roots. Secondly one must be able to open up their spiritual network.

“Yan’Er, why did the old master not bring me to open up my spirit?” Mo Wuji asked excitedly.

Yan’Er tone became deeper and said, “When old master first came to Rao Zhou City, he was too busy trying to succeed the throne. When he realised that it was not possible anymore, he wanted to let you learn martial arts. Old master accumulated enough money for you to test your roots and open your spirit. However after the tests, it was discovered that you possessed mortal roots just like old master. People with mortal roots under normal circumstances cannot excite their roots and hence are unable to learn martial arts.

“What are mortal roots?” Mo Wuji’s heart sank but asked anyway.

Having gone through death, what else can he find unacceptable?

Yan’Er could feel Mo Wuji’s disappointment, sighing as she said, “I’ve heard from old master that one’s roots will affect one’s martial arts future. Normally, those without spiritual roots are called mortal roots, also known as useless roots. Those with mortal roots are just like everyone else.

Those with spiritual roots could cultivate and the grade of one’s spiritual roots could be further divided into different levels. There are the low level, medium level, high level and the top level. I’ve heard people saying there are some with grades even higher than the top level but I’m not too sure what are those levels.”

“So I only have mortal roots...” Mo Wuji could no longer hide his disappointment after hearing Yan’Er.

Yan’Er tried to comfort Mo Wuji saying, “Young master, even in Cheng Yu State itself there are only a small number of people with spiritual roots. The rest of the people like us only have mortal roots but they are all living just fine, I am sure we will too.”

Mo Wuji clenched his fist and said, “Yan’Er, I will go and find some work tomorrow. I want to accumulate some money and get ready to try and open my spirit once more.”

“Ah...” Yan’Er seems to be shocked by Mo Wuji’s decision but understood what he was trying to do. “Young master, please don’t do it. Back then, old master saved up money to test for your roots and despite knowing you have mortal roots, he still tried to open up your spirit only to realise mortal roots will never turn into spiritual roots. After this attempt, old master passed away with an illness not long later...”

Yan’Er’s words might be a little obscured but Mo Wuji understood what she was trying to point out. Back then, if the old master did not try and open Mo Wuji’s spirit, even if he might be poor, he would probably not die of illness. This also proved that the amount of money needed was not a small sum. However having lived in two different worlds, Mo Wuji was not as innocent as Yan’Er. Mo Guangyuan died coincidentally after he tried to open Mo Wuji’s spirit, it probably isn’t something so straightforward like an illness. From the looks of it, if he were to open his spirit, he had to be extra careful.

“Do not worry Yan’Er, I have confidence I will be able to earn the money. Tomorrow onwards, you do not have to go borrow rice from Aunt Lu because I will take care of you,” Mo Wuji said as he walked over to Yan’Er and gently touched Yan’Er’s undernourished yellowish hair.

Yan’Er was so young, could you imagine how much she sacrificed when Mo XingHe’s parents died and she had to take care of a mad Mo XingHe?

Aunt Lu was only their landlord, and she had been very accommodating to them all this while. Aunt Lu was a widow and hence her life had not been exactly very good either. Therefore, to always request for rice from her was a form of burden to Aunt Lu too.

Mo Wuji was still a top notch botanist in this rather advanced country, how could providing three meals a day be an obstacle to him?

Chapter 4: A Rice Bowl Filled With Gratitude

A change of fate was enough to make one sad, but Mo Wuji did not care. Even if he became a fallen prince, Mo Wuji did not put it to heart. The only thing that made him lost and unwilling was that he is a mortal, a mortal with mortal roots.

On Earth, everyone was the same. No one was afraid that they cannot cultivate, and he could excel in other areas. However, in this new world, being unable to cultivate signified a completely lost opportunity.

Even if he was determined to be without spiritual roots, without personally testing for it, he will not give up. Harboring such worrying thoughts, Mo Wuji did not know when he actually fell asleep.

Mo Wuji was aroused awake by the fragrant smell of rice, and when he opened his eyes, the sun was already out. As he sat up, he saw a big bowl of rice on the old and broken square table. There was even a dish of pickles and half a cucumber.

"Master, you're awake. Quickly wash up and eat." Without waiting for Mo Wuji to speak, Yan'Er, who was constantly concerned for him, cried out with joy.

"You did not sleep last night?" Mo Wuji looked at Yan'Er's pale face, dark circles and tired eyes, and knew that Yan'Er did not sleep the whole night.

"Yesterday, I went to help Aunt Lu set up her stall, and business was very good." Even though Yan'Er was very tired, Mo Wuji could still feel her happiness.

Mo Wuji understood the reason for her happiness. As business was good, Aunt Lu gave her more pay.

Mo Wuji came down from his wooden bed, reached out and touched Yan'Er's messy hair, not speaking for a long time.

He was certain that this was not the first time Yan'Er worked overnight to feed him. She had long been accustomed to it. This Mo Xinghe must have been a pig. Not only did he stay silent and depended on a young girl, he even spent all his time dreaming about being a king. After returning from work, Yan'Er even had to spend money to buy candy to accompany him to play his king game.

"Master, you did not eat much yesterday, quickly wash up and eat," Yan'Er felt that after the young master woke up, there was a lot of change in him, which made her happy.

"You go ahead first; I'll wash up right away," Mo Wuji felt both pitiful and touched. In both his lives, no one has ever treated him like this. His past lover had a cold personality. Even though she was nice to him, she had never moved him like Yan'Er. In the end, she even plotted against him.

Yan'Er hurriedly said, "I just ate, young master you..."

Yan'Er did not continue talking as she saw the young master walk towards her wooden bed, slowly bending down and picking up a half-eaten black bun by the pillow side.

Mo Wuji did not speak; he held the hard, black bun and started to panic. Previously when Yan'Er said that she had ate; he saw some black crumbs by the side of her mouth.

He slowly brought the bread to his nose and smelt a hint of rancidness and staleness. There was a stark contrast between this black bun, which gives off a sour taste, and the bowl of fresh, white rice. No wonder why this growing young girl already has a head of dirty, yellow hair.

Maybe the rancid smell incited Mo Wuji's nose; his nose turned sour and his eyes felt itchy.

"Master, you can't eat that..." Yan'Er thought that Mo Wuji was going to eat the black bun, and quickly called out.

Mo Wuji gently grabbed Yan'Er's hands, hands which were rougher than his, and slowly said, "Yan'Er, from now on, whenever I eat, you will eat too. You will never be hungry. Today, don't go out and help out with the stall. Remember the words of big brother: I will support you now."

This rice bowl filled with gratitude, will never be forgotten.

"Master ..." Yan'Er called out with fear. She was worried about how the young master was acting today.

Mo Wuji did not dare to continue talking. He patted Yan'Er's hands, went outside to wipe the tear stains at the corner of his eyes, and rushed to wash up.

...

After breakfast, Mo Wuji went out. Even though he forced Yan'Er to share his breakfast, and forced her to rest before leaving, he still felt bad. He wanted to find a job as soon as possible, so that Yan'Er could live an easier life.

...

In the entire Cheng Yu State, Rao Zhou City is the largest and most prosperous city. Walking in the bustling streets, Mo Wuji felt the rhythm of life in Rao Zhou City, and it is not slower than those on Earth.

Rao Zhou Association is where Mo Wuji came to find work. This is where everybody would go to find work or employment.

Walking into the association, Mo Wuji saw many recruitment windows. Some are long-term job opportunities in some large workshops, and some are temporary job opportunities. In addition, there were many recruit posters, as well as various types of information. In Earth terms, this would be called a multi-

functional talent market.

The association is enormous. Even though there were more than 1000 people wandering inside, it still felt spacious.

Mo Wuji circled around the association for a while, and could see the two jobs which were highly sought after. One was planting medicinal herbs, the other was mineral exploration.

Mo Wuji shook his head. Even though this world could be considered a world of science and technology, there was no variety in the advanced home appliances. As such, people do not value electronic experts. The pay of a mechanic is one-third that of a medicinal herb planter, and one-fifth that of a mineral explorer.

Mo Wuji did not mind. On Earth, he was a biology expert and he was proficient in botany. Finding a job here, was simply too easy.

After some simple comparisons, Mo Wuji soon found many suitable jobs.

Rao Zhou pharmaceutical field was hiring a herb grafter, with a monthly pay of 30 silver coins. They were also hiring people proficient in herbs to engage in garden work for 10 silver coins per month. On the other hand, Copper Hill Mining Square was hiring a prospector to appraise their minerals for 50 silver coins per month.

As a top biologist, Mo Wuji was confident in appraising minerals and determining their composition. Now, he was looking for a job,

and did not care about the job suitability or the workshop state. To him, the one with the highest pay is the best as he would not be working in that job for long.

That would be the prospector job. Mo Wuji walked toward the Copper Hill Mining Square booth, and just as he was about to stand at the back of the queue, a nearby window suddenly posted a new job. "Cheng Ling Pill Workshop, urgently hiring several assistant refiners, monthly pay of 10 gold coins..."

Mo Wuji immediately stopped walking. He knew the currency here are gold, silver and copper coins. 1 gold coin can be exchanged for 100 silver coins, and that is the equivalent of 10000 copper coins. A monthly pay of 10 gold coins simply outbeats all the rest by miles. Not doing this job, is simply not giving face to his previous expertise as a first-class biologist.

Isn't refining medicine simply pharmacy? On Earth, due to the increased resistance towards virus, the rich gradually gave up on Western medicine. On the contrary, due to the variety of Chinese medicine, and that Chinese medicine contains natural plant extracts, it was more popular. As a top biologist and pharmaceutical master, he knew many companies' Chinese medicine formulas. Every time he appeared, it was as a mentor. Each time, did he not get a pay of at least 1 million?

Mo Wuji walked to the water tower, towards where the Cheng Ling Pill Workshop recruitment window was and sat down. Giving a gentle smile to give himself the aura of an expert, he said "I want to apply for your company's... uh, for the high paying job."

The recruitment officer was a middle-aged woman who looked smart and capable. She saw Mo Wuji sitting in front of the window without taking anything out. Feeling slightly puzzled, she asked, "May I ask which job you are applying for?"

"I would like to apply for the drug refining assistant job which was just posted..."

Mo Wuji did not complete his sentence before feeling something was wrong. The moment he said that sentence, there was an obvious silence around him. At that moment, almost all eyes were on him.

The middle-aged woman looked at Mo Wuji with a face of shock, before recovering her composure, and said in a respectful tone, "May I see your qualification certificates....."

Chapter 5: Things That Are Taboo To Me

No wonder why the recruitment officer was astounded. No wonder why the surrounding crowd got a shock after hearing that Mo Wuji wanted to apply to be a drug refiner assistant.

Although Rao Zhou City was the capital of Cheng Yu state, there were few drug refiner assistants, and much fewer drug refiners.

For drug refiner assistants, many were elderly men. Thus it was rare to find a drug refiner assistant as young as Mo Wuji. This was not only in Cheng Yu State, but even in the whole Xing Han Empire. Such a young drug refiner must have great potential and an unimaginable future ahead. It could be said that for a drug refiner assistant as young as Mo Wuji, he will become an actual drug refiner a few decades time if nothing goes wrong.

The original copy of a drug refiner assistant qualification? Mo Wuji's heart sank. Where would he get such a thing?

He subconsciously looked at the shocked expressions and sceptical looks of the surrounding crowd, and finally understood. Cough, Mo Wuji continued speaking as though nothing happened, "I have not had the time to take part in the drug refiner assistant qualification test, but I had already reached the level of one."

Mo Wuji sensed that the looks from the crowd changed.

The recruitment officer settled down, and the cautious look on her face disappeared completely. She did not get angry, but instead

calmly asked, “So which drug refiner school did you graduate from? Which drug refiner was your teacher?”

Mo Wuji scanned the room again; he finally discovered that many applicants were holding a small book in their hands. From this short a distance, he could make out the words on the book held by the applicant closest to him: Rao Zhou mining research school graduating certificate.

Mo Wuji never expected that applying for a job here would be the same as on Earth, requiring qualifications. Looking at the circumstances, even if he went to apply for other jobs, without any qualifications, he would still fail.

Seeing that the recruitment officer appeared to be increasingly unhappy over time, Mo Wuji could only give an awkward laugh, “Well...I am self-taught, so I have neither any graduate certificate nor a teacher.”

“Ha ha ha...” Someone in the crowd finally burst into laughter this time. Surprisingly this seemingly impressive drug refiner assistant was only a lying fellow.

Cheng Ling Pill Workshop’s recruitment officer did not laugh, but instead had an ominous and scary look on her face. Cheng Ling Pill Workshop was one of the top drug refineries in the whole of Cheng Yu State, how could someone come to make a fool out of her.

Seeing that this middle aged woman was in a bad mood and was

about to explode, Mo Wuji thought to himself, “This is not good.” Right at this moment, a sudden noise interrupted Mo Wuji who was about to speak. “Eh, isn’t this our king? My King, why have you come to the association in person? Don’t you have to attend court in the forest outside of the city? Oh, that’s right; my king is here to inspect this place. Look at me, where are my manners, quickly pay respects to the king.”

The voice was filled with mockery and frivolity, without any of the respect or manners he was talking about.

Mo Wuji turned around and saw that it was a young man in grey leisurely clothing walking over; he had seen this man before. It seemed that he was one of the few youngsters walking with Wen Manzhu last night. He had a decent appearance, and looked rather vain.

“He’s that Northern Qin Prefecture...” The middle aged recruitment officer suddenly understood, and the anger shown on her face disappeared. The man was a lunatic, what’s there to get angry about?

The surrounding crowd burst into laughter, obviously thinking that Mo Wuji was here as a joke.

“Zhaoxu, do you think this is very funny?” A cold voice rang out, and the laughter in the association suddenly died down as though as it was locked away.

A lady in a purple dress stood at the door of the association, she

had a slender waist and long hair, and her stunning looks immediately caused the whole association to turn pale. These details were actually not of much significance, what was significant was that the girl was someone that most of them knew. Wen Manzhu, the only child of Cheng Yu State's Rao Xian Prefecture Marquis, Wen Ju.

A Prefecture Marquis in the whole of Xing Han Empire was like a drop of water in the ocean, a nobody. But in this association and in Rao Zhou, he was of the greatest importance.

“Manzhu...” Zhaoxu awkwardly called out, and only because Wen Manzhu was in a bad mood, he dared not continue. He felt some regret, as he did not notice Wen ManZhu approaching, destroying any good impressing he had left previously on her. He once commented on Mo Wuji in front of Wen Man Zhu, saying that Mo Wuji was excusable based on the circumstances he was in. But his single sentence of mockery caused him to reveal his true self to her.

Wen Manzhu ignored Cai Zhaoxu, but instead walk in front of Mo Wuji, took out a cloth pouch and handed it to him. “Xinghe, take this back and give it to Yan’Er.”

The cloth pouch jingled, so Mo Wuji knew that it was from the clashing of gold coins. For Mo Wuji who was desperately in need of money, he longed for even a single silver coin, what more these gold coins.

Mo Wuji felt no animosity towards nor good impression of Wen Man Zhu. Regarding her abandonment of the spiritless and crazy

Mo Xinghe, Mo Wuji did not feel angry either. There are too many of this type of people on Earth, too many realists. If the Mo family fell, and Mo Xinghe went insane, Wen Manzhu would definitely leave. There are too many people who will share good fortune with you, but how many would be willing to share your troubles?

Because of his current situation and the experiences of his past life, it caused him to have no interest to get to know someone like Wen Manzhu. It doesn't matter how pretty Wen Manzhu is, he still did not want to get involved with a woman like that. Even if he thirsts for money, he won't take Wen Manzhu's money, Mo Wuji lives by his own way, and he has his pride too.

Mo Wuji thought of Yan'Er, who will never leave him. How many women out there can be like Yan'Er? You can only meet someone like that once in your life, and it was after praying for it by striking and breaking countless Buddhist wooden fish. Having experienced it, Mo Wuji could only know more clearly how precious this is.

“Since it is for Yan'Er, then you should go give it to her yourself,” Mo Wuji turned and left after speaking, after walking two steps, he halted, turned around once again and said, “That's right, I am called Mo Wuji, not Mo Xinghe. The Ji in Bai Wu Jin Ji, but of course I am not without any taboos, some things are still taboo to me.” (TL: 百无禁忌 Bai Wu Jin Ji means to be without taboo)

Wen Manzhu heard Mo Wuji's words, and her heart unexpectedly throbbed. Is this a change in name? Seeing that Mo Wuji was about to leave, she reacted, quickly shouting, “Xinghe... Wuji, Yan'Er is not willing to take it, you should take it...”

Yan'Er was not willing to take it? Mo Wuji suddenly wanted to burst out laughing. This wrench's attitude towards me... Good, this is good.

“My Wen Family's ore refinery is hiring, if you're interested, you can go...” Wen Manzhu suddenly had a feeling from the bottom of her heart, the Mo Xinghe before her, no, it's Mo Wuji, was no longer the prince who skived and dreamt of becoming king until he went crazy. He changed; his pride filled with passion let her clearly feel the changes in him.

Mo Wuji stopped again, looking at Wen Manzhu and said, “Look to the sky and laugh your way out, how could I be an ore refiner? I'm already too lazy to be a drug refiner assistant. If I could be anything it will be a drug refiner.”

“Ha ha ha...” Mo Wuji laughed after he finished speaking, showing off his majestic aura.

He was not nonsensically majestic, but had some thoughts about the issue. Compared to the woman who backstabbed him, Wen Manzhu was many times better. But alas he focused wholeheartedly on his biology and medical research, until the point that he did not know what the women by his side were like.

Coming back to life, Mo Wuji swore not to let this happen again, never again.

“Ha ha...” The association was once again filled with laughter;

obviously no one thought that Mo Wuji was speaking the truth. More thought that Mo Wuji had not recovered yet, and it was only his crazy side that changed from wanting to be king into wanting to be a drug refiner.

One could say that Mo Wuji had a sliver of hope of becoming a king. But becoming a drug refiner, there was no hope at all.

Chapter 6: Dan Han Drug Refinery

"Young man, please wait," Just as Mo Wuji was about to leave the association, an old voice stopped him.

Mo Wuji turned to see a middle-aged man. His face looked as old as his voice.

"You called me?" Mo Wuji sized up this middle-aged man. He was a man with sharp eyes, as though everything he saw was within his grasps.

"Yes, I called you. If you do not mind, we can find a quiet place to talk," The middle-aged man said, pointing towards a tea room at the side of the association hall.

Mo Wuji smiled, "Of course I don't mind."

...

Seeing Mo Wuji walking to the tea room with the middle-aged man, many people in the association started their small discussions.

"Isn't that the owner of Dan Han Drug Refinery, Lu Jiujun? Everyone here knows that guy is a fake drug refining assistant, is he trying to recruit that madman? Isn't he afraid that his workshop will close down again? He isn't that bright after all ah."

"Hehe, you know it, yet you still say it. If Lu Jiujun was bright, he would not have led Dan Han Drug Refinery to its fall. At first glance, that man looks shrewd, but he actually isn't. Just look at what happened to Dan Han Drug Refinery."

"Who doesn't know Lu Jiujun is stupid? But what happened to Dan Han Drug Refinery was really a pity. It was one of the best drug refinery workshops in Cheng Yu State, maybe even in Xing Han Empire. Now, it is just a small workshop. Maybe after some time, it will just disappear... .."

"Who allowed Lu Jiujun to be so lucky, being able to inherit Dan Han Drug Refinery? Even though it failed, at least he did possess it. At least he doesn't have to be like us, coming here to find jobs."

...

Those discussions were not heard by Mo Wuji. At this moment, he was already with Lu Jiujun sitting in the tea room. Lu Jiujun called a pot of Rao City's Chunxiao.

The light green tea was poured out, emitting a light fragrance. Mo Wuji drank a mouthful of tea, his mouth was full of fragrance, and his whole body felt comfortable. He could not help but to praise, "Good tea."

The past Mo Wuji did not research about tea, but something of greater difficulty. Even though he had tried all kinds of tea, none of them could compare to what he just drank. Moreover, Mo Wuji could see that this tea was casually rushed out, with no attention to

the intricate details. Otherwise, the flavour would reach a wholly different level.

Lu Jiujun smiled, "Rao City Chunxiao is one of the three major teas of Cheng Yu State, which will be presented annually as a tribute to the royal clan. What we're drinking is made from old leaves, and these old leaves, are not what an average person can afford. Let me first introduce myself, I am Lu Jiujun, the current owner of Dan Han Drug Refinery."

At this point, Lu Jiujun deliberately stopped and looked at Mo Wuji. He believed Mo Wuji will inevitably respond "Oh, it's Dan Han Drug Refinery, I know that."

Mo Wuji could understand the meaning behind Lu Jiujun's words. It appeared that Dan Han Drug Refinery was not that simple, but he still said apologetically, "Sorry Owner Lu, I really have not heard of Dan Han Drug Refinery."

Lu Jiujun's mouth hung wide open, seemingly not trusting the words of Mo Wuji. In Rao Zhou, who had not heard of Dan Han Drug Refinery? Even though it had already fallen, and many stores and workshops have been swallowed up by others, all these happened recently. Its past fame should not have faded so quickly?

After a moment of surprise, Lu Jiujun came to understand and said self-deprecatingly, "It seems like I was over thinking. Prince Mo was too involved in restoring his country; naturally he would not notice commercial matters."

Seeing that Lu Jiujun understood, Mo Wuji directly said, "Lu Jiujun knows my history. You would not be here to hire me to be a drug refiner, right?"

Just now, he raved about being a drug refiner in the association, but Mo Wuji was very clear. No one would put his ravings to heart.

Lu Jiujun drank a mouthful of tea, calmly put down the cup, and said with a smile, "Prince Mo is right, I am here to hire Prince Mo to be my Chief Drug Refiner."

Now, the one to be surprised is Mo Wuji. He subconsciously paused his hand at the side of his cup, and said in disbelief, "Perhaps Owner Lu has not heard of me? Are you sure what I said just now was not mere bragging? Or the words of an average person?"

Lu Jiujun said calmly, "I may not be able to refine drugs, but I have a good pair of eyes. When the prince was saying his mad words, these eyes saw a man filled with substance and self-confidence. That definitely isn't boasting or the words of something without a brain. Furthermore, your recent words gave me confidence that those aren't the words that an abnormal person would say. Thus, I decided to place a bet, that what Prince Mo said is true. How about that, Prince Mo, are you interested in working with me this once?"

Lu Jiujun further added, "Oh right, I also have a nickname, Mad Lu. The reason why my Dan Han Drug Refinery fell so fast was because I made crazy decisions."

Lu Jiujun did not even believe the words he just said. Naturally, he wasn't employing Mo Wuji because of self-confidence. Although it played a part, there was another more important reason which he knew clearly. That is, Mo Wuji's grandfather, Mo Tiancheng, had an identity that no one else knew. An identity of a drug refiner, a high level one at that.

His Lu family's Dan Han Drug Refinery was able to be famous in Rao Zhou, was simply because of the Northern Qin Prefecture Lord, Mo Tiancheng. Even though his grandfather and Mo Tiancheng were friends, the Lu Clan still paid a high price to get the support of Mo Tiancheng.

In other words, if not for the vast majority of the profits going to Mo Tiancheng, Dan Han Drug Refinery may not have fallen so quickly. So even if others did not believe it when Mo Wuji said that he is a drug refiner, Lu Jiujun was still a little convinced. If he was in the position of Mo Tiancheng, he would also have imparted his skills to his descendants. Not to mention the self-confidence that Mo Wuji had. Of course, this matter which Mo Wuji did not know, he would not go and explain it to him.

Hearing Lu Jiujun, Mo Wuji calmed down. He did not believe that Lu Jiujun wanted to hire him to be a Chief Drug Refiner because Lu Jiujun was determined that he wasn't lying. There's no such thing as a free meal in this world; Mo Wuji was very clear about that. If the other party was really so bold, there probably wouldn't even be a Dan Han Drug Refinery.

"What? Don't tell me that Prince Mo was really lying? When I

now offer a position, you're actually backing out?" Lu JiuJun saw that Mo Wuji did not speak, and added another sentence.

Mo Wuji did not get triggered by Lu JiuJun's words, drinking a mouthful of tea and said, "I can join but what would be my pay?"

"50 gold coins per month, with all accommodations provided. In addition, as long as they are not unreasonable, Dan Han Drug Refinery will try to satisfy your demands," Lu JiuJun finished and stared at Mo Wuji. He did not believe that Mo Wuji would reject such a high pay. Naturally, this pay is not as high as an actual drug refiner's pay, but was several times higher than Cheng Ling Pill Workshop.

According to his conjecture, with this offer, Mo Wuji would stand up in excitement.

The reality, however, made him feel lost. Mo Wuji did not seem to hear his words, calmly drinking another mouthful of tea. Just when Lu JiuJun was about to lose his patience, he asked an irrelevant question, "Owner Lu, I heard that opening the spirit is extremely expensive, I wonder how much it actually is?"

Mo Wuji is not someone who has not seen money. He was previously excited about the 10 gold coins as no one knew him at that time. He simply wanted to find a quick job to feed Yan'Er and himself. Even if he did get the job, he would at most do it for a month before leaving.

However, the person in front of him, Lu JiuJun, will certainly not

let him leave after one month, and he definitely had to sign some sort of contract.

Lu JiuJun gave Mo Wuji a puzzled look. Even he has heard that Mo Wuji had tried to open his spirit before, and only resulted in a mortal root. What was the meaning behind this question?

Even though he did not know Mo Wuji's intentions, he still gave a detailed response, "There are 3 ways to open the spirit. The first is to use an elixir, and that is also the most common way. The price depends on the grade of the elixir, and the cheapest one is costs at least 10,000 gold coins. The second is..."

Mo Wuji apologetically interrupted Lu JiuJun, "Owner Lu, if the cheapest price is 10,000 gold coins, then there must be a highest price? May I ask what is it ah?"

Lu JiuJun chuckled, "There is no highest price. I heard that not even the entire Cheng Yu State is able to afford the most precious elixir."

So that is the case. Mo Wuji did not know how much Mo Xinghe's parents paid to buy him an elixir to open his spirit. From what he can guess, the cheaper the elixir, the outcome of the spirit opening would be worse.

Lu JiuJun continued, "The second is to request an expert to help open the spirit. The fee depends on the feelings of the expert. Generally, they will not stoop to 10,000 gold coins, and a starting price of 1 million gold coins is already considered cheap. The third

is something that cannot be found in Cheng Yu State. I heard that Xing Han Empire has an array which can open the spirit, and only the qualified can enter the array."

Mo Wuji stayed silent. Regardless of the method, even if he earned 100 gold coins, to earn the amount of money to open the spirit will take donkey years!

"Owner Lu, have you opened your spirit? The minimum price is 10,000 gold bids, I'm sure few people can afford that, right? Doesn't that mean that the poor don't even have a chance to open their spirits?" After a long while, Mo Wuji finally spoke.

Lu Jiujun shook his head, "I went to test, and I only had mortal roots. In addition, I do not care about cultivation, so I did not try and open my spirit."

"The test before opening the spirit also costs money?" Mo Wuji asked.

"Of course it costs money, usually about 500 gold coins. Even if it is tested to have spiritual roots, and you open your spirit, that does not necessarily mean you are able to cultivate."

"What if the test shows that you have mortal roots, can you still open the spirit?"

Lu Jiujun laughed, "Although I know little about this, I know that the probability of success would be less than 1%. Only those

who are not resigned to not having spiritual roots, knowing that they have mortal roots, would still spend money to open the spirit."

Mo Wuji finally understood, his poor father was so desperate, knowing that Mo Wuji had mortal roots, but he still spent money trying to help Mo Wuji open the spirit.

Chapter 7: The Chief Drug Refiner

“Owner Lu, the fact that you hired me, does that mean you need me to help Dan Han Drug Refinery research on a new drug?” Mo Wuji heaved a sigh of relief and made a decision to gamble on it. The amount of gold coins he needed was way too much, not even tens or hundreds of it is enough to solve the problem.

Lu Jiujun hesitated, “I do not exactly need you to develop a whole new drug. The reason why Dan Han Drug Refinery is failed is that we spent too much resource trying to develop a new drug. The development of the new drugs failed and was unable to be produced in time hence our competitor took the opportunity. Maybe you can start with our original creations as a base, saving a lot of time and effort.”

What Lu Jiujun mentioned was not wrong at all. After Mo Tiancheng went missing, Dan Han Drug Refinery was left with excess profits. As Lu Jiujun was never a person who would settle for mediocrity, he immediately hired a few famous drug refiners to start developing a new drug. The pity is that after Mo Tiancheng plundered away most of Dan Han Drug Refinery’s profits, the amount left were not enough to develop a new drug. In the end, all the effort came to naught, the new drug was not developed and Dan Han Drug Refinery fell.

Many believed that it was due to the crazy prodigal Lu Jiujun who made Dan Han Drug Refinery fail. However, only Lu Jiujun himself knows that even if he did not insist on developing a new drug, Dan Han Drug Refinery will sooner or later close down as well.

What Mo Wuji was concerned about was not Dan Han Drug Refinery as its products have already lost its competitive advantage over the past few years. Cheng Lin Pill Workshop's drug had the same efficacy and its pricing was a lot more competitive. What he was doing was just putting on a fight.

"If I am the sole researcher for developing this new drug, I want 70% of the profits from the earnings of this drug." Mo Wuji asked directly after realising that he needed a huge amount of gold coins. He was not even intending to start with the drug that Dan Han Drug Refinery was previously developing.

"Impossible. You do not even possess any qualifications and you dare ask for 70% of the profits, what logic is this? Even if I were to randomly hire a drug refiner outside, I would only need to pay 200-300 gold coins a month." Lu Jiujun stood up and said in a slightly angry manner.

Mo Wuji was not taken aback at all, he had been through way too many of these negotiations in his past life that a sentence like this would not frighten him. "Owner Lu, are you sure you will be able to develop a new drug with a pharmacist who is paid 200-300 gold coins? Next, even if he manages to develop the new drug successfully, he just needs to quit and switch to another refinery with this drug, are you sure you still can profit? Okay, even if you signed a contract with him, if the development takes a long time, will you have enough coins to pay his monthly fee? I am different, before the new drug is developed, I will only receive 10 gold coins per month from you."

Mo Wuji noticed that Lu JiuJun did not have much excess gold coins to hire a proper drug refiner hence wanted to try his luck with this deal.

“In addition to the splitting of profits of the new drug, you still want me to pay you 10 gold coins per month?” Lu JiuJun realised that his words were getting softer.

“That’s for sure, Owner Lu, the fact that you found me already proves your wisdom. Since this is the case, and you understand the current situation I’m in, you should know that I cannot possibly try and develop a new drug on an empty stomach. Moreover, even if I failed to develop a new drug, your losses will not be that significant. However if you were to spend a few hundreds of gold coins to hire a drug refiner, if he fails to develop the drug, haha, I am afraid you and I would be neighbours then...” Mo Wuji said while laughing.

Lu JiuJun felt angered at the sight of Mo Wuji’s smile, and he swore he would rush to kick whoever said that this person was crazy and autistic because he was clearly not.

“No, I’ll at most give you 50%.” Lu JiuJun hesitated for a while before answering very clearly.

What Mo Wuji said made perfect sense as even if he fails to develop a new drug, the most Lu JiuJun loses was tens of gold coins, however, if a proper drug refiner fails, he would possibly lose up to a few thousand gold coins. At that point, Lu JiuJun might really end up being neighbours with this fallen prince.

Mo Wuji scratched his chin and says, “50% is fine but not 50% of the profits now. I want 50% of Dan Han Drug Refinery’s shares, if you are agreeable, we will sign the contract now. If you’re not, I will go and take the drug refiner test and get the certificate. Don’t tell me without a graduation certificate I cannot take the test, I have nothing but ways to do it. Once I get the certificate, hehe...”

Lu Jiujuun sighed and knew Mo Wuji hit his weak spot. Even if he did not find Mo Wuji, no one will believe him if he were to find other pharmacist and offer 80% of the profits to him.

“Alright, I agree. Prince Mo, you have to make sure you put your heart and mind in this because the future of my Dan Han Drug Refinery is now dependent on you. From today onwards, you will be the Chief Drug Refiner of Dan Han Drug Refinery.” Lu Jiujuun no longer wanted to bargain. After Dan Han Drug Refinery’s new drug was developed, the sale of the new drug will be Dan Han Drug Refinery entire profit. So Dan Han Drug Refinery workshop’s share and the new drug’s share would be the same, the new drug’s share might even be much more.

Mo Wuji patted the shoulder of Lu Jiujuun, “Brother, you are a smart guy, watch how I’ll bring you good fortune and revive Dan Han Drug Refinery. Old Lu, lend me 10 gold coins first, I’m short of rice at home.”

Lu Jiujuun’s mouth twitched a few times but still took out a small pouch and gave it Mo Wuji saying, “Brother Mo, we are going to be one family very soon, there’s no need to be so polite. If you don’t have enough gold coins, you can always get your monthly salary

prepaid. I'll go back and prepare, you just have to come down to my workshop tomorrow to sign the contract."

Mo Wuji received the pouch and felt that there were exactly 10 gold coins in the pouch. He was elated just as he saw everyone in the association staring at Yan'Er who looked worried. Yan'Er was probably worried about him, that's why she came to the association again.

"Fine fine fine, I will be there at Dan Han Drug Refinery tomorrow..." Mo Wuji was already out of the tea room while waving his hands exclaiming, "Girl..."

After the first meeting's confusion and concerns and the tug of war between Mo Wuji and Lu Jiujun, Mo Wuji had finally restored his original composure.

"Young Master..." Yan'Er saw Mo Wuji and hurried over.

"Come on, let's go home and buy something nice to eat on our way," Mo Wuji pulled Yan'Er, said goodbye to Lu Jiujun and left the association.

Honestly, the half a bowl of rice in the morning did not fill his stomach at all. With the gold coins he had now, it would be letting his stomach down if he did not go and have a feast.

"Cheng Ling Spirit Opening Tower?" Just as Mo Wuji left the association, he stopped in his tracks as he saw a light gold coloured

tall tower opposite the street with a few huge words saying Cheng Ling Spirit Opening Tower.

When he first came to look for a job, he only saw Rao Zhou Association and did not notice the Cheng Ling spirit opening tower behind him.

Yan'Er saw Mo Wuji stopped at the sight of Cheng Ling Spirit Opening Tower, sighed and said "Young Master that is where you open your spirit, Young Master went there before."

Yan'Er was subtly reminding him that he has mortal roots. Mo Wuji understood Yan'Er's intention but still said, "Yan'Er, eating can wait, let us go visit the spirit opening tower first."

To Mo Wuji, the most important thing was that he would be able to obtain spiritual roots and then cultivate. The tug of war argument with Lu Jiujun was also for the sole purpose of being able to cultivate. If not, given his ability, he would easily be able to earn money for a living."

"Ahh..."

Yan'Er let out a cry before being pulled by Mo Wuji over to the tower on the other side of the street.

...

"Hold it there, this is the place where people measure and open

their spirit, those not involved are not allowed in there,” Mo Wuji and Yan’Er were stopped just as they were about to enter the tower’s door.

“Young Master, to open your spirit, you have to first register then pay the required gold coins to be granted the permission to enter. If anyone is caught cheating, the punishment will be very severe...” Yan’Er was worried Mo Wuji might do something stupid hence whispered softly at his ear.

Mo Wuji nodded as he understood the importance of not messing around here as it involves his life. He came just to find out what are the procedures needed to open a spirit and how much gold coins was required.

“Huh?” Someone said before Mo Wuji said anything.

“Little girl are you here to open your spirit?” Someone with a rather hoarse voice asked.

Mo Wuji and Yan’Er only just realised that there were a couple beside them. The man has a fluttering white beard and looked different from everyone else. The woman has a beautiful face, and had a noble aura around her making people around her to dared not stare. The one who spoke was the man.

Yan’Er subconsciously took a step back and shook her head.

Chapter 8: Supreme Spiritual Roots

Mo Wuji quickly went forward and greeted the man and woman respectfully, "The two of us were just curious. We heard that it costs a lot of gold coins to open the spirit. We don't have even have rice to eat, nor do we even have one silver coin, where can we find the gold coins? The two of will leave now."

The white bearded man had a terrifying gaze. Mo Wuji had an indescribable feeling that he should not continue to stay here.

The woman gave a cold snort, looking at the cloth bag in the hands of Mo Wuji, and a trace of disgust flashed in her eyes. Obviously, she knew that there were gold coins in the cloth bag, and felt both disdain and disgust towards the lying Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji could also be considered to be experienced, and was able to tell the disgust in the woman's eyes. He even suspected that there was a hole in the cloth bag. Otherwise, how did this woman see through his bag?

"Don't be in a rush to leave. Since you're here, why don't you go in and test for your spiritual roots." The white bearded man hoarsely continued.

Mo Wuji calmed down. He naturally felt that the white bearded man was not targeting him, but Yan'Er who was beside him. But when it comes to Yan'Er's spiritual roots, they have not been tested, unless he has a way to see the spiritual roots? If he wasn't here for Yan'Er, then what was his purpose? Mo Wuji pulled

Yan'Er behind him, cautiously said, "Sir and Ma'am, us siblings do not have gold coins, and do not intend to open the spirits. We will take our leave now."

The white bearded man said with a smile, "I'm not asking you to open your spirits, and the test does not cost much money, just go in..."

The test does not cost much money? Mo Wuji had some doubts, doesn't the test to determine the spiritual roots cost at least a few hundred gold coins?

"Senior, I heard that just the test alone would cost 500 gold coins. Some people with mortal roots have to spend tens of thousands of gold coins to open the spirits, and that is using the worst elixirs." If not for the two's extraordinary bearings, Mo Wuji would have suspected that they were human traffickers.

The white bearded man laughed, "Normally, people only decide to whether to open the spirits when they are determined to have spiritual roots. But whenever people are determined to have mortal roots, they will say that the Spirit Opening Tower is unable to detect all kinds of spiritual roots, and confuse people to directly open the spirits. Either way, the people with mortal roots suffer."

Mo Wuji completely understood. Opening the spirits will need tens of thousands to millions of gold coins? All this is a scheme by the Spirit Opening Tower. They say they are unable to determine all kinds of spiritual roots, and convince those tested to have mortal roots to truly determine it by opening their spirits.

And to open the spirit will require gold coins. Some people have the same thoughts as them, believing that the elixir they used the first time was not good enough to arouse their "undetermined spiritual roots", and they spend more money to open their spirits for a second time.

At this moment, Mo Wuji was a 100% sure that his poor father must have been cheated the first time around.

He did not have spiritual roots, and the schemers at the Spirit Opening Tower still wanted to earn the spirit opening fee. In addition, with Mo Guangyuan's desperate desire for Mo Wuji to cultivate, Mo Guangyuan spent a large sum of money to open the spirit. Of course, all those who got cheated like him were rich lords.

"Stop," The guard of the Spirit Opening Tower did not know the man and the woman, and stopped them accordingly.

The white bearded man snorted, "Who's in charge here, get out here right now."

The white bearded man's snort did not sound loud, but Mo Wuji still felt as though his eardrums were about to be shattered, panic filled his heart.

In just a few seconds, an obese middle-aged man rushed out. He went to open the entrance to the tower, giving the man and the woman a puzzled look. Apparently, even he did not recognise

them.

The white bearded man lifted a jade medallion and said, "Take me to the best spiritual test room here."

When the obese man saw the jade medallion, his hands trembled slightly, and quickly said respectfully, "Yes, yes, I am Deacon Liu Chunshan. Please follow me."

Mo Wuji felt a powerful force pulling him, causing him to involuntarily follow the man and the woman into the tower.

Mo Wuji's face turned black. He did want to test for his spiritual roots, but to be forced in without being able to resist, made him feel very uncomfortable.

The Spirit Opening Tower could be considered spacious. Mo Wuji saw a few people paying gold coins, evidently they were here to test for their spiritual roots or open their spirits.

Liu Chunshan soon brought them to the second floor. Once on the second floor, Mo Wuji saw a crystal column which was about ten feet wide.

"You can go and be tested first. Just stand behind that," The white bearded man pointed to the space behind the crystal column and said half-heartedly.

Mo Wuji was clear about his intentions. Letting Mo Wuji test was

for the sake of Yan'Er. By this time, Mo Wuji could guess that the white bearded man was optimistic about Yan'Er's spiritual roots, though he did not know how the white bearded man was able to casually see it.

Even though he had been tested before, and he knew that he did not have spiritual roots, Mo Wuji was still apprehensive. He wished that the previous test was wrong, and he actually had spiritual roots. At this moment, he even desired that those who cheated his poor father had let him test for a second time.

Mo Wuji was also clear, that the possibility was low.

"Young master, please go for the test," The words which Mo Wuji said yesterday made it very clear to Yan'Er that her young master was very eager to have spiritual roots.

Mo Wuji nodded, taking in a deep breath, went to the testing platform and stepped up.

The crystal column flashed a gray light, and it stopped moving.

Mo Wuji did not know what the response should be like, but seeing how slightly the crystal column responded, he definitely knew that was not what a person with spiritual roots would see.

Sure enough, the white bearded man impatiently said, "The most common of mortal roots. You're destined to be a mortal, come down."

Mo Wuji's whole body turned cold, and he felt faint. Using his strong self control, he walked down the testing platform as though nothing had happened. His trembling hand showed how disappointed he was at the moment. Even the worst grades of spiritual roots would be good. Why did it have to be mortal roots?

"Young master, it's okay to not have spiritual roots. Old master also did not have them," Yan'Er quickly came and hugged Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji pretended to be calm, and smiled, "it's okay. Even without spiritual roots, I still have my hands. In the future, we can still eat and feast."

He sighed in his head, not saying another word. It was because his old father did not have spiritual roots that he was eaten up by the scammers at Rao Zhou.

The beautiful lady was too lazy to despise Mo Wuji. Eating and feasting, only ant-like mortals have such ideals.

The white bearded man did not care about Mo Wuji, and said smilingly, "Little girl, now's your turn."

Yan'Er quickly shook her head. "I do not have to take the test. I don't want to practice. I want to leave with my young master."

"Since you're here, just take it," Following the man's words, Yan'Er involuntarily landed on the testing platform.

Mo Wuji secretly clenched his fist. He did want to have Yan'Er take the test but seeing how forcefully she was made to do so, make him feel extremely uncomfortable. Mo Wuji took in a deep breath. Even if he was uncomfortable, in front of this man and woman, he was as small as an ant.

As Yan'Er landed on the platform, in just a few seconds, the crystal column suddenly released a burst of green light. Soon, the green light rushed to the top of the crystal column. Just in about a foot more and it would reach the very top. The soft shine of the green light, was like a light green rainbow.

"Supreme Spiritual Roots!" The white bearded man and the beautiful woman called out at almost the same time. Mo Wuji saw a crazed look in their eyes.

Sure enough, they were here for Yan'Er. Mo Wuji could not help but feel powerless.

Chapter 9: No Power, No Respect

"Ha Ha..." the white bearded man laughed loudly. "I did not expect that I, Li Yuanhua, would find such a qualified disciple while passing through this small place..."

The pretty woman who was silent all this while interrupted the white bearded man, "Li Yuanhua, she is not suitable for your Li Fire Sect. I've decided to accept her to be my last disciple."

Li Yuanhua was like a male duck that got its neck grabbed, his voice stopped short. After a moment, he cried out in anger, "Jing Feilan, what do you mean? You already have five disciples, while I don't even have one."

Jing Feilan stayed calm and said, "After taking her as my disciple, I will no longer talk about that incident..."

Li Yuanhua's whole face turned rose red, even his neck was red, but he did not argue.

Mo Wuji can see clearly that Jing Feilan had something on Li Yuanhua.

After a full 10 seconds, Li Yuanhua spoke, one word at a time, "Jing Feilan, I can promise you other things, but I must have this disciple. You cannot be unreasonable. If I did not suddenly discover her spirit quality, would you even know of her existence?"

Jing Feilan said lightly, "She has never cultivated but her eyebrows are surrounded by spiritual charm. Even if you did not bring her in for the test, I would."

Finishing this sentence, Jing Feilan did not explain further, taking out a red paper bird. As if she was talking to herself, she said, "Let me first send a message to the Li Fire Sect."

Li Yuanhua saw this action, stomped forcefully and bitterly said, "How ruthless."

Finishing this sentence, he turned around, rushed out, and soon disappeared without a trace.

After Li Yuanhua left, Jing Feilan tenderly looked at Yan'Er and said, "What's your name? Be my disciple and cultivate with me, ok?"

Yan'Er single-handedly cared for Mo Wuji for so many years. Her mind was far more mature than others her age. After that scene, how could she not know that she has spiritual roots, and her roots are so good that this woman wants her to be her disciple?

Despite her happiness from having good spiritual roots, Yan'Er was clear that once she becomes this woman's disciple, she would have to leave the young master.

Rao Zhou City rarely saw people with spiritual roots. She has never even heard of people being brought away to learn the

spiritual arts.

"I'm Yan'Er. I cannot go with you to cultivate as I want to be with my young master," Without hesitation, Yan'Er shook her head.

"Have you heard of immortals? Do you know many people yearn for such an opportunity but do not get it? Let's not talk about them, even your young master probably wishes to cultivate, right? Once you enter realm of being an immortal, you will have a long life, and dominate over the mortal world," Jing Feilan still patiently explained.

Yan'Er did not respond to Jing Feilan's words. She simply shook her head.

Jing Feilan could see the key person here is Mo Wuji. Her eyes fell on Mo Wuji, and although they looked warm, they held deep contempt which could not be covered.

"Yan'Er's spiritual roots are very good. Having her stay here will only delay her. If she follows me, one day, she will become one of the immortals of legend. Staying with you will only hurt her. I believe, you do not want to force her to stay. If you know what's good for her, tell her what she should do.

After finishing this sentence, Jing Feilan stared straight at Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji took in a deep breath. He was very unhappy with the

way this woman looked at him. Yan'Er has good qualifications; she can cultivate anywhere she wants. Didn't that Li Yuanhua desperately want to have Yan'Er to be his disciple? Moreover, this woman has unknown origins. Who knows what she will do to Yan'Er.

If it was detrimental to Yan'Er, Mo Wuji would rather have Yan'Er stay with him. He believed that with his knowledge and abilities, he would not waste Yan'Er's spiritual roots.

Actually he would not mind having this woman as Yan'Er's teacher as long as she brings them to see the school, and convinced him that Yan'Er would not be cheated. However, this woman acted very aggressively, and had no intentions to explain her identity. Naturally, Mo Wuji did not want Yan'Er to leave with a stranger.

"I do not want bother you, Yan'Er and I have a good life here. Little girl, let's go..." As Mo Wuji finished, he pulled Yan'Er's hand to leave.

There was a killing intent in Jing Feilan's eyes for a brief moment. She immediately sidestepped and stopped in front of Mo Wuji and Yan'Er. "You keeping Yan'Er is a selfish act."

Mo Wuji sneered, "Who are you to care about my family's business?"

Yan'Er was not clueless about what was happening. She felt that Jing Feilan was about to erupt in anger, and quickly said, "Sister, is it possible to transfer my spiritual roots to my young master? If

that's possible, I ..."

"Come..." Without waiting for Yan'Er to finish, Jing Feilan grabbed her arm and took off.

"Master..." Yan'Er screamed out. Mo Wuji felt as though someone dug his heart out, and momentarily blanked out.

By the time he rushed out, the shadows of Yan'Er and Jing Feilan could no longer be seen.

"Bang!" Mo Wuji forcefully punched a wooden frame beside him. Fresh blood flowed down the wooden frame but he did not feel the slightest of pain.

This was his first day in this world, and he could not help but feel weak and powerless. The strength he felt from negotiating with Lu Jiujun was now gone. Here, without power, there would not be respect.

...

The next day, Mo Wuji hid his grievances deep in his heart, and decided to go to Dan Han Drug Refinery.

Dan Han Drug Refinery was once the number one drug workshop in Cheng Yu State. Now, there's only one store and one workshop.

Mo Wuji had to ask a few people, before finding Dan Han Drug Refinery hidden away in a remote street.

Lu Jiujun was waiting for a long time. Seeing Mo Wuji come over, he quickly laughed and welcomed Mo Wuji into the workshop.

"Old Lu, your Dan Han Drug Refinery is really not small, ah. I almost couldn't find it." Seeing the abject state of Dan Han Drug Refinery, Mo Wuji felt disappointed.

Because of his powerlessness, he had to hide what happened yesterday deep in his heart. From the bottom of his heart, Mo Wuji still had an immense desire to cultivate. The previous he was able to concoct a solution which can even expand the meridians. Who dares say that those with mortal roots cannot use elixirs and solutions to form spiritual roots?

It is precisely because of this idea, Mo Wuji hoped to have a better research lab to let him create a drug to open spiritual roots. With the condition of Dan Han Drug Refinery, it probably would not have a good laboratory.

Lu Jiujun smiled embarrassedly, "Brother Mo, besides this workshop, my Dan Han Drug Refinery also has a store. Although the store is not big, business can be considered to be busy. Also, this workshop may look small, but there is a large courtyard at the back.

Mo Wuji nodded, and did not continue to speak on this matter. In

fact, he was also clear that he would not be able to find another person like Lu Jiujun who believes in him and was willing to give him 50% of the shares.

"Old Lu, you know my previous situation. Although I know how to refine drugs, I'm unclear about the market demands. Can we talk about that first?"

Lu Jiujun said in a forthright manner, "Brother Mo, even if you did not ask, I will still discuss with you about that. Please come in first."

Following Lu Jiujun to the second floor of the workshop, Mo Wuji saw more than a dozen fairly new machines on the work table. Mo Wuji did not come into contact with the technology from this world, and was unclear about the how these machines worked.

Seeing so many machines in this small space, Mo Wuji had a better impression of Lu Jiujun. Obviously, Lu Jiujun also believed that discovering new drugs was the only way to revive Dan Han Drug Refinery. From the second floor window, Mo Wuji could see the backyard. It turns out Lu Jiujun was right about the size. Furthermore, the backyard was surrounded by houses, providing a quiet environment. Mo Wuji was satisfied about these conditions. This is a good place for him to research a new drug.

Lu Jiujun looked at these machines, his eyes flashed a trace of disappointment, but he cheered up and said, "Brother Mo, these machines are the most valuable things in Dan Han Drug Refinery."

Mo Wuji nodded, "I can see that."

Chapter 10: A Glimmer of Hope

"My Dan Han Drug Refinery has three main products. The first is the Blood Replenishing Pill. This pill is very good at treating physical injuries. You were born in the Northern Qin Prefecture. Naturally, you should know that Cheng Yu State and the neighbouring states have wars every year. That's why our Blood Replenishing Pill is very popular."

Mo Wuji did not express his views. He really did not know about the regular wars.

Lu JiuJun continued, "The second is the Bone Strengthening Pill. This pill is for martial artists, who do not have spiritual roots. It will help in their martial arts practice and enhance their abilities."

"Martial artists?" Mo Wuji asked in doubt.

Lu JiuJun nodded, "Brother Mo is of nobility. Naturally, you would not have heard about this. In fact, there are few people with spiritual roots. Most people only have mortal roots, and to enhance their strength, they practise martial arts. Practising martial arts to the peak can make you comparable to the experts with spiritual roots."

In Lu JiuJun's view, Mo Wuji's grandfather was a drug refiner, and a cultivator with spiritual roots. This kind of family probably looks down on martial arts, and it was normal for them not to know of it.

Mo Wuji's heart skipped a beat. If he is really unable to have spiritual roots, isn't it possible for him to practise martial arts?

"The third pill is the most famous one in Dan Han Drug Refinery, it's the Spirit Elevating Pill. This pill contains many rare medicinal ingredients, and it even contains a kind of spiritual ingredient. It is useful to cultivators who have opened their spirits. It can help them quickly gather the essence from heaven and earth. My Dan Han Drug Refinery was able to gain some reputation in the entire Xing Han Empire due to this Spirit Elevating Pill," Lu Jiujuun proudly said. Obviously, this pill had quite a good reputation.

Mo Wuji asked again, "Old Lu, I heard that elixirs have different grades. I wonder what grade of elixir is this Spirit Elevating Pill?"

Hearing Mo Wuji's words, Lu Jiujuun's old face turned red, embarrassedly said, "If it is of top grade, wouldn't that be great? But the Spirit Elevating cannot be considered an actual elixir. However, it is one of the few drugs in Cheng Yu State which can help cultivators. Later on, my Dan Han Drug Refinery was not able to keep up in discovering new drugs, and lost out to others in price. Regarding the Spirit Elevating Pill, it requires some spiritual ingredients which we cannot typically get, resulting in where we are today."

Mo Wuji came to understand, Dan Han Drug Refinery did not even have its best product, the Spirit Elevating Pill, to sell. And from another perspective, this Spirit Elevating Pill was not even considered an elixir.

"How much does Brother Lu know about cultivators and

cultivation?" Mo Wuji did not care about what Dan Han Drug Refinery used to produce. He cared more about what he can develop here. As long as he can develop something good, he can make a lot of money. In turn, with more money, he can attempt to open his spirit.

Lu Jiujun heard Mo Wuji's words, and suddenly started questioning whether he was right about Mo Wuji. If Mo Wuji inherited the skills from Mo Tiancheng, why would he ask such questions?

Mo Wuji immediately felt Lu Jiujun's doubts, hurriedly said, "Old Lu, even though I am unable to create elixirs for cultivators, I intend to work in this direction. Previously, I was bent on restoring my country, and did not care about these things. Now that I have decided to be a drug refiner, I naturally need to know more."

Lu Jiujun agreed with these words. Mo Wuji was right; the real way to earn money was not through ordinary drugs, but elixirs which cultivators could use.

After pondering for a moment, Lu Jiujun said, "I do not know much about cultivators, but I heard that the Cheng Yu State Protector is an expert who is infinitely close to the Earth Realm... .."

'Wait, wait, what is an Earth Realm expert?' Mo Wuji quickly asked.

Lu Jiujun helplessly explained, "I am also not very clear, but I know that he is very, very strong. Most of the cultivators in Cheng Yu State are merely in the Human Realm. The Human Realm has three stages: Meridian Expansion, Spirit Building, and Escaping Mortality. One will enter into the Earth Realm only after exceeding the Escaping Mortality stage. Meridian Expansion is first stage after opening the spirit. I heard that the strongest geniuses open 99 spirit channels during the Meridian Expansion stage.

To a person with spiritual roots, more spirit channels and tougher and wider ones would result in faster cultivation. Among others in the same stage, he will be stronger, and he will have greater potential. For people like us, with mortal roots, are generally unable to open any spirit channels.

Mo Wuji suddenly had a great idea, and got really excited. "Brother Lu, is it only those with spiritual roots can open and expand the meridians?"

Lu Jiujun gave Mo Wuji a blank look, "Its spirit channels, not meridians."

"Oh, aren't spirit channels the same as meridians? Arteries and veins, aren't they also the same thing?" Mo Wuji laughed. He was also not very sure, but he guessed that it should be so.

Lu Jiujun got confused, and can only say, "But it's for sure, people with mortal roots do not have meridians. Only those with spiritual roots and opened their spirits have them, and can open their meridians."

Influenced by Mo Wuji, Lu JiuJun started saying meridians instead of spirit channels.

Mo Wuji secretly clenched his fist. In his previous life, his lover plotted against him because he developed a solution which can open and expand the meridians. If he could develop the same solution here, isn't it possible for him to cultivate like those with spiritual roots?

The moment this idea came out, it was like a burning flame which Mo Wuji could not contain. This rash hope became more and more exuberant.

"Brother Lu, I am sure I can have Dan Han Drug Refinery regain its past fame. However, I have two requests," Mo Wuji no longer asked about cultivation. He could see that Lu JiuJun did not know much about it.

Hearing Mo Wuji's words, Lu JiuJun's spirits were lifted, immediately saying, "As long as Master Mo is able to bring Dan Han Drug Refinery back to its past glory, not just two, I will even agree to ten requests."

As Mo Wuji's words deeply excited him, Lu JiuJun started to call him Master Mo, instead of Brother Mo.

Mo Wuji nodded, "First, this laboratory is my personal territory. No one is allowed to enter without my orders."

"No problem." Even if Mo Wuji did not mention this request, Lu Jiujun would also not be able to hire another drug refiner.

"Secondly, I will need a variety of medicinal ingredients for my research; I may even need spiritual ingredients. I hope that Dan Han Drug Refinery will be able to meet these needs," This was Mo Wuji's main focus.

Mo Wuji did not know whether the solution he developed on Earth can open spirit channels and allow essence to be absorbed, but he must try. If he succeeds, it means that he would be able to cultivate despite not having spiritual roots.

Lu Jiujun hesitated before saying, "Master Mo, if Dan Han Drug Refinery is able to make profits, this will also not a problem."

Mo Wuji stood up, smiled and offered his hand, "Old Lu, I look forward to working with you. Choosing me to be your Chief Drug Refiner was a very wise decision."

Lu Jiujun did not understand the meaning behind Mo Wuji's hands, but he bitterly smiled and shook Mo Wuji's hand. Whether this was a wise choice, he did not know.

Chapter 11: You're The One

After signing a contract with Lu Jiujun, Mo Wuji did not stay in the laboratory for long. He simply took a look at the machines, and had a general understanding of how they worked.

Not only are there quite a few machines, they have also been preserved well. However, these machines are far from those he had on Earth. In his previous laboratory, he could directly extract and combine his ingredients in precise amounts. Obviously, that would not be possible here.

Mo Wuji did not care. In his past life, concocting a solution which could expand the meridians was not by accident. Even without the machines, with his proficiency built on thousands of experiments, he would be able to recreate the solution. Now, with these machines, he was even more confident of doing so.

No matter the reason why that woman plotted against him, she would not get his ingredient extraction technique and concoct the solution. This was because his method was not focused on the exact genetic combination, but the refining. Furthermore, he did not record down several critical data, as well as some important plant extracts. All of these were remembered in his mind.

In the absence of these plant extracts, the solution acts normally. After adding these extracts, the entire molecular structure changes, and even the DNA tests get disorganised. The results of each test were always different.

But the solution was still able to achieve the effect of opening the meridians. Even Mo Wuji did not understand the logic behind that. This made Mo Wuji believe that science was really mysterious. There were still many things in the world which could not be explained by science.

Mo Wuji was very clear. Whether it is being plotted by his lover, or Yan'Er being taken away, without strength, he will never be able to find the answer. If he was doomed in this new life to not be able to cultivate, he would just accept his fate.

However, until he was fully sure that he could not cultivate, he would not let go of even the smallest of chances.

...

After signing the contract, Mo Wuji began to wonder around Rao Zhou City. Before deciding his research direction, he must first do market research. Which drugs could earn money, and which couldn't? This was what he needed to know the most.

Wandering from morning to the evening, Mo Wuji's initial enthusiasm slowly died down. He knew that this world's technological level was beneath Earth's, coupled with his skills in biology, it should be easy to develop one or two money-making products.

But the results of the survey made one thing clear to Mo Wuji, though the technology here was beneath Earth, the pharmaceutical level was not. The variety of cosmetics and fitness

products was even more than on Earth. Mo Wuji did not test the efficacy of these drugs, but the fact that people could openly sell them showed that these products would not be bad.

Without a product, even if he is good at marketing, Mo Wuji cannot save Dan Han Drug Refinery. If he could not save Dan Han Drug Refinery, the research that he needed to produce drugs which can allow him to cultivate, was but a dream.

Seeing such results, Mo Wuji went into a daze. He did not even notice when a thin youth bumped into him.

"You want to leave after stealing?" A cold voice woke Mo Wuji. Mo Wuji looked up and saw a young man grabbing the wrist of the thin youth. This young man carried a large package. He had a sharp face and a fierce aura.

"Nonsense...Quickly let's go..." The thin youth called out. Only then did Mo Wuji check his pockets and discovered that his coin purse was missing.

Mo Wuji did not even know when this youth stole his coin purse. Without hesitation, he rushed forward, grabbed the other hand of the youth, and extended his hands to search the youth's chest.

The youth did not have pockets, so his stolen purse must be on her chest.

Mo Wuji felt a small, soft bun, and by the side, he grabbed his

purse.

The youth's face turned rose red, and did not dare to struggle.

"Friend, thank you for helping. If not for you, I am afraid I won't even have money to eat." Mo Wuji kept his purse and thanked the young man.

The young man saw Mo Wuji retrieve his wallet, nodded and let go of the thin youth. The thief was slightly shocked to be released, and quickly disappeared into the crowd in just a few seconds.

The process was very short and many of the passers-by did not see what happened.

The young man did not respond to Mo Wuji's gratitude, but looked at Mo Wuji and asked, "Why did you let the thief go?"

Just now, he released his hands. If Mo Wuji wanted the thief to stay, he could have continued grabbing the thief.

Mo Wuji laughed, "That thief was so thin, and obviously she was very hungry. If I kept her, besides beating her, what can I do?"

The thin thief was a girl, and was starving desperately. Just now, when Mo Wuji was holding the thief, he saw the image of Yan'Er in her, and felt pity for the little girl. But he had always disliked thieves. Even if he sympathised with her, he would not purposely offer her some money. At the same time, he also could not bear to

teach the little girl a hard lesson.

"If you do not mind, how about we go to the nearby tavern and I'll play host," Mo Wuji casually said this sentence to change the topic.

The young man said lightly, "I only put in a little effort, you don't have to do this much."

Mo Wuji said again, "I am a drug refiner. I wonder if this friend here has medicinal herbs to be sold. If so, I am in need of them."

As a biologist who regularly dealt with botanical herbs and medicinal ingredients, Mo Wuji could easily identify the smell of herbs on the young man.

"How did you know?" The young man gave Mo Wuji a puzzled look.

Mo Wuji smiled, "You have the smell of herbs. Also, the herbs are very fresh."

The young man nodded, "The tavern in front, Rao Jiang Xian Tavern, is not bad. Let's go there."

...

Rao Jiang Xian Tavern was not bad. When the waiter brought up

the wine, Mo Wuji could smell a chilly fragrance without even drinking it.

"My name is Mo Wuji, may I know what I call you, friend?" Mo Wuji poured a cup and asked.

"Lan Yu," The young man did not say much. After saying his name, he drained his glass of wine.

"I'm Dan Han Drug Refinery's drug refiner. If Brother Lan has any medicinal herbs in the future, you can send them directly to DanHan Drug Refinery. If you find some special herbs that I need, the price can also..."

Mo Wuji suddenly paused. He has not found a suitable product for Dan Han Drug Refinery, where will he find the money to buy the herbs he needs?

Lan Yu saw that Mo Wuji did not continue, and thought that Mo Wuji was insinuating that the price will rise, then said, "Of course, But I will be leaving Rao Zhou soon. Cheng Yu State and Chang Yan State have already started warring. There is an urgent need for healing herbs. I will be going somewhere close to the battlefield."

War? Healing herbs? Mo Wuji felt like his mind was struck by lightning, and everything suddenly became clear.

He saw a lot of healing drugs in the pharmacies and pill rooms.

No matter how good the drugs are at healing physical injuries, how could they be as good as penicillin?

In fact, Lu Jiujun mentioned healing drugs in the morning. Before, he was confident and did not care. Now that he could not find suitable products, hearing about the war and healing drugs, he immediately thought of penicillin.

It can be said that the war situation in World War II was reversed, largely due to penicillin. It saved millions of lives during World War II.

Mo Wuji clapped. Penicillin, you're the one.

Chapter 12: Causing An Uproar In The Drug Industry

Seeing how Lan Yu gave him a puzzled look, Mo Wuji laughed while saying, "Brother Lan, you are about to sell this medicinal herb to our refinery for a price even higher than the battlefield nearby, so why go the extra mile?"

The thought of penicillin made Mo Wuji felt great. No matter the quality of any drug, is there one better than penicillin in preventing bacterial infection? Most importantly, penicillin is a drug he could use Dan Han Drug Refinery's equipment to produce.

Lan Yu looked at Mo Wuji suspiciously. In fact, from the moment Mo Wuji mentioned he is the drug refiner of Dan Han Drug Refinery; Lan Yu had his doubts about him already.

"Drug refiner Mo, I've heard that things have been difficult at Dan Han Drug Refinery recently..." Lan Yu's tone was a little tactful, but his intention was very obvious. He meant to say that Mo Wuji was not capable.

If it was before he thought of penicillin, Mo Wuji would not dare to boast, however he said without any hesitation, "Brother Lan, you will soon realise that Dan Han Drug Refinery will cause an uproar in Cheng Yu because there is a successful businessman who has directly invested millions of gold coins into Dan Han Drug Refinery."

Lan Yu did not bother to find out whether this is real because

even if it is fake, he could just sell the drug to someone else, "Alright, it's a deal then."

"In addition to the general herbs, I would need some special herbs too. I will write it on a piece of paper for you shortly and I would need to trouble you to find it for me. Two months later, no matter how many herbs you have, you can bring them to Dan Han Drug Refinery and I will offer you a price higher than any refinery at the cities at the warfront can offer," Mo Wuji said while getting pen and paper from the table.

The production of penicillin did not require many herbs. The herbs he had were either used for medical research or given to Dan Han Drug Refinery as additional products, he cannot possibly just sell penicillin. Of course, his main goal was to continue refining the solution which can open up the meridians.

Lan Yu frowned slightly, "Hold on, two months is way too long, I cannot wait till then."

Mo Wuji laughed while saying, "Brother Lan, are you in urgent need of money? If you're not, why can't you wait? It is not as if the war will end anytime soon."

LanYu gave it a little thought and realised what Mo Wuji said was right. Even though he would be able to fetch a slightly higher price at the warfront cities, it was indeed more dangerous. It was after all only two months.

"We will do as you wish, just write down the herbs you need,"

Lan Yu was a very simple and straightforward person. Since he agreed to it, he would not hesitate. Lan Yu felt Mo Wuji's extreme self-confidence as he spoke.

Mo Wuji knew from the start Lan Yu would agree because unless he did not have a choice, why would anyone enter the battlefield? After Lan Yu agree, Mo Wuji wrote on paper a list of ten herbs for Lan Yu.

"LongYan Grass, BaiHua Fruit, Vine of Artemisia, Millettia, Dark Yellow Ginseng, Vein of Thousand Year Pine Tree, Fire Essence Stone..."

Lan Yu frowned at the moment he saw the list that Mo Wuji was writing because he had never heard of most of these herbs.

"Drug refiner Mo, maybe the herbs you wrote down are of the top grade because I do not recognise most of them like the BaiHua fruit, Vine of Artemisia, Dusk Needle Flower..." After reading it twice, Lan Yu was finally so annoyed that he returned the paper back to Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji immediately understood what the problem was. The names of these herbs should be different here and on earth.

At the thought of this, Mo Wuji hurried to grab another piece of paper, started drawing and at the same time explain the growth characteristics. For example, Fire Essence Stones were normally found below dry volcanic rocks, Vine of Artemisia grew in wetter regions and purple flowers would only bloom from Dusk Needle

Flower at midnight..."

"So the BaiHua Fruit you mentioned is Cai Fruit, Dusk Needle Fruit is Night-Purple ah..." Lan Yu finally understood but was still suspicious of Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji was a drug refiner, how could he possibly not recognise a herb? Unless he really made a mistake? That's not possible, all these years he has not heard anyone recognise Cai Fruit as BaiHua Fruit before.

"Ah ah...I was wrong. What I've learnt are ancient drugs and I've forgotten that all their names were changed. There are many drugs today which I am still unfamiliar with; I might have to go buy a book about herbs to memorise," Mo Wuji said with a straight face.

"Oh, no wonder..." Lan Yu did not suspect Mo Wuji anymore. Mo Wuji did explain the characteristics of the different herbs and even drew out some pictures, he should not be lying.

"Alright, I will take my leave now and come back to Dan Han Drug Refinery two months later."

Lan Yu nodded his head, took the paper from Mo Wuji and bid farewell to Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji heaved a sigh of relief and slowly left the hotel. A day of testing the market was finally not for nothing.

He was not worried that Lan Yu might obtain the formula he was researching on, not to mention the few important herbs he had on his hands that Lan Yu did not. Even if he were to give these herbs to Lan Yu, this solution could not be developed by any normal person.

...

Mo Wuji just returned to Dan Han Drug Refinery when Lu Jiujun hurried over, "Brother Mo, when are you going to start researching on the new drug? I do have a few half completed drug formulae..."

Mo Wuji shook his hand, "I already have a new formula, and let us just forget about these half completed ones. I do want to take a look at Dan Han Drug Refinery's pharmaceutical classics, though. Oh yes, I'm still short of some gold coins to purchase some herbs for my research."

"All these are not a problem; I will first bring you to Dan Han's only drug record room," Lu Jiujun said without any hesitation, he was also very anxious about the development of this new drug.

...

Although DanHan Drug Refinery failed previously, they had quite a few rare pharmaceutical classics, some which could no longer be found in the market.

Mo Wuji took a look at these pharmaceutical books and he knew

he did not need to buy any additional books to memorise the herbs' names. He casually told Lu JiuJun, "Old Lu, I need you to help me find a few reliable workers. Once the new drug is developed, it will be produced in our backyard. Remember, I want the development of our new drug to be confidential therefore the workers must be reliable and trustworthy. Two days later, we start work. Two months from now, that will be when Dan Han Drug Refinery will rise again. No, I mean will cause an uproar in the drug industry."

After Lu JiuJun's Dan Han Drug Refinery's decline, it did not leave much behind and this backyard alone was already spacious enough.

In fact, Mo Wuji knew very clearly that no matter how secretive he was, the penicillin fermentation process cannot be kept a secret for too long because it was way too simple. The only thing that can be kept secret was the method of producing the nutrient solution. However, the process to produce nutrient solution was also too simple. Once it is leaked, it can be imitated easily. However Mo Wuji did not care less, as long as he was able to make his first bucket of gold coins, he would find ways to increase it. Regarding the fact that penicillin will cause an uproar in the drug industry, he was not lying at all because penicillin was after all a drug that did not belong to this particular period.

This sentence acted almost like an elixir of life to Lu JiuJun as he seemed to be revived immediately, hitting his chest and said, "Brother Mo, do not worry, I will personally make sure no one leaks any secrets of my Dan Han Drug Refinery."

"Hold up..." Without waiting for Lu JiuJun to leave, Mo Wuji

found a piece of paper and wrote a list of equipment and passed it to Lu Jiujun, "I would need these pieces of equipment too, to prepare for the production of the new drug."

Lu Jiujun gave Mo Wuji a puzzled look, "What do you need all these different types of glass bottles and test tubes for?"

Mo Wuji shook his hand, "You do not have to bother with all these, and just listen to what I say. In two months, Dan Han Drug Refinery will rise from the dead."

These were not meant for the penicillin, but for the development of his of Channel Opening Solution.

Chapter 13: Mo Wuji's Worries

Since the start of the production of penicillin, Mo Wuji had always remained at Dan Han Drug Refinery. Making something like penicillin was too easy for him. Even some universities would set this as a topic for their final exams. Moreover, Cheng Yu state's technology was also decent, and all the essential equipment could be procured, requiring minimal modification to work as intended.

The only difficulty presented to Mo Wuji would be to change the penicillin from the intramuscular and intravenous injection form to one suitable for consumption. Injection as a method of administering the penicillin was too troublesome, and also brought about all possible after effects linked to injections.

Orally administered penicillin, similar to amoxicillin, ampicillin, potassium chloride tablets, etc, was not something that he could not produce, but rather, two months was too short a period for him to be able to complete the production of it.

If you consumed the penicillin meant for injections, the acid in your stomach would destroy 99.9% of the medicine. Even though the process of converting penicillin from one form to another would seem difficult to someone else, it only mildly irritated Mo Wuji. Back on Earth, he had already stood on the pinnacle of pharmaceutical research. He may not be able to completely prevent the potency of penicillin from being lost after converting it to oral form, but at least would manage to preserve 30 to 40% of it.

For a place where no antibiotics have appeared before, even if five percent of penicillin's potency remained, its effect would be

overwhelming, what more of 30 to 40%.

As for the antibody and allergic reaction that the penicillin may incite, they have been completely ignored by Mo Wuji. Compared to the benefits of penicillin, these side effects meant nothing. At most he would note it down in the drug's information sheet.

For the people of Rao Zhou City, Dan Han Drug Refinery underwent the greatest transformation recently. Dan Han Drug Refinery originally was downsized until only one shop and one workshop, and the only shop also closed down one month ago, not selling any drugs anymore.

Logically speaking, Dan Han Drug Refinery would be about to close down, then sell off the shop. But what puzzles people the most was that they not only didn't sell the shop, instead releasing new ads for it in the whole of Rao Zhou City.

Nine Lives Healing Solution, Dan Han Drug Refinery spent tens of millions to come up with this new product. It's the savior of mankind, with the Nine Lives Healing Solution you never have to worry about your wounds getting infected, and its effects is many times more than any product ever made in the refinery. The slogan of the Nine Lives Healing Solution was that even if your wounds are infected, as long as you still have a single breath in you, it can bring you back to life. Of course, the ads never mentioned anything about whether the research budget was tens of millions of gold, silver, or bronze coins.

The past products of Dan Han Drug refinery worked about the same as other healing medicines out there. The current ads for

Nine Lives Healing Solution claimed that it greatly exceeds the effects of any previous healing products by many times, implying that it was superior to other healing products in the market.

One small splash like this created a whole wave of reaction. This ad caused the whole Rao Zhou city to set their sights on Dan Han Drug Refinery. Rao Zhou is Cheng Yu State's capital, which meant that the whole Cheng Yu State had their eyes on Dan Han Drug Refinery.

Overnight, countless people swarmed to Dan Han Drug Refinery's shop, wanting to buy a bottle of Nine Lives Healing Solution, wanting to know if it was real.

Cheng Yu state was in a perpetual state of war, with large numbers dying of infected wounds daily. Not only soldiers, but also mercenaries, hunters, herb pickers, prospectors...these people frequently get injured and face the risk of death by infection after. If there was a healing solution like Nine Lives, who wouldn't want it?

.....

On the second floor of Dan Han Drug Refinery Workshop, Lu Jiujun rushed in excitedly, "Brother Mo, our promotion has been too successful. If Nine Lives Healing Solution really that good, no, or even only one third as good, on the tenth of September Dan Han Drug Refinery would have succeeded..."

Lu Jiujun suddenly stopped, observing that Mo Wuji was not in a

celebratory mood, even showing signs of worry. Lu Jiuju's heart skipped a beat. Did the new drug fail? But didn't Mo Wuji place large metal buckets one after the other in the yard, even with some boilers? Those can't be fake, can they?

Whether the new drug was a success, he was not entirely sure. Going full force with promotion efforts was Mo Wuji's intention, saying that there was no chance of failure. But now...

Mo Wuji stood up, walked beside Lu Jiuju and pat his shoulders, "Old Lu, you need not worry, nothing's wrong with the drug."

"Then why do you look like you have something on your mind?" Lu Jiuju was half-relieved after hearing that the drug had no issues. As long as the drug was okay, anything else could be resolved.

Mo Wuji sighed, "Old Lu, have you thought about whether we have the ability to protect our turf once the Nine Lives Healing Solution goes into the market and brings us lots of wealth, there'll definitely be people who are jealous of us."

Truthfully, Mo Wuji never thought that this small promotion campaign could have incited such a large response. He also did not expect that people of this world would desire drugs that can cure infections to such a great extent. He was sceptical if at this rate he had the chance to earn the first bucket of gold after the drug goes on the market.

Even though no one other than himself knew that the production

of penicillin is easily copied, what if someone took action against Dan Han Drug Refinery in secret before they have earned the first bucket of gold? It wouldn't be good.

Lu Jiujun was momentarily stunned after hearing Mo Wuji's words, and proceeded to burst into laughter, "Brother Mo, because you were born into the royal family, it is natural that you do not understand how Cheng Yu state's laws work. Not only for Cheng Yu state, in the whole Xing Han Empire, are workshop businesses protected, as long as you pay a certain amount of taxes. The initial reputation of Dan Han Drug Refinery has spread all the way into the Xing Han Empire, who would dare to take action against us? Dan Han was about to collapse due to my incompetence before."

Mo Wuji did not let up because of what he heard from Lu Jiujun, Dan Han Drug Refinery was only as strong as a bum. Without any fists backing it up, it would be weird not to have anyone eyeing this business. On Earth there was a company involved in the production of FruitPhones, which looked very big, with many employees. However, it was really only earning sweatshop money, having to bear with the atrocious attitudes of others. The day that company stopped taking up outsourced jobs, would be the day it becomes the next Dan Han Drug Refinery.

As for Lu Jiujun saying that they would be protected by Xing Han Empire, Mo Wuji did not believe in it at all. As long as enough profits were at stake, anything could happen. From his experience of his long-time lover backstabbing him, he knew that some things cannot be regulated by laws and morals.

But he wanted to become a big shot, and this would need him to

earn lots of money, making him unable to keep a low profile.

Logically speaking even if someone were to compete with Dan Han Drug Refinery for profits, they should be using the soft approach before the hard approach. As long as he controlled the core products, and sold them when he needs some money, then there would be no danger.

After thinking until this point, “Old Lu, I’ll put it across bluntly first. If someone wants a share of this, they can take my share in the business, but not any of my share of the money.”

“Sure, no problem. Don’t worry about it,” Lu Jiujun agreed to Mo Wuji’s demands without a second thought.

Mo Wuji sighed in his heart, and did not request for Lu Jiujun to sign a contract. Sometimes when one’s ability is not good enough, what use would a piece of paper have?

He’s alone in Rao Zhou City, even if something were to happen, no one would help him.

.....

After discussion with Lu Jiujun, Mo Wuji fermented penicillin all day and all night. In order to keep the power in his hands, other than for the collection of Penicillin which requires large manpower, he personally performed all other steps in the production. Two months away from home, he was not resting

properly at all, other than when purchasing herbs for the drug to open spirit channels.

Two months passed, and he finally produced the first batch of penicillin mixture.

Chapter 14: Sensational Nine Lives Healing Solution

"Hey, Nine Life Healing Solution... Its effect is several times higher than other healing drugs?" On the main street of Rao Zhou City, several soldiers filled with bloodstains suddenly stopped and looked at the big billboard.

"It's from Dan Han Drug Refinery. I have heard of that workshop before. Duan Hu, immediately carry Qiu Fang and the rest of our brothers to Dan Han Drug Refinery. We will wait for you at the store entrance," The sturdy man leading the group instructed.

"Captain, it says that the sale of the drug will only start on 10 September."

"Today is already the 9th. We will talk while we're waiting. If this is false advertising, I will immediately demolish this shop."

"Yes!"

In Rao Zhou City, there were many of such soldiers covered with blood. Coupled with the recent war, there are more heavily wounded soldiers who return to Rao Zhou. The higher number of injured soldiers also made people aware of the bad situation at the war frontlines, causing a tense atmosphere to fall upon Rao Zhou.

As Dan Han Drug Refinery's advertisement was too good, coupled with the high death rates of wounded soldiers, it was not

uncommon to see injured soldiers being carried to Dan Han Drug Refinery.

In just a few days time, besides a few onlookers, there were many bloodied soldiers who came back from the battlefield.

As there were too many soldiers, Rao Zhou City had to send guards to instil some order. The location of Dan Han Drug Refinery's store was fairly good. With the gathering of the soldiers, almost the entire street got occupied.

...

Xing Han Calendar: 10 September 2930.

There seemed to be a whole sea of people in front of Dan Han Drug Refinery's store entrance. Some were there to enjoy the bustling scene, some were suspicious, but most were there to try a bottle of the drug.

"Open the door..." Following the calls of the crowd, Dan Han Drug Refinery's store door slowly opened.

Being surrounded for a few days, Lu Jiujun was no longer surprised. With a loudspeaker in his hands, facing the crowd, he said, "Dear friends, all those here to buy the Nine Lives Healing Solution, please form an orderly queue. I guarantee that everyone will get a bottle. This new drug of ours is simply the panacea of all injured patients. There are no false ingredients whatsoever. With

every bottle purchased, we will also give a set of white gauze bandages, a bag of Dan Han Injury Powder..."

Due to the inconvenience of injections, Mo Wuji developed oral penicillin. Naturally, the gauze bandages and powder were to be used together with penicillin.

For those allergic to penicillin, there was a small reminder on the instructions. Every day, there were so many soldiers who die from their injuries. Once the efficacy of penicillin is seen, who would care about those with allergies? What's more, oral penicillin was less effective on those with allergies.

"How much is a bottle?" Many voices called out at the same time, interrupting Lu Jiuju's words. With exception, everyone was only concerned about one thing: the price of a bottle of Nine Lives Healing Solution.

Lu Jiuju slightly clenched his fist, with a face full of smiles, he said, "As our new drug uses the highest grades of herbs, the price is slightly higher. Each bottle costs 2 gold coins..."

Countless sighs of shock were heard before many people started shouting abuse. 2 gold coins for a bottle of healing drugs? Why not just rob them? Other healing drugs cost only a few silver coins. Some even cost a few dozen bronze coins.

After hearing the price, more than half of the queue immediately left. 2 gold coins for a bottle of healing drug was indeed too expensive. An ordinary family may not even earn 2 gold coins in a

year.

Seeing the queue becoming shorter, Lu JiuJun's mouth started twitching. His intention was to price the drug at 10 silver coins, but Mo Wuji wanted it to be 5 gold coins. The final price of 2 gold coins was a mutual compromise. But he also had to agree with Mo Wuji that the price of the penicillin of higher purity, which also had a more deluxe glass packaging, should be 10 gold coins.

Perhaps Dan Han Drug Refinery's advertisement was too effective, despite the high price; there were still people who bought the drug. Some gathered money to buy a bottle, while there were even some who bought more than two bottles. As for the deluxe version, not even one bottle was sold.

Dan Han Drug Refinery which was crowded for days became deserted again after a short hour.

"Brother Mo, this time... Aiii..." Lu JiuJun sighed. If he did not want to wait for a few days to see the efficacy of the drug, he would have advised Mo Wuji to slash the price.

This time, they produced nearly 50,000 bottles. They even hired 20 people to work overtime to get the drug out for sale. Furthermore, after completing the first batch, Mo Wuji did not stop and started the production of the second batch, which was even more than the first batch.

They advertised for nearly a month, but they did not even sell 200 bottles. Even the advertising cost would not be covered.

"Don't worry, we'll see in a few days. I'll go and take a walk," Mo Wuji waved his hand, indicating that Lu Jiujun should not worry.

Mo Wuji was not worried about whether penicillin will sell. He was more concerned about the production of his solution. Mo Wuji could predict that penicillin would not continue to earn profits in the future. He might as well set the price high and earn money for now.

After a few days, Lan Yu will deliver a few of the herbs which he needs. In addition that to the few that he's buying, he would be ready to start.

For some unusual things, he needed to go and find them on his own. With the exception of Lan Yu's herbs, he only lacked one thing. Even knowing that others will not be able to develop the solution which can open spirit channels with the drug formula, Mo Wuji still wanted to be careful.

Lu Jiujun could only nod. Things had already come so far, what else could he do?

The thing that Mo Wuji was looking for could not even be considered a herb as this thing was too common. Mo Wuji was looking for lotus silk, the fresher, the better. From Mo Wuji's experiments, he discovered that if lotus silk was not added, the effects of the solution would be significantly reduced. Once lotus silk is added, there would be an entirely different effect.

However, the lotus root must be specially selected. It must be the second silk thread from the root.

He had personally tested this. The moment he drank the solution, he could clearly feel the spirit channels in his body getting clearer, and his physical strength increasing greatly. Take note, although he learnt martial arts, he was not a master who learnt some special arts.

Unfortunately, before his meridians were completely expanded, he was murdered by his lover.

...

In the first day, Dan Han Drug Refinery was still able to sell one to two hundred bottles of Nine Lives Healing Solution. By the second and third day, not even a bottle was sold.

Lu Jiujun became as agitated as an ant on a hot pan. On the other hand, Mo Wuji was hiding in his laboratory, not even feeling a bit of anxiety. Besides eating and using the toilet, no one saw him come out of his laboratory. Even his food had to be delivered to him.

"This won't do. We are just simply waiting for death. Lulu, help me call Brother Mo. I would like to discuss with him," Lu Jiujun could not stand the emptiness of the store.

"Shop owner, Master Mo told me not to disturb him unless it's

something important.." The shop clerk, Lulu, said timidly.

"Never mind. I will go..."

Lu Jiujun waved his hand and started to head upstairs. At the time, a tall and big figure blocked the whole door of the store, "Who is the treasurer here?"

Chapter 15: The Return of The Fiery

The voice was accompanied by an inauspicious influence, causing Lu Jiujun to subconsciously take a few steps back. "My friend, I am Dan Han Drug Refinery's owner Lu Jiujun..."

Lu Jiujun paused abruptly as he saw a tall, courageous man with two other men behind him. He recognised the two men as they were at Dan Han Drug Refinery's opening day carrying a severely wounded man a few days ago.

Could it be that the wounded man died and they are now here to find trouble?

The thought of this made Lu Jiujun break out in a cold sweat. Under normal circumstances as long as there was no common problem with the drug, it should not be that much of an issue. However, if someone were to investigate them, it may become problematic. It would even more problematic if that someone was from the army.

"Owner Lu, this is our captain. We wish to purchase 300 bottles of the ordinary Nine Lives Healing Solution and we are wondering if the price is negotiable?" The man whom Lu Jiujun recognised from a few days earlier said.

"Ah..." Lu Jiujun immediately understood the situation; the Nine Lives Healing Solution must have been really exceptional to make a captain come down to purchase it personally.

Lu Jiujun instantly calmed himself down. With his many years of experience in this business, he understood the situation perfectly. From today onwards, Nine Lives Healing Solution will sell like hotcakes with no need to worry about the sales.

Lu Jiujun knew that the large army had nothing but money. "There are still some solutions remaining. However the opening sales price of 2 gold coins has now been changed to..."

The tall leader raised his hand without hesitation to stop Lu Jiujun from continuing. "Hold on, forget about the negotiation, just sell it to us at 2 gold coins per bottle and we will get 500 bottles. We come from Tie Fei Army camp and we will patronise your shop very often."

"It is a deal then," Lu Jiujun did not even think of increasing the price, Tie Fei Army camp is one of the three camps in Cheng Yu. Building a good relationship with Tie Fei Army camp will ensure good business in the future.

...

In the past, Cheng Ling Pill workshop was only a small workshop while Dan Han Drug Refinery's shophouses were all over the big cities in Cheng Yu state.

Presently, Cheng Ling Pill workshop is one of the best drug dealing workshops in Cheng Yu state. Almost 40% of the drugs in Cheng Yu were provided by Cheng Ling Pill workshop.

There were a few people chatting casually over tea in Cheng Ling Pill workshop's headquarters' conference hall. Cheng Ling Pill workshop had gone on the right track; therefore the meeting was just full of chatter.

"Dan Han Drug Refinery created such a huge uproar previously such that I thought they were inventing an extraordinary healing drug. Turns out the advertising were just exaggerated, ha ha," The one speaking was a 60 years old man who was in charge of Cheng Ling Pill workshop's sales. His name was Liu Wansheng.

To be honest, Dan Han Drug Refinery's advertisement of their new drug did scare him a little. However, now that he found out that Dan Han Drug Refinery was nothing but a paper tiger, he felt more at ease.

Sitting on a higher level was a lady named Mei Xiu who is Cheng Ling Pill workshop's owner. After hearing Liu Wansheng's words, she said, "Deacon Liu, no matter how exaggerated the advertisement by Dan Han Drug Refinery was, salespeople like us must still give them the attention. Furthermore, it has only been a few days, if the Nine Lives..."

Mei Xiu's words were suddenly interrupted as an energetic youth came rushing in to pass Mei Xiu a letter.

The conference hall fell silent and all eyes fell on Mei Xiu.

Mei Xiu tore open the envelope and took out the letter. The instance she finished reading the letter, she smiled and stood up

saying, "Today, a few representatives from the army visited Dan Han Drug Refinery. According to the news, these army representatives bought at least 100 of the Nine Lives Healing Solution. Furthermore, there were a few businessmen who went to Dan Han Drug Refinery as well. These people are those who once bought the drug from Dan Han Drug Refinery previously..."

Everyone knew what Mei Xiu's words implied. Despite the steep prices of the Nine Lives Healing Solution, people went back for the second time to purchase it. This proved that the effects of the solution were really extraordinary, even more so than the publicity had claimed it to be.

If Dan Han Drug Refinery were to really invent such an extraordinary drug, how is Cheng Ling Pill workshop supposed to compete with them?

"Owner Mei, what do we do now?" A plump middle-aged man stood up and asked.

"Mei Qi, notify a few of the elders in the workshop to go down to Dan Han Drug Refinery to take a look immediately," Mei Xiu's expression turned serious and her tone became very modest.

"Alright..." The youth who came to deliver the letter answered and then hurried back.

...

Lan Yu carried two huge leather bags to Dan Han Drug Refinery but was shocked as he was reaching the entrance. The once empty Dan Han Drug Refinery was now filled with many customers. Everyone was queuing in an orderly fashion despite looking very anxious. The queue stretched from the entrance of Dan Han Drug Refinery to half a street away.

Was the Nine Lives Healing Solution really that powerful? He did see it in the advertisements but he has seen way too many of such exaggerated ones in the past that he did not pay much attention to this one.

"What are you doing? Please queue from behind," Lan Yu was stopped by a man just as he was about to enter Dan Han Drug Refinery.

Lan Yu frowned and said, "I am not here to buy the drugs, I am here to look for Master Mo."

A young lady hurried out and said respectfully, "Are you brother Lan? Master Mo has ordered me to wait for you here."

Lan Yu quickly nodded his head, "Yes, I am Lan Yu. Could you please take me to see Master Mo?"

The young lady said in a hurry, "Brother Lan, call me Lu Lu. Master Mo is not around; he is currently over at the workshop. Please follow me."

The crowd was envious of Lan Yu as he was brought over by the young lady. They wished they were the ones who knew Master Mo personally.

The rumours of the powerful healing ability of Nine Lives Healing Solution soon spread across the city very quickly. Even if one were to purchase the solution, it could be very easily resold for an additional 10 silver coins.

...

"Master Mo, Brother Lan is here," Lu Lu shouted out respectfully as she brought Lan Yu to the entrance of the Mo Wuji laboratory in Dan Han Drug Refinery's workshop.

Every worker at Dan Han Drug Refinery knew very well the reason for this fiery situation at Dan Han Drug Refinery these few days. It was because of the arrival of a very capable drug refiner; Master Mo. Master Mo developed a revolutionary drug, the Nine Lives Healing Solution.

As long as the sales continue at Dan Han Drug Refinery, it would rise again, this time even better than before. It was a very obvious prediction evident from the number of people queuing everyday. Some would even pay more for the drugs so they could purchase it earlier than the rest.

Lu Lu, as Mo Wuji's helper, treated Mo Wuji very respectfully.

As soon as Lu Lu's voice died down, a small door opened. Mo Wuji stood at the door's entrance with messy hair, looking in excitement, "Brother Lan, you have finally arrived."

Lan Yu did not mind Mo Wuji's look or the smell of different drugs from the laboratory because he knew that a truly capable drug refiner, like Mo Wuji, would go crazy once dealing with drugs.

"Master Mo, you really did not lie to me, your drug has exceeded all expectations and has been very successful," Lan Yu said with admiration.

Even though Lan Yu promised Mo Wuji he would stay in Rao Zhou City, the fact was that he did not fully believe Mo Wuji's words. Today, having witnessed Dan Han Drug Refinery's grand occasion, he was convinced that Mo Wuji's new drug would be able to make them rise again.

"Thank you for your trust, please take a sit inside Brother Mo," Mo Wuji said while his eyes laid on Lan Yu's leather bag.

Lan Yu noticed Mo Wuji's looking and knew his intentions were not for him to sit down inside. He smiled and passed the leather bag in his left hand to Mo Wuji. "Master Mo, these are the herbs you needed. There are a total of ten, please take a look."

Mo Wuji grinned while taking the bag, "There is no need, how can I not trust you, Brother Lan?"

After saying this, he told Lu Lu, "Lu Lu, you must help me take good care of Brother Lan. There is no need to check the things he brought over, I trust him. Also, give him double the market price for the goods."

It was not that Mo Wuji did not want to entertain Brother Lan, it was just that his current research is too urgent. Mo Wuji knew Lan Yu is a decent person and if Mo Wuji decided to stay for long at Dan Han Drug Refinery, he would find ways to hire Lan Yu to work at his workshop.

Mo Wuji knew that once the price and value of the Nine Lives Healing Solution has been revealed, Dan Han Drug Refinery would not have full control over it. In the face of huge profits, he did not believe Lu JiuJun and the other drug refineries would still follow the rules of business here.

He also knew that he could not blame Lu JiuJun for this as he did not expect Nine Lives Healing Solution to be so sought after. This was just the beginning. Once the value of penicillin was revealed, even Lu JiuJun himself could not guarantee what he promised earlier.

Chapter 16: Opening Spirit Channels

Fifty thousand bottles of Nine Lives Healing Solution. By Lu JiuJun's calculations, even if it takes six months to sell everything, it would still be a great success. In the end, the reality was that a large fraction of the Solution was sold by the fifth day, and this was after increasing the price and limiting the amount each individual could buy. Even after limiting the amount of solution they could buy, the Nine Lives Healing Solution was sold out by the 12th day.

Including the sales of the deluxe version of the Nine Lives Healing Solution, Dan Han Drug Refinery earned closed to 250 000 gold coins in profits alone. One could also say that the Nine Lives Healing Solution had a production cost of close to zero. Hence any sales made were all profits.

Seeing that there were many people wanting to purchase medicine outside of the shop, but no medicine was available for sale, Lu JiuJun became anxious.

“Lu Lu...screw it, I better go to find Brother Mo personally...” At the moment, Lu JiuJun was completely convinced that Mo Wuji had inherited from Mo Tiancheng the talent for producing drugs, even surpassing that of his father. Otherwise, how could he have created the Nine Lives Healing Solution?

He had a different reason for finding Mo Wuji than ten days ago. This time, he was anxious to get Mo Wuji to speed up production for the third batch of Nine Lives Healing Solution. The second batch was currently in the fermentation stage and was almost

ready. However, Mo Wuji did not seem to have the intention to make a third batch, being holed up in his laboratory all day, saying that he wanted to create a new drug.

Actually, according to Lu Jiuju's plans, Dan Han Drug Refinery was fine with only the Nine Lives Healing Solution, and did not need to produce any new drugs. But now Mo Wuji was in charge, and if he wanted to create a new drug, he would create a new drug.

"Owner, Master Mo said that no one is to look for him before he comes out, even for meal deliveries, they would be placed at the window. If the meal was not consumed, we would replace it with a fresh set," Lu Lu quickly said.

She was worried that the owner of the drug refinery would barge into Master Mo's room, creating an argument between the both of them. Master Mo has been the most capable drug refiner she had ever seen. This is not the sort of master you offend.

"All right," Lu Jiuju was helpless and gave himself a pat on the head. A few days ago, a few guys from the Cheng Ling Pill workshop came over to discuss with him about the Nine Lives Healing Solution, and he pushed it all on Mo Wuji's head. He mentioned that Mo Wuji was still researching on new drugs, and these issues would have to wait until Mo Wuji came out. Mo Wuji's temperament was that as long as he was doing research into drugs, he would flare up if anyone disturbed him.

Who knew that this would come round back at him. No matter who he offended, he did not dare to offend Mo Wuji, his money making machine.

Mo Wuji looked at the ten green glass bottles on the table with a dishevelled appearance, feeling content. This was the result of days of continuous hard work. Once he drank the contents of one of the bottles out of the ten, he would go to test if he had spirit roots. If he did, he would continue to earn gold, and prepare to open his spirit.

According to what Lan Yu and Lu Jiujun said, only with spirit channels can one absorb spirit energy, and only those with a spirit roots possess spirit channels. The reason for the absence of a spirit roots in Mo Wuji would be that his spirit channels were blocked, or he did not have spirit channels at all.

To Mo Wuji, spirit channels were equivalent to meridians. The drug he developed to open up meridians, must also make meridians clear and free of blockages, allowing for the absorption and storage of spirit energy. As long as he could absorb and store spirit energy, doesn't that mean he had spirit roots?

“Ha ha ha...this medicine will be called the Channel Opening Solution,” Mo Wuji could not hold back his laughter. This was the first time he felt this happy ever since he was backstabbed.

Hearing Mo Wuji's loud bout of laughter, the anxious Lu Jiujun did not care about Lu Lu's warning anymore and rushed upstairs.

“Haha, Old Lu, have you been counting money these few days until your hands have cramped up?” Mo Wuji opened the door holding a bag in hand, smiling at the approaching Lu Jiujun.

Lu Jiujun was naturally very happy, Mo Wuji had created the Channel Opening Solution, but he felt a slight sense of unease deep inside about something. What it was, he could not tell.

Just don't care about it, leave it for after my spirit channels have been opened.

With a face full of excitement, Lu Jiujun said, "Brother Mo, we have succeeded. The Nine Lives Healing Solution is selling like hotcakes, really like hotcakes..."

Mo Wuji gently waved his hand, "This I know, and it's a must. Oh yes, change my share of the gold coins into the best gold ticket."

"Of course, of course, other than this, our shop does not..."

Not waiting for Lu Jiujun to complete his sentence, Mo Wuji waved him off, "I know, for even bigger news, wait for me to take a bath and rest for a day, then we'll talk."

After speaking this sentence, Mo Wuji did not bother with Lu Jiujun any more, rushing past him, and heading towards the accommodations at Dan Han Drug Refinery.

The Channel Opening Solution had been produced already, and to Mo Wuji, taking a shower and changing into a fresh set of clothes was of the utmost priority, then he would go to sleep. After

waking up, he would immediately consume the Channel Opening Solution before doing anything else.

Earning money could be done anytime. But the matter of him getting spirit roots, and being able to absorb spirit energy to train, could not be delayed for a single moment.

Lu Jiujun blankly looked at the back of Mo Wuji as he walked away, without feeling angry at all. At Dan Han Drug Refinery, the real owner was not him Lu Jiujun, but Mo Wuji. After some time, Lu Jiujun left with his head low. He could not discuss about opening a few more shops with Mo Wuji nor about producing a third batch of Nine Lives Healing Solution.

Washing up after he woke up, Mo Wuji was refreshed, taking out one of the green glass bottles.

He had drunk this type of Channel Opening Solution once before, knowing that he would feel a burning sensation extending through his body. After that, even those who had never trained in martial arts before would be able to clearly feel one meridian in the body being opened. Even though the feeling of opening meridians was unbearable, an indescribable soothing feeling lingered in his heart.

It was a pity that in his past life, Mo Wuji was backstabbed before a single meridian was completely opened after he drank the drug.

Calming down his raging emotions, Mo Wuji grabbed the green bottle, opened it and took a deep breath, then tilted his head, drinking its contents all in one shot.

Similar to that in his past life, the slightly bitter fluid flowed down his throat, with something like a line of fire extending through his body. All the obstructions in the way of this line of fire would be broken through. Mo Wuji could clearly feel the sensation of one spirit channel being opened, and with the line of fire from the drug, the channels in his body slowly expanded.

The feeling of his body breaking apart mixed with a sense of serenity and excitement, it seemed as though as the fire burned a little more, the more the impurities in his body would be burnt away.

Mo Wuji clenched his fists, if meridians were spirit channel, and one bottle of the drug would open one of his spirit channels, so wouldn't it be easy for him to become a cultivator with one the highest spirit base grade with the use of the drug? So what if there were 99 spirit channels? He could easily achieve it.

Chapter 17: Falling Short

Two hours later, Mo Wuji's anticipation gradually dwindled. Even though the solution did expand one of his meridians, the expansion ceased after two hours. The burning sensation disappeared, indicating the limit of the solution.

How was this possible? With cold water being poured over his head, Mo Wuji completely forgot about the pain he was in as his channels were expanding.

This felt like a rubbish-filled water ditch. When the water came flowing, the rubbish will be washed away by the water. But just when the ditch would be clear of rubbish, there was no more water. The rubbish that was supposed to be washed away was all stuck at the entrance, forming a dam and worsening the clogging.

In his previous life, Mo Wuji was assassinated less than two hours after he drank the solution. Therefore he had no clue that the solution could not open the channel and that the meridian will be blocked in a specific position.

No, the quantity must not have been enough.

Mo Wuji clenched his teeth, opened and drank yet another bottle of the solution.

If the first time drinking the solution felt like swallowing a line of fire, the second time felt like swallowing a fireball. Mo Wuji felt as if his whole body would be consumed by this fireball and turn to

ashes.

The pain was so severe that he fell to the ground as if he were paralysed. In the end, his whole body was suffering from spasms and even breathing became difficult. After another two hours, the convulsive pain gradually disappeared.

Mo Wuji, despite trembling, managed to get himself up using the bench. His heart was ice cold. He clearly knew that after consuming the second bottle, it only made him feel worse and the blockage remained at the same position as the first time.

He was sure that if he were to drink the third bottle, he would lose his life.

In short, his development on the meridian expansion solution was a failure.

If that woman found out that the solution was unsuccessful, would she have regretted her actions? Maybe she would have regretted killing him before he actually managed to develop the solution successfully.

Mo Wuji slowly moved himself to the table where he saw his pale and desperate face in the mirror. He knew he would not have any more chances. It only took four hours to go from joy to despair. Four hours passed and he did not manage to even open any meridian and was still unable to practice.

If he was on Earth, he would still be able to spare more time modifying the solution, but not here. It would be a miracle if he was able to produce the solution, given the very poor condition of the laboratory. Previously, he managed to do it as it was based on his experience more than anything else.

He sighed, feeling weak and disappointed as he slowly got back to his normal self. "Whatever will be, will be." He grabbed the kettle and poured himself a cup of water.

"No..." Mo Wuji said as he put down the cup which was already close to his lips. His face became increasingly pale.

After researching on plants for so many years, Mo Wuji became familiar with the smell of many plants. And the water he just poured had very faint scent of *Antiaris Toxicaria*.

This was definitely extracted from *Antiaris Toxicaria*, a very poisonous plant.

Mo Wuji was so shocked someone wanted to kill him that he was no longer disappointed.

At that moment, Mo Wuji understood what was going on. Even though he has from a royal bloodline, people used to not bother about him because he was always acting crazy. But now that he had returned back to normal, coupled with the fact that he will be rich from the overwhelming success of Dan Han Drug Refinery, people started to notice him. Nobody would care about a crazy noble, but most people would fear a capable descendant of the Northern Qin

Prefecture King. Or at least those who tried to snatch the King's throne would.

Mo Wuji gently placed his cup back on the table and calmed himself down. The entire Xing Han Empire is so huge, even if he could not develop his spiritual roots, it did not mean there was no other way. As long as there was the slightest of chance, he would not give up on himself.

On hindsight, having kept the empty bottles, Mo Wuji felt fortunate. If the expansion had succeeded, he probably would have brought the gold bars over to the Spirit Opening Tower, making things much worse.

Previously, he was so obsessed with being able to open his channel and neglected the dangers that could come with it.

His misfortune might have been a blessing in disguise.

Sensing that a crisis was about to befall on him, Mo Wuji knew he would not be able to continue staying at Dan Han Drug Refinery. It would be too easy to assassinate an ordinary person like him.

But where else could he go?

"Master Mo, Cheng Ling Pill workshop's workers are here. Owner Lu is entertaining them and would like to invite you over to join them," Lu Lu asked politely, breaking Mo Wuji's train of thoughts.

"Sure, I will be there right away," Mo Wuji said as he opened the door, "Oh yes, I accidentally dirtied this pot of water and the cup. Please help me pour away the water and clean it thoroughly."

Lu Lu was the one who took care of Mo Wuji during his time here at Dan Han Drug Refinery. Mo Wuji believed that the one who tried to poison him was not Lu Lu because this place was easily accessible to the public. The assassinator would not be so foolish to ask others to do it for him.

"Yes Master Mo," Lu Lu's respect for Mo Wuji came from the bottom of her heart. She knew fully what a difference Mo Wuji had made to life in Dan Han Drug Refinery.

...

"Ha ha, Brother Mo let me introduce you. This is Cheng Ling Pill Workshop's owner Mei Xiu..." Mo Wuji just entered the conference room when Lu Jiujun came over laughing and pointed to a young lady. By addressing him as Brother Mo, Lu Jiujun seemed to be pointing out his close relationship with Mo Wuji to Mei Xiu.

"Hey, Brother Mo are you not feeling well?" Lu Jiujun interrupted his own introduction. To him, even though Cheng Ling Pill workshop's owner was here, Mo Wuji was still the most important to him. Mo Wuji's face was very pale and the way he walked showed that he was feeling weak.

Mo Wuji shook his hand and said, "No, it is just that these few

days have been quite tiring."

Finishing his sentence, he said to the young lady, "Owner Mei, it's an honour to meet you."

Mei Xiu's eyes swept across Mo Wuji's body and said, "Master Mo, I am very pleased to meet a famous person like you."

Mo Wuji knew Mei Xiu's intention and said while laughing, "I am famous and infamous. There are times I still think I am the king."

If things really don't work out, he will just continue to pretend to be an idiot.

Mei Xiu gave an awkward laugh, "Master Mo is so hilarious. Let me introduce you to someone too."

She pointed to a very warm-looking middle-aged man and said, "This is Cheng Ling Pill workshop's elder Wu Hetai.

Another elder, close to 60 years old, did not wait for Mei Xiu's introduction and stood up on her own to introduce herself, "I am Cheng Ling Pill workshop's sales deacon Liu Wansheng. I am very pleased to be able to meet Master Mo."

Mo Wuji clearly knew the intention of Cheng Ling Pill workshop's visit to Dan Han Drug Refinery. He smiled and casually said, "Let us take a seat and discuss."

Chapter 18: Now I Understand

Although Mei Xiu was not considered beautiful, Mo Wuji felt a great sense of affinity with her. After Mo Wuji took a seat, she grabbed the opportunity to serve Mo Wuji a cup of tea even before the waiter could.

"I'm really envious of Master Mo's ability to refine drugs; being able to develop a revolutionary product like the Nine Lives Healing Solution. I believe Master Mo understands the intention of my visit, and regardless of whether I'm successful or not, I still need to give you a toast to show my respect. This is because the Nine Lives Healing Solution has saved countless lives; Master Mo has served a great act of merit..." Finishing her words, Mei Xiu drained the cup of tea in her hands.

Mo Wuji secretly sighed in his heart. This woman really knows how to speak.

But this woman drank a cup right in front of him, so there shouldn't be a problem with the tea. Mo Wuji was very thirsty so he also quickly drained his cup.

After drinking the tea, Mo Wuji turned serious and said, "Owner Mei thinks too highly of me. I simply developed an average drug. On the other hand, cultivators who have opened their spirits can casually come up with any drug which would be far superior to my Nine Lives Healing Solution."

Mei Xiu laughed in her heart. She had already conducted a

thorough investigation on Mo Wuji. She knew that Mo Wuji did not have spiritual roots, but was very keen on cultivation. From Mo Wuji's words, she could infer that Mo Wuji was trying to inquire about cultivators.

"Mo Wuji underestimates your Nine Lives Healing Solution. Although cultivators can, in fact, come up with better healing drugs, these drugs cannot be used by ordinary mortals. Furthermore, even if mortals are able to use those drugs, those drugs will never be able to be mass produced like the Nine Lives Healing Solution. That's why I am not wrong when I say that the Nine Lives Healing Solution is a revolutionary product. The reason why I'm here, is to cooperate with Dan Han Drug Refinery, to expand the production of the Nine Lives Healing Solution," Mei Xiu said seriously.

Nine Lives Healing Solution - this money making machine - even if Cheng Ling Pill Workshop offers an extravagant price, Lu Jiujun would not be willing to share it. So, he constantly gave glances at Mo Wuji. Mo Wuji acted as though he did not see Lu Jiujun's actions. He was definitely not staying at Dan Han Drug Refinery for long. He had already planned to share penicillin and leave after making a large sum of money. Now that Cheng Ling Pill Workshop had offered him such a huge deal, of course it would be for the best.

"Haha, Owner Mei is indeed correct in her words. The Nine Lives Healing Solution is definitely a revolutionary product. Master Mo has made an invaluable contribution towards the Cheng Yu State by developing this drug," Elder Wu and Tai, who were sitting by Mei Xiu's side, sounded out.

As Lu JiuJun heard these words, he could not help but nod his head with a sense of pride.

Originally, Mo Wuji wanted to leave after making a sum of money. However, after hearing those words, his heart skipped a beat. He suddenly understood the reason why he had been feeling so uneasy. It wasn't because of the assassin who poisoned his tea, but the Cheng Yu State.

Once penicillin is developed, it will definitely be controlled by the state. The reason why no one had come to find him is because penicillin only appeared in the market for the short time, and in small quantities. Many people only viewed penicillin as a pricey drug.

However, once penicillin was used by the army on a large scale, he might lose his rights to freedom. He might be asked to specialise in the development of drugs for the country, or he might be forced to give his penicillin formula before being killed. No one in power would allow this national treasure to be leaked out.

Thinking about this, Mo Wuji could no longer sit still. He suddenly stood up, and said to Mei Xiu, "I am thankful for Owner Mei's respect. Actually, I created this Nine Lives Healing Solution was simply because I wanted to do something for ordinary mortals like myself. Before, I wasn't very clear, but the words of Owner Mei and Elder Wu really opened my eyes. How about this, give me one day. After a day, Cheng Ling Pill Workshop will be able to get what it wants. First, let me prepare. Goodbye."

Finishing his words, Mo Wuji hurriedly left even before Mei Xiu

and the others could say a few words of courtesy. He really wanted to make a huge sum of money from Cheng Ling Pill Workshop, but he did not dare take the risk. This danger was something he did not want to face.

Fortunately, Mei Xiu and the others were business people, and they understood the eccentricities of researches. Thus, they did not mind the actions of Mo Wuji. On the contrary, Mei Xiu was very excited when Mo Wuji said that she would be able to get what she wanted after one day.

Lu Jiujun was anxious, but he could not be like Mo Wuji and leave as and when he wanted.

...

Situ Qian, the lord of Cheng Yu State. Even though Cheng Yu State did not count for much in the Xing Han Empire, and was even ranked among the back, Situ Qian was still a supreme existence as the Cheng Yu State Lord.

At the moment, Situ Qian was sitting on his golden throne, his eyes hanging low, looking a bit impatient. The people on both side of the hall were infected by the atmosphere.

"Dear Officials, due to some things at play, the Lord would have to leave for now," The eunuch clearly understood Situ Qian's intentions, and quickly said.

"Official Feihu has an urgent military report for the Lord," A sturdy man stepped out the right side of the hall, bowed and said.

Urgent Military Report?

Situ Qian suddenly raised his head. His originally low hanging eyes started to have colour. Even his pale white face now seemed to radiate an oppressive and majestic aura.

Whether it was the changes in Situ Qian's behavior, or the three words "Urgent Military Report", the officials in the hall started to act in a more dignified manner.

"General Feihu, don't tell me that there's a change in the situation in the war with Chang Yan State?" Situ Qian said in a slightly tapering voice.

General Feihu quickly said, "No, this is about an event that happened in Cheng Yu State. A great event! If used properly, not only will we exterminate Chang Yan State, even expanding our territory is not impossible."

An elder standing on the left side of the hall coarsely said, "Zhao Feihu, since when did you get so long-winded and speak in bits and pieces."

Zhao Feihu ignored the old man, and continued, "Your Majesty, the army recently discovered a healing solution. This healing solution is amazing, and it can cure all sorts of complicated

infections. According to the news I heard from the Ironword Branch, out of 1000 injured soldiers who consumed the solution, only one died so far. Furthermore, his death is not due to infection but severe blood loss. So to speak, no one died after consuming the solution. On the other hand, when we were without this solution, our death rates were as high as 30 to 40%. We can say that the effects of this new solution is more than ten times better than our best drugs now..."

"What?" Situ Qian stood up agitatedly, and did not notice that the jade ruyi in his hands had already fallen to the ground.

Not only just Situ Qian, the other officials looked at General Feihu in shock, and all started to breathe heavily.

In every war that occurred, the deaths of injured soldiers due to infection were always in the millions. If this drug could prevent the deaths of the soldiers, it would be absolutely revolutionary.

What is the most precious thing in war? It is the soldier. No, it should be a combat experienced soldier. Just one soldier who survived a war is far more worthy than a few inexperienced recruits.

If the drug was as magical as he says, Zhao Feihu's words about exterminating the Chang Yan State may not be impossible. It could even help Cheng Yu State vastly expand its territories.

"General Fei Hu, are you referring to the Nine Lives Healing Solution?" The elder who previously ridiculed Zhao Feihu asked in

surprise.

Chapter 19: Push Him Out And Kill Him

“Prefecture Duke Han, what’s the Nine Lives Healing Solution?” Situ Qian, the Lord of Cheng Yu State, evidently did come across this type of healing solution before.

This elder was Cheng Yu State’s number one prefecture head Han Chengan. Other than Xing Han Empire’s King, the rest of the nobility was split into nine levels: State Duke, State Lord, State Marquis, State Count, Prefecture Lord, Prefecture Duke, Prefecture Marquis, County Marquis, and Prefecture Count.

Ling Zhu State’s Prefecture Duke seemed to be beneath Yi Fang’s Prefecture Lord, but in reality within Ling Zhu State Hall, the position of Prefecture Duke was definitely higher than the position of Prefecture Lord. A State Lord like Situ Qian would seem to be second to only a State Duke in the Xing Han Empire, but if he were placed Xing Han Empire’s Jin Luan Hall, a State Lord’s position would not necessarily match up to that of a State Count.

The only difference they had with the Dukes, Marquis, and Counts, was that State and Prefecture Lords would have greater honour, their own armies and speaking rights. Outside of the Empire’s Jin Luan Hall, the power their wielded was not something the Dukes and Marquis could compare with.

Han Chengan quickly stood out and replied, “My Lord, a few months back, Dan Han Drug Refinery once advertised a new drug all around Rao Zhou. They developed a new healing drug, called the Nine Lives Healing Solution.”

Situ Qian nodded his head. He had heard of this before, but did not take the matter seriously. In some sense, Dan Han Drug Refinery was making a contribution to Cheng Yu State. Even though the naming of the drug was a little over the top, it was not illegal.

Han Chengan continued, “ The advertisements of the Nine Lives Healing Solution had extravagant claims, saying that as long as the wounded had a single breath left in him, the Nine Lives Healing Solution would be able to save his life. This issue was a hot topic back then, and this resulted in the Nine Lives Healing Solution selling like hotcakes. I even sent some men to buy some of it, but as there were no further inquiries into this issue, I thought that these rumors were false. However, based on what General Feihu said today, the healing effects of such a drug seem to be real.”

“General Feihu, do you think what you and Prefecture Duke Han said are true?” Situ Qian’s eyes turned green with envy.

Being a State Lord, how could his sensitivity to issues be something that Mo Wuji could compare to? He immediately picked up that this sort of healing medicine would be a great weapon of the military. He would have to act to allow Cheng Yu State to gain as many benefits as possible before the Empire reacted. More importantly, he had to put a lockdown on the production method of this drug, as well as lock up the drug refiner responsible for creating it.

“It is the complete truth, this issue was brought up to me truthfully by the Ironwood Branch,” Zhou

Feihu answered with confidence.

“Men, immediately take control of all personnel involved with Dan Han Drug Refinery, and bring me the drug refiner responsible for creating the Nine Lives Healing Solution,” After confirming the truth, Situ Qian gave the command without hesitation.

“Wait for a moment my Lord,” An obese man suddenly walked out, bowed and said.

Situ Qian’s hands paused for a moment, halting the personal guards that were about to execute his orders, and asked while holding back his anger, “Ji Aiqing, what do you have to say at a time

like this?”

The fat man carefully took out a piece of paper scribbled full of words from his pocket, presenting it with a pair of shivering hands, “My Lord, when I went to the imperial court this morning, there was someone spreading this around, claiming that it is the recipe for the Nine Lives Healing Solution. The creator of the Nine Lives Healing Solution, Mo Wuji, specially gave it away in remembrance of his parents and to better this lives of the poor.”

“What?” Situ Qian frantically opened up the piece of paper. Lo and behold, there were many lines of words squeezed on it. Its contents was the method to produce Nine Lives Healing Solution, which was extremely detailed, and even explained the concept behind the drug very clearly. Even he knew where to start for the

production of such a thing.

This piece of paper even introduced in depth why the Nine Lives Healing Solution was able to kill bacteria and fight infection, with another name to it, which was penicillin.

“Bang!” Situ Qian slammed his the paper down with his hand, and furiously demanded, “Men,

immediately capture this Mo Wuji and bring him to me. At the same time, investigate how long this recipe has been distributed for, and who it has been distributed to. If you can control them, get those who possess the recipe under control.”

One thing that Situ Qian left out was to kill everyone who had laid eyes on the drug’s recipe, and for those who could not be killed, throw them into the new drug refinery to produce Nine Lives

Healing Solution.

There was absolute silence in the imperial court, and no one dared to make a sound. All those who were not stupid could see that the State Lord’s methods would not work at all.

When did they start their imperial court session? It was when the sky was still dark, and now it was already about to reach lunchtime. With only one morning, it was impossible for them to collect all copies of the Nine Lives Healing Solution Recipe.

As expected, the guards' leader soon came to report, "Lord, I have an update, that Mo Wuji hired many printing workshops and produced tens of thousands of the drug recipe, and also hired over a hundred people to distribute them at the four city entrances of Rao Zhou. Other than that, he even hired people to leave town to distribute them for free at other important tourist landmarks. At this moment, I'm afraid most people, both outside and within the city, including travelling merchants, have already obtained this drug recipe."

Situ Qian's hands lost their strength and drooped down. How many merchants and random people passed through Rao Zhou in a day? Could he capture them all? Even if he could, what use would that be?

Did Rao Zhou not have spies from other countries? A revolutionary drug like the Nine Lives Healing Solution would definitely have been sent back to their respective countries. What's more, the despicable Mo Wuji even hired people to distribute the recipe outside of Rao Zhou City. Even a deity would not be able to gather all of the copies back.

"My Lord, could it be that this Mo Wuji sensed that something was up, and did this on purpose?" a fair skinned man stood out and spoke.

Situ Qian frowned slightly, this is not impossible. Since he could sense it, why wait until now to spread the recipe for the healing drug?

“It can’t be so, right? If Mo Wuji were really that sensitive, he wouldn’t have waited till now to do such a thing. He would have done it once the sales of the Nine Lives Healing Solution started to pick up. He might not even have revealed the Nine Lives Healing Solution,” Han Chengan did not really agree with the perspectives of those who just spoke.

State Lord Situ Qian calmed down, and spoke solemnly, “Let’s not control Dan Han Drug Refinery for the time being. What is the background of this Mo Wuji who created the Nine Lives Healing Solution? Our Cheng Ling State’s Drug Refiners also mostly have such a background, right?”

The guards’ leader quickly spoke, “Mo Wuji’s real name is Mo Xinghe, his father was Mo Guangyuan, and his grandfather was Mo Tiancheng.”

“Mo Tiancheng? The Lord of Northern Qin Prefecture?” Situ Qian finally remembered. The name of Mo Tiancheng sounded very familiar to him.

The guards’ leader replied, “Yes it’s him. 20 years ago after Mo Tiancheng arrived in Rao Zhou, he disappeared. Subsequently Mo Guangyuan brought his wife and son to Rao Zhou, and many years ago Mo Guangyuan and his wife passed away, leaving Mo Xinghe. Mo Xinghe eventually went crazy because he was obsessed with becoming the Lord of the Northern Qin Prefecture. A few months back, Mo Xinghe seemed to have some signs of improvement, and even went to the Rao Zhou worker’s union to find work. He changed his name to Mo Wuji and joined Dan Han Drug Refinery, becoming their chief drug refiner, and developed the Nine Lives

Healing Solution.”

The guards' leader spoke of these things with grandeur, and most of the people in the imperial court knew why. After coming to Rao Zhou, there was no lack of gifts from Mo Guangyuan. There were only a few in the imperial court who didn't receive a gift from Mo Guangyuan. As for Mo Guangyuan's son, Mo Xinghe, going crazy, they had heard of this before. The only thing they did not anticipate, was for Mo Xinghe to do something so groundbreaking after recovering.

Situ Qian did not speak, he knew everything about the family of the Lord of the Northern Qin Prefecture, and also the complexities within. Frankly speaking, he had a hand in making the Mo Family lose the Prefecture Lord position. For the matter of Mo Tiancheng's grandson going crazy, he had also heard of it. What he did not expect was that this Mo Xinghe was still alive.

At this moment, there was an announcement from outside the court, “Mo Wuji has arrived.”

“No need to bring him in, just push him out and kill him,” Situ Qian coldly ordered.

Chapter 20: Life and Death

"My Lord, I thought we should be rewarding him handsomely instead of executing him?" Prefecture Duke Han Chengan stood up and responded immediately.

"Why is that so?" Situ Qian frowned and answered.

From the very beginning he had never liked Mo Tiancheng, the Prefecture Lord of Northern Qin Prefecture. Not only did the Mo Clan's descendant not offer the medication which they owned, to Cheng Yu State, he also let everyone know of its formula. Situ Qian did not care about Mo Wuji's motive but just wanted him dead.

"My Lord, Mo Wuji's contribution in the form of the Nine Lives Healing solution has been beneficial to both the country and its people. You could have executed him before he came up with this drug. However, you must not do anything to him now. If word were to spread that he was executed even though he had developed such a miraculous drug for the people, it would ruin your reputation and be very unfavourable towards Cheng Yu State.

On the other hand, if people were to find out that you did not sentence him to death but rewarded him handsomely for saving the lives of many commoners, Cheng Yu State will be more stable and people will be more united."

Prefecture Duke Han Chengan said his piece and retreated to the side.

Although his words were not very clear, Situ Qian understood them well. Mo Wuji offended him, but Situ Qian should look past the offence and reward him handsomely. This act would stabilise his position as the Lord and people would love him even more.

He could not have cared less about the life of a commoner like Mo Wuji. However, he had to care about how it will affect the stability of his position. Moreover, things had already happened and it was up to him to act upon it to improve or ruin his own reputation. The answer was very clear, even to an idiot. Furthermore, he could have easily executed Mo Wuji after the hype over him dissolved as everyone would have forgotten about him.

"The Duke's words makes much sense. Someone bring Mo Wuji to me now, " Situ Qian immediately understood the key to this matter.

A moment later, a pale looking young man with messy hair was brought into the hall.

Could this be the drug refiner who developed the Nine Lives Healing solution?

Everyone was shocked at the outfit and appearance of Mo Wuji. Yes, normally a drug refiner would not bother about his appearance but that was only when he was actually doing work in the laboratory. In most cases, a drug refiner would still dress decently outside of work. Even if he was at work, he should not look as pathetic as Mo Wuji did then.

"Get on your knees, " The guard who brought Mo Wuji in shouted as he saw Mo Wuji assessing the situation in the hall.

It appeared as though Mo Wuji had not heard him as he continued looking around. As though he had no idea that he was visiting the Lord.

"You may go back. To succeed as a drug refiner and to have made such a huge contribution to the country, I shall allow him to stand and speak," Situ Qian waved to the guard and spoke in a pleasant tone.

After the guard retreated, Situ Qian looked at Mo Wuji and asked, "So you are Mo Wuji?"

Mo Wuji seemed to have a clearer idea of the situation now, and looked curiously and shockingly at Situ Qian and said, "Yes I am Mo Wuji. And are you the Lord? "

A minister standing by the side suddenly stood up and scrambled to question Mo Wuji but was stopped in his tracks by Situ Qian, "I've heard you developed a top quality drug like the Nine Lives Healing solution. Could you tell me how you did it?"

He heard about the incident where Mo Wuji went crazy. After all, Mo Wuji was still the descendant of the Northern Qin Prefecture's Lord, he was bound to receive news about him. It's just that Situ Qian could not care less about him. In other words, if Mo Wuji had not developed the Nine Lives Healing solution, the Lord himself would not care even if he were to die on the streets.

However, he could make full use of Mo Wuji's talent if he really was a talented drug refiner.

Mo Wuji heaved a sigh of relief, having walked through the gates of hell to find out that the Lord would not have him killed. Having almost died from the Channel Opening Solution and constantly being worried about penicillin bringing him bad luck, he barely had a moment of peace and rest. How could he still not spirited now?

Entering the hall looking like an idiot could have been part of his plan too. He was a crazy person to begin with so it was only natural that his reaction was a little slow.

"My Lord, this was a product my late father passed down to me. He told me that if I were struggling to survive, I could bring it out to save myself. Previously, I suffered from trauma and went crazy. Now that I've just recovered, I thought of the product my father left me. I took it out and decided to work with Dan Han Drug Refinery. I had no clues on how to actually refine drugs," Mo Wuji explained.

Situ Qian felt a little remorseful for not paying more attention to Mo Wuji's life after Mo Wuji explained himself. He did not suspect Mo Wuji's words. He knew Mo Tiancheng was a drug refiner. When he went missing, Mo Wuji was not born yet. Therefore it made perfect sense that Mo Wuji was not able to learn how to refine drugs from his father. After all, drug refining was not something everyone could learn easily.

"So why did you spread the formula around then?" Situ Qian continued to question him.

Mo Wuji pretended to look nervous and said, "This formula was passed down from my grandfather to my father, so that he could present it to the people when he succeeded the throne. However, he died early and did not manage to succeed the throne. Previously, I was too obsessed with being the Lord that I entered a blind alley. Now that I've recovered and know that the Mo family will no longer have a chance to succeed the Northern Qin Prefecture's throne, I wanted to make use of this opportunity to do something for the people. Nine Lives Healing solution would be able to save the lives of many, gaining some praise and recognition for the Mo Clan."

Situ Qian nodded his head subtly. As the Northern Qin Prefecture's Lord had always been from the Mo Clan, this would have been the best way to gain some prestige and garner support for his reign, especially for a new Lord like himself. Up till then, he believed as much as 90% of Mo Wuji's words.

"If this was the case, why did you work with Dan Han Drug Refinery to sell the drug at such a steep price? Only to give away the formula after producing a batch of drugs," Situ Qian questioned and stared straight at him.

Mo Wuji said with a little bit of fear, "Previously, I did not even have enough gold coins to fill my stomach. Where would I find the money to publicise the drug? Dan Han Drug Refinery's owner treated me very well. So I have three main reasons for doing so. Firstly, I needed the money to publicise it. Secondly, I wanted to

repay Owner Lu's kindness towards me. Thirdly, I wanted to let everyone know that Nine Lives Healing solution is a top grade healing solution, not just something I exaggerated."

Situ Qian was filled with even more regret after he heard Mo Wuji's reply. If he knew of this a day earlier, he could have prevented the formula from being leaked out.

Situ Qian forcefully put aside his unhappiness towards Mo Wuji, pondered for a moment and said, "Mo Wuji, even though you did not personally develop the Nine Lives Healing solution, it is still part of the Mo Clan's contribution to Cheng Yu State. As the Lord, I've decided to reward you. If you still dream of succeeding the throne, it is not exactly impossible."

Those who knew about Mo Wuji's past lamented his luck when they heard these words. This was like the saying: "A watched flower never blooms but an untended willow grows." The Mo Clan wanted the throne so badly that Mo Guangyuan died and Mo Xinghe went crazy. Now that Mo Wuji introduced this drug, he was given the hope of succeeding the throne.

Almost everyone believed that Mo Wuji would want to succeed the throne of Northern Qin Prefecture especially since he went crazy after his failure to do so. Even after he recovered, many believed he still dreams about it.

Mo Wuji sneered. If Situ Qian was to give up the throne to the Mo Clan, his father would never have lost his life in Rao Zhou City. Looking at the big picture, if he were to agree to succeed the throne, he might not be too far away from death.

Let's not talk about whether he could make it out of Rao Zhou City to Northern Qin Prefecture safely. Let's say he made it to Northern Qin Prefecture with a stamp by Lord Situ Qian to be a Lord there, was he not courting death? How could he have possibly forgotten that he was almost poisoned to death just yesterday?

No matter who was the one who tried to poison him, Mo Wuji was dead sure that even if he died yesterday, this Lord of Cheng Yu State would definitely not have said anything about his death.

Chapter 21: Looking For An Escape Route

"My Lord, thank you for your kind offer. However, I know how difficult it is to be a Lord. A Lord has to continuously worry for the country. I own some shares in Dan Han Drug Refinery and the profits from these shares are enough for me to spend for the rest of my life. Since I am not a drug refiner, I cannot develop any new drugs to sell. However, after this incident, I developed a soft spot for drug refining and I just wish to settle down in a quiet environment to focus on learning how to refine drugs. Hopefully, I can contribute more to the people of this country in the future," Mo Wuji said with caution and fear.

Situ Qian was slightly surprised at Mo Wuji's reply. Previously, Mo Wuji was extremely persistent in his attempt to succeed the throne. Thus, Situ Qian did not believe that Mo Wuji would have known that Situ Qian would kill him if he agreed to accept the offer. Those who knew about Mo Wuji's past were also very curious about his decision. How could a descendant of the Mo Clan refuse to succeed the throne when it was offered to him?

"Are you really interested in drug refining? If you are, I could recommend you to Cheng Yu Drug Refining School," An elder with white hair stood forward and said.

The present Mo Wuji was not like the foolish Mo Xinghe; he immediately understood this elder's intentions. This elder merely wanted to bootlick the Lord and show his contribution to improve his position in the kingdom.

Mo Wuji did want to attend that school. However, he was sure

someone was out to assassinate him. Even though he gave up the throne, he still had to be careful.

"I'm not only interested in drug refining. More than anything else, I am interested in cultivating. However, I only have mortal roots and I'm unable to cultivate," Mo Wuji said while sighing.

There was truth to his sentence as being unable to cultivate was indeed his greatest pain.

Han Chengan appeared as though he could read Mo Wuji's mind and said, "Young Brother Mo, 6 months later, Xing Han Empire will be organising the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference. Cheng Yu State will send ten participants; the Han Clan would be sending one too. If you are willing, I can give you the opportunity to follow the Han family to participate in the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference as an attendant. I am only afraid this would be unworthy of your presence as your ancestors were from nobility after all."

"May I ask who you are?" Mo Wuji was pleased regardless of what his status was. Staying here would be too dangerous. If he agreed to go to Xing Han Empire, he could meet real cultivators and even find new opportunities. More importantly, he could leave Cheng Yu State.

The white haired elder grunted at Mo Wuji and said, "This is Cheng Yu State's Prefecture Duke, Han Chengan. Why don't you hurry and thank him for his offer? Quit thinking you're the small Lord of Northern Qin Prefecture because you're not."

Mo Wuji did not agree with him as he knew the white haired elder was biased against him for the earlier incident.

"So you're Prefecture Duke Han. Thank you for your kind offer. I, Mo Wuji, have always looked up to your big name and I am willing to follow the Han Clan for this conference," Mo Wuji replied respectfully to Han Chengan.

After replying, Mo Wuji realised something and turned his head to the white haired elder, "And you are?"

The white haired elder saw that Mo Wuji was willing to follow the Han family and felt a little unhappy. He replied Mo Wuji coldly, "I am Minister Yao Kang."

"I've never heard of you," Mo Wuji said and immediately turned to Situ Qian. "My Lord, thank you for your kindness. I've decided to represent and serve the Han Clan."

He completely ignored Yao Kang, as if Yao Kang was just a passerby.

"It shall be as you wish," Situ Qian said perfunctorily. One of the eunuchs who stood by him knew that Situ Qian was getting irritated and thus said, "Dismissed."

Han Chengan said to Mo Wuji, "You should go and pack up. You will follow me back to the Han Residence."

Mo Wuji said hurriedly, "Thank you Prefecture Duke, I will pack my things and then head over to the Duke's place tonight."

Han Chengan nodded and said, "Please go ahead first. Just register your name once you've reached my residence."

After finishing his words, Han Chengan did not bother about Mo Wuji anymore as he followed the rest of the ministers out.

Mo Wuji naturally sped up and followed closely behind them, leaving behind an unsatisfied Yao Kang. Yao Kang never expected a lowly personnel like Mo Wuji to be so arrogant. He embarrassed Yao Kang in front of so many ministers by saying he had not heard of him before, while he had a lot of respect for Han Chengan. In terms of authority, he held more power than Han Chengan. Han Chengan's position was only slightly higher than his.

Watching Mo Wuji's back as he hurried off, there was a trace of coldness in Yao Kang's eyes.

...

If Mo Wuji did not have important things to settle, he would have immediately followed Han Chengan back to the Han Residence.

He still had eight more bottles of the channel opening solution which he had to bring along with him. Whether they work or not,

he refused to discard them. Who knows, maybe if he added more ingredients, it could become a solution that can successfully open a channel.

More importantly, he still has over 10000 gold coins at Dan Han Drug Refinery. He could not afford to leave these gold coins behind as they were his life insurance. Furthermore, he had not been home since he started work at Dan Han Drug Refinery. Nobody knew how long he would be staying at the Han Residence. He wanted to use this opportunity to return home to see if Yan'Er left anything important behind.

After he arrived in this world, Yan'Er was the only one he really cared about.

...

Mo Wuji's return to Dan Han Drug Refinery was greeted by a depressed Lu Jiujun.

When he saw Mo Wuji walking over, Lu Jiujun stood up as if his butt was on fire. He grabbed Mo Wuji and asked, "Brother Mo, what is the meaning of this? Just when we were about to make it big, you gave the formula away for free?"

Mo Wuji said in a serious tone, "Old Lu, after hearing Cheng Ling Pill workshop's Owner Mei's words, I realised one very important thing. This revolutionary drug must be able to benefit even the poor commoners in order to save the lives of many. Otherwise, this would only be a drug for the rich. Dan Han Drug Refinery would

never be capable of producing for so many commoners; therefore giving this formula away would invite more suppliers of this drug. This way, the Nine Lives Healing solution's price will be lowered."

Mo Wuji would never reveal the true reason why he gave away the formula: to protect his own life. Lu JiuJun might be able to guess it but Mo Wuji would never reveal it to him.

"All right, Brother Mo, then are you able to help Dan Han Drug Refinery develop a new drug?" Lu JiuJun was experienced as he knew when to back off when the situation could no longer be salvaged.

Mo Wuji patted Lu JiuJun's shoulder and said, "Old Lu, listen to me. Continue selling the Nine Lives Healing solution at a lower price. Remember, sometimes people pay more for the branding. When Nine Lives Healing solution becomes very popular throughout Cheng Yu State, the richer people will only buy from the refinery that first developed it. This is part of branding, it is fully dependent on you whether you can pull this off well. Giving away this formula may not be a bad thing for Dan Han Drug Refinery after all."

Lu JiuJun trusted Mo Wuji the most. After Mo Wuji finished his piece, Lu JiuJun immediately understood what he meant. His spirits were immediately lifted and he asked, "So Brother Mo, what should we do now?"

Mo Wuji laughed and replied, "It will no longer be what we should do now but rather, what you should do now. I have decided to accept Prefecture Duke Han's invitation to be a guard at the Han

Residence. I came back just to retrieve my belongings and collect the portion of profits that belongs to me."

Mo Wuji was visiting the Han Residence as a guest yet he made himself sound very important.

"Ahh..." Lu Jiujuun was shocked and then sighed, "Aii, Dan Han Drug Refinery is indeed too small for Brother Mo. My heartiest congratulations to you and your bright future. Don't worry, as long as Dan Han Drug Refinery continues to earn, you will continue to have profits."

Mo Wuji would no longer be refining drugs at Dan Han Drug Refinery. To be still able to say these words must not be easy for Lu Jiujuun.

Chapter 22: Joining the Han Residence

“Young master Mo, you’re back. Where is Miss Yan’Er?” Mo Wuji saw Aunt Lu pushing her small cart back as he arrived at the rental apartment that he and Yan’Er shared. Aunt Lu saw Mo Wuji, and was pleasantly surprised. Based on what she had heard, Mo Wuji’s mental state seemed to have improved.

Mo Wuji bowed in respect, “Aunt Lu, thank you for taking care of me and Yan’Er all these years. But now, Yan’Er has been taken from me. I will soon be leaving Rao Zhou too. I’ve returned today to take Yan’Er’s possessions away.”

This was the first time that Mo Wuji saw Aunt Lu. She was a lady, that was rather tanned and appeared to be over thirty years old. Stress had left many marks on her face, and these creases concealed a beautiful face that should have been there as she was in her prime.

Seeing Aunt Lu returning full of fatigue, Mo Wuji suspected that business was bad at the store last night.

“That’s good, that’s good. Even though Yan’Er has matured, she’s still too young and needs someone to look after her...” Aunt Lu stopped herself from saying any more.

All this while, Yan’Er was supposed to need someone to take care of her, but in reality it was her that took care of this Young Master in front of Aunt Lu.

“Go in and tidy up the place, I’ve kept the room just for you all this time,” Aunt Lu hurriedly pushed her cart away after completing her sentence.

Mo Wuji walked into a storeroom which did not even have a lock and was only secured by a piece of rope. A pile of dust welcomed him. A few months away from the place and the whole interior was covered with dust.

Mo Wuji had only stayed here for two nights ever before. Back then, he had one bed and one decent carpet, but on Yan’Er’s side it was much shabbier. Other than a few neat piles of old and tattered clothes, there was nothing else. This meant that Yan’Er did not even have a rug to sleep on at night.

In his heart, Mo Wuji felt a tinge of regret. Being able to meet a girl like Yan’Er would have used up all of the good karma he had accumulated. Especially after he had been backstabbed, Mo Wuji knew how rare girls like Yan’Er were. He carefully dusted Yan’Er’s last few pieces of clothing before placing them into his bag. It was then he saw a hairpin at the bottom of the pile.

This was a hairpin that Mo Wuji had no recollection of Yan’Er ever wearing, and even though the hairpin was only a plain metal one, it looked to be Yan’Er’s most precious piece of jewellery.

Mo Wuji wrapped up the hairpin, walking over to the mirror which had many scratches on it. This was Yan’Er’s only makeup accessory. Perhaps this mirror was what Yan’Er used to dress up for him.

With a final sigh, Mo Wuji kept the mirror into his bag too.

Looking through this small storeroom one last time, Mo Wuji then walked out.

“Young Master Mo, since Yan’Er is not around, why don’t you join me for a meal?” Outside the storeroom, Mo Wuji saw Aunt Lu with a scarf wrapped around her neck.

Mo Wuji bowed to Aunt Lu again respectfully, took out a cloth bag and passed it to Aunt Lu while saying, “Aunt Lu, I will be leaving Rao Zhou soon. This cloth bag contains a present from Yan’Er and myself. From now on please don’t go to set up your stall. If it’s possible, could you continue to preserve the storehouse that Yan’Er and I lived in? I’m leaving now, take care Aunt Lu.”

After finishing what he had to say, Mo Wuji did not stay any longer, turning around and leaving swiftly. Aunt Lu did not protect Yan’Er and him in any special way, but provided them with a place to stay, and casually gave them half a bowl of rice. That little bit of rice meant the world to Mo Wuji and Yan’Er, and they were very grateful for it.

A hundred gold coins would have been sufficient for a normal family to get by, and he was afraid that giving her too much would bring about a sense of unease.

Only when Mo Wuji disappeared from sight did Aunt Lu remember that she was holding a small cloth bag in her hand. She

opened the bag, and the glint and sparkle of gold almost made her scream out in shock. She knew what was going on immediately: Yan'Er and Young Master Mo met a generous benefactor. She hurriedly ran back, unable to keep her heart rate under control.

...

An hour later, Mo Wuji stood before a large residence.

“Han Residence” Two large ancient words told Mo Wuji that this was the place that he would be living in for the next few months: Prefecture Duke Old Han Chengan's own residence.

From his rough estimates, the Han Residence occupied at least over ten thousand square meters.

In this busy Rao Zhou City Center, how much would such a large residence cost? Who knew how much this cost compared to the old Mo Prefecture Lord Residence was in Northern Qin? Unfortunately Mo Wuji did not even have a vague idea of anything in Northern Qin.

“Hey, you little kid, what are you trying to do, loitering in front of the Prefecture Duke's Residence? Scram!” The guards in front of the Prefecture Duke's Residence unhappily shouted at Mo Wuji just as he was sighing.

Mo Wuji frantically went up and greeted them, “My two brothers, I am Mo Wuji...”

“You are Mo Wuji? The one that the Old Prefecture Duke personally invited to the residence yesterday?” exclaimed the guard that was just shouting at Mo Wuji, directly interrupting Mo Wuji.

Following which, he muttered to himself, “He doesn’t look special in any way to me.”

Mo Wuji laughed, “Yes that’s me.”

The guard’s love for gossip was immediately ignited, and he carefully pulled Mo Wuji to one side, asking, “I heard that you are even a Drug Refiner. Ah yes, why did you leave the position of Prefecture Lord to come to the Han Residence as a worker?”

Mo Wuji then greeted the Han Residence with an imaginary greeting, and said, “Brother, it is inappropriate for you to ask such a question. My admiration towards prefecture Duke Old Han is endless, how could a simple position of Prefecture Lord compare to being a worker at the Han Residence? In other words, If I let you choose between being a guard at the Han Residence and being a Prefecture Lord, which one would you choose?”

“Ah...” This guard was not able to answer at that moment. Wasn’t it obvious to choose to be Prefecture Lord? But no matter how he packaged these words, once news spread about what he said, wouldn’t that be telling others that he had no sense of belonging towards the Han Residence?

“Hehe, I am not that unsupportive of the Old Prefecture Duke, naturally I’ll choose being the guard for the Han Residence.” The guard rubbed his hand and joined in the laughter.

Mo Wuji pat the guard’s shoulders, “Hasn’t this issue come to a close now? For such simple questions that you had the answers to, you still dared to ask me those questions again? You’re intentionally giving me extra work.”

“No, no,” The guard quickly said.

Mo Wuji chuckled, “I’m just kidding. I still have to rely on you to bring me in to report my arrival.”

The guard’s chest went ‘badump badump’, “Brother Mo, just leave this to me. In the future you will be the friend of myself, Ding Bu’Er. Please come with me.”

After speaking his piece, Ding Bu’Er waved and greeted a few other guards, taking the initiative to bring Mo Wuji for reporting. Even though Mo Wuji did not know any martial arts, he was assigned to the Han Residence’s protection department, becoming a Defender of the Residence.

[Ding Bu’Er, Mo Wuji subconsciously thought of Ding Bu’San and Ding Bu’Si](#) after hearing this name. This guy looked a little perverted, but he had a good look in his eye and spoke with sincerity, which made Mo Wuji have a good impression of him.

Ding Bu'Er seemed like he was trying to tell everyone that Mo Wuji was under his wing, bringing Mo Wuji around different parts of the Residence, introducing him to everyone.

However Mo Wuji could see that Ding Bu'Er's position was not a high ranking one. Out of all of the workers and guards, only a few even bothered about what Ding Bu'Er was doing, which was because no one wanted to stand out and embarrass him. Even at the courtyard he was guarding, not many people greeted him at all. He had not even seen the chairman of the new department before.

No matter what, the Han Residence's treatment of Mo Wuji was still considered to be acceptable. Even for a new worker like Mo Wuji, he had a single room to himself.

“Bu'Er, Prefecture Duke Old Han mentioned that there is a Spring Immortal's Gate Conference in three months' time, will the members of the Han Residence need to participate?” After going round the residence, Mo Wuji still did not see the person who would bring him along to the Empire's Spring Immortals' Gate Conference, making him quite impatient.

He did not come here simply to be a worker, but to borrow the power of the Han Residence to go to the Xing Han Empire's capital city. Most importantly, to take a look at the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference, and take the opportunity to leave Rao Zhou.

Er is two in Chinese, while San is three and Si is four.

Chapter 23: So... You are Mo Wuji?

Ding Bu'Er's face immediately revealed an expression of worship, "Of course! That is the old duke's daughter, Han Ning. She can be considered a genius even in the entire Cheng Yu State. The quality of her spiritual roots are also very good. Three years ago, the old duke specially brought her to Chang Luo, the royal capital, to open her spirits, and she immediately opened seven spirit channels. Now, the little miss is in Channel Opening Stage Level 5, with more than 20 spirit channels opened. If not for this Spring Immortal's Gate, the little miss would have entered a sect three years ago."

Mo Wuji had heard about spirit channels before; the more channels you opened during your spirit opening, the greater your potential. A higher quality spiritual root would cause more spiritual channels to open during the spirit opening. But Mo Wuji only had mortal roots; he didn't even have spiritual roots. Previously when he tried to open his spirits, he could not open any spirit channels whatsoever.

"Why must she wait for the Spring Immortal's Gate? Wouldn't it have been better for the little miss to join a sect three years ago?" Mo Wuji asked puzzledly.

From his point of view, there was an obvious difference between cultivating in a sect and cultivating at home. If Han Ning entered a sect three years ago, her cultivation level would probably be higher than her current Channel Opening Stage Level 5.

Ding Bu'Er laughed cheekily, and made a mysterious expression.

Speaking in a teacher-like tone, he patted Mo Wuji and said, "This is where you don't understand. The true, big sects only accept disciples during the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference. If the little miss was to enter a sect three years ago, she could only join some small sect. Do you think these small sects can compete with the resources and techniques of the big ones?"

So that was the reason. Mo Wuji also agreed with this argument. When comparing the resources of Peking University and a diploma mill, Peking University would definitely emerge victorious.

"The old duke allowed me to come here, was so that I could be the little miss's follower and accompany her to the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference. Bu'Er, when can I meet the little miss?" Mo Wuji took the initiative to ask.

Ding Bu'Er shook his head, "Brother Wuji, the old duke only said that to appease you. The one who will be following the little miss to participate in the Spring Immortal's Gate will not be either of us."

"Why?" Mo Wuji was shocked. That was the reason he came. If he didn't get to attend the conference, then what was the point of coming here?

Ding Bu'Er whispered in Mo Wuji's ear, "The little miss will personally pick her followers. She doesn't even know us, so we definitely won't be picked. In all honesty, my chances of being picked is even higher than yours. After all, I take care of the yard and I am also the door guard. At least, the little miss would have noticed me."

Mo Wuji's heart sank. If this was how Han Ning really picked her followers, he really would not have a chance.

Ding Bu'Er patted Mo Wuji's shoulders and brought him to his personal residence with slight sympathy.

"No, I came here to go to the royal capital. If what Ding Bu'Er says is true, I need to find ways to meet Han Ning.

There's no rush, I can start tomorrow. I will first interact with the people in the Han Residence."

After sending Ding Bu'Er off, Mo Wuji jumped onto his bed and fell asleep. Ever since he drank the channel opening solution, he did not have proper rest. He did not even sleep last night. It was quite amazing to have endured till now.

...

The sky was still dim. A bell rang in the Han Residence's yard. Everyone woke up, and washed up as fast as they could before rushing to the martial arts training field.

Mo Wuji was exhausted, both physically and mentally. Even if he heard the bell, he wouldn't have woken up.

In just half an incense of time, more than a hundred guards

gathered in the martial arts field.

"Ta ta..." The sound of a horse unhurriedly walking was heard. A girl in red riding a tall, red horse was coming over. From afar, it looked like a fireball was slowly arriving. Behind her, there was a girl in blue riding a yellow horse.

"Greetings Miss Ning," the guards called out. Everyone here recognised that this person was the Han Residence's favoured Han Ning.

Han Ning's eyes swept across the hundred people as she slowly said, "Today, I'm going to the Thunder Fog Forest, and I require ten of you to act as my guards. Among the ten of you, the one who performs the best will get to follow me to the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference."

Once they heard the little miss's words, the hundred guards instantly became invigorated, beating their chests in excitement. They all wished to enter the eyes of the little miss, and to be picked to enter the Thunder Fog Forest. No matter how dangerous the Thunder Fog Forest was, it couldn't stop the allure of the Royal Capital.

"Who is Mo Wuji?" Han Ning suddenly cried.

The guards instantly went silent. It felt like half a day had passed but no one answered. Most people here did not even know who Mo Wuji was.

Han Ning's face turned unsightly, and she shouted louder, "Mo Wuji has not come?"

Ding Bu'Er hurriedly stood forward and said hesitantly, "Little Miss, Mo Wuji just came yesterday. Maybe he is still not very familiar..."

With the words of Ding Bu'Er, Han Ning's face turned even more unsightly, "Everyone here will run around the training field till Mo Wuji comes. Anyone who falls out will have one month's pay deducted."

A sturdy man standing at the front angrily said to a guard beside him, "Chang Songcai, immediately get that bastard over here."

"Yes," an aggressive looking man responded and hurriedly ran out of the training field.

...

"Bang bang!" Mo Wuji was awakened by the hammering on his door. He opened his eyes and found that the sky was barely pan-bright.

The door was being hammered. This simply isn't knocking anymore.

Don't tell me that a simple house attendant must wake up earlier than the rooster?

"What is it?" Mo Wuji opened the door angrily.

"You must be new. Because of you, all of us are being punished by the little miss. Hurry up and get to the martial arts training field. Hurry!" Standing at the door was an aggressive-looking man with a long face and a black nose.

Mo Wuji recognised him. He was there during Ding Bu'Er's introduction yesterday. His name is Chang Songcai.

Mo Wuji wrinkled his brows and asked, "The sky isn't even bright yet, what's going on?"

He was still a bit unhappy that an attendant woke him up abruptly.

"The little miss is going to the Thunder Fog Forest today and is picking people to follow her. But you disobeyed the gathering orders and remained here. No wonder why people called you arrogant. You are truly arrogant!" Chang Songcai stared at Mo Wuji and said with a cold voice.

Previously, he was trying to look for ways to find Han Ning. Now Han Ning was going to the Thunder Fog Forest and was picking followers. Wasn't this exactly what he wanted?

Mo Wuji finally reacted and said hurriedly, "Wait for awhile, I will soon be ready."

Finishing his words, Mo Wuji rushed to wash up and followed Chang Songcai to the training field.

"Brother Chang, you said someone called me arrogant? But I only came yesterday?" Mo Wuji recalled Chang Songcai's words.

Chang Songcai was too lazy to bother about Mo Wuji, and hastened his pace.

"So...You are the Mo Wuji who doesn't even put Minister Yao Kang in his eyes?" The moment Mo Wuji entered the training field, a crisp, angry voice called out to him.

Chapter 24: Thunder Fog Forest

Mo Wuji saw a young lady in red staring at him. Although she was not as beautiful as Wen Manzhu, this lady possessed beautiful features and had a very proportional figure. She was skinny but Mo Wuji could feel a strong energy surging from her.

This lady must be Han Chengan's precious daughter, Han Ning. Han Chengan looked very old so Mo Wuji never expected his daughter to be so young and beautiful.

"I am Mo Wuji. Nice to meet you," Mo Wuji replied politely.

"Since you are here in the Han Residence, why didn't you gather with the rest when the morning bell rang?" Han Ning's tone suddenly became serious.

Mo Wuji gave an innocent look and replied, "Little miss, I initially thought the bell was for us to gather for breakfast. As a newcomer, how could I possibly queue with the rest for breakfast? I was planning to eat after everyone had taken their food. If I knew the bell was for us to assemble in the morning, I would have been the first to reach the martial arts training field."

Chang Hongcai, the one who woke him up, thought to himself, "I almost tore your door apart trying to wake you up and you still dare to say such things without feeling ashamed?"

However, Chang Hongcai did not dare to express his unhappiness towards Mo Wuji in front of Han Ning. He had previously seen

Han Ning break all four limbs of a house attendant and throw him onto the streets to feed the dogs. As long as Han Ning did not question Mo Wuji any further, he would not get himself involved.

Han Ning nodded her head, "I am planning to bring you with me into the Thunder Fog Forest as I've heard you know quite a bit about drug refinement. I must warn you that the Thunder Fog Forest is a very dangerous place. The 11th Prince of Cheng Yu State once brought people into the Thunder Fog Forest and none of them returned alive. Do you dare to follow me?"

She believed that Mo Wuji was not lying; Mo Wuji was indeed a newcomer. Coupled with the fact that he used to be from the nobility, he would not want to fight for breakfast with the rest. She could also understand that Mo Wuji probably didn't know that breakfast was not provided so early in the Han Residence. This was because they had to wait for things to be done properly before they could start eating.

Mo Wuji's expression immediately turned serious and he said, "I, Mo Wuji, may be afraid of death. However, to have the chance to work for little miss, I will dare to go through the toughest of mountains and the most dangerous of seas, let alone the Thunder Fog Forest."

Mo Wuji knew very clearly that he had to go even if he did not want to. He knew he had to impress Han Ning if he wanted to stand a chance to be selected to go to the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference in a few months' time. At the same time, he felt that Han Ning's real intention of asking him along was not for his knowledge on drug refinement. He was dead sure he had told Han

Chengan that he knew nothing about drug refinement.

Han Ning invited Mo Wuji because her Father told her that Mo Wuji could be useful to her. Now that Mo Wuji accepted her invitation, Han Ning was very pleased and said, "Since this is the case, please step aside."

Han Ning's eyes fell on an energetic young man in the group of guards, "Chief Guard Peng, pick eight more guards for me. Including Mo Wuji and yourself, we will leave immediately once we have ten guards in total."

This energetic young man was Han Residence's Chief Guard Peng Maohua. He stood up in a hurry after he heard Han Ning's words, "Little miss, are you sure you will only bring ten guards into the Thunder Fog Forest?"

Han Ning replied, "This time we will only be going to the outskirts of the Thunder Fog Forest to practice for a few days. At the same time, we will also be looking for a certain herb. We will not be going too deep into the forest."

"Yes, I understand," Peng Maohua answered and immediately looked back to the hundred over trainees, "Yu Zhi, Chang Hongcai, Ding Bu'Er, Cai Jiu..."

The eight guards were selected quickly, but much to Mo Wuji's surprise was the inclusion of Ding Bu'Er.

Ding Bu'Er walked over faintly to Mo Wuji and whispered in his ears, "Brother Mo, you must be the reason why I was chosen."

Mo Wuji questioned the decision to include Ding Bu'Er. Logically speaking, Ding Bu'Er would not have qualified to be chosen. He looked over to Peng Maohua, who coincidentally was also looking at him and saw that Peng Maohua nodded at him.

Mo Wuji understood his intention. Peng Maohua guessed that Mo Wuji was important to Han Ning and hence wanted to make use of Ding Bu'Er to please him.

"Bu'Er, please address me as Wuji. In fact, you are older than me," Mo Wuji whispered.

Ding Bu'Er nodded his head, "Yes, Wuji. From today onwards, you will be my best friend."

After Peng Maohua picked 8 guards, a lady in blue riding on a yellow horse behind Han Ning announced, "Everyone pick a horse and prepare yourself. We will leave in a while."

"That is little miss's personal maid, Shao Lan. She is Han Ning's favourite, we better not offend or neglect her," Ding Bu'Er whispered into Mo Wuji's ears.

"I need to go back and take some things first," Mo Wuji nodded his head. He was not so brain-dead as to offend people around Han Ning.

Mo Wuji went back to bring the few bottles of channel opening solution he had with him as he had no idea how long he will be gone for in the Thunder Fog Forest. He was afraid he would never be at ease if someone were to find out these solutions could actually open a channel halfway.

Mo Wuji picked a tall black horse and rode it back to the martial arts training field to familiarise himself with the horse.

When all 12 of them left Rao Zhou City, the sky was still bright.

These horses seemed well trained as they could run at very high speeds. At such a high speed, Mo Wuji felt a little uncomfortable riding it.

"Bu'Er, why didn't we drive a car instead?" Mo Wuji knew there were cars here and they were mechanically-powered too. Logically speaking, a car would be much more convenient and less tiring.

Ding Bu'Er replied, "You'll understand why soon."

There was no need to wait for long before Mo Wuji found out. The road became narrow and uneven. They even had to travel on the edge of a cliff. The width of the road was barely a metre wide, which made Mo Wuji very worried. He was sure that if the horse were to miss its step, he would fall off the cliff.

Fortunately, that did not last long. Half an hour later, they

entered a canyon and Mo Wuji broke into a cold sweat as he was just glad he did not fall off the cliff.

When the sky turned dark, Han Ning finally gave the order to stop.

As Mo Wuji dismounted his horse, he felt an excruciating pain in his thigh with blood gushing out.

"Have we arrived?" Mo Wuji bore with the pain and asked.

"We have not reached the outskirts of the Thunder Fog Forest. Also, have you not ridden a horse before?" Ding Bu'Er noticed Mo Wuji's injury as he stood near to him.

"It's been a long time since I rode one. Let's go help," Mo Wuji said as he saw the rest helping to set up the tents.

Ding Bu'Er understood Mo Wuji's wish to hide the fact that he could not even ride a horse because he would not stand a chance to follow Han Ning if she found out.

After working for over an hour, Mo Wuji followed the rest to eat some biscuits before heading into the tent to rest. Each tent could fit two people. Therefore, there were five tents which surrounded Han Ning's tent in the middle.

Mo Wuji and Ding Bu'Er shared a tent as they were the most familiar with each other.

"Are you okay? I have some medication over here," Ding Bu'Er passed a bottle of medication to Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji waved it off and said, "I am okay. What dangers will we actually face in the Thunder Fog Forest? Will we be able to reach tomorrow?"

Ding Bu'Er replied, "You don't have to worry. We will only be at the outskirts of the Thunder Fog Forest, it will not be dangerous. You just have to remember to never step foot into the Thunder Fog Forest itself."

"Why not?" Mo Wuji asked instantaneously.

Ding Bu'Er's face turned serious, "Do not ask why. 90% of those who risk their life to enter the Thunder Fog Forest do not make it back out."

Chapter 25: Forced into the Thunder Fog Forest

Mo Wuji frowned, "Bu'Er, why is it that it is prohibited to enter the Thunder Fog Forest? Do you know anything about this?"

Ding Bu'Er sighed and said, "I do know a little. I heard that there are some extremely strong demonic beasts deep within the Thunder Fog Forest. Demonic beasts! They are comparable to cultivators. The Cheng Yu State Protector once delved deep in the Thunder Fog Forest and he barely escaped with his life. Our little miss also told us the story of how the 11th Prince, Situ Yue, entered the forest and was never seen again."

At this moment, Ding Bu'Er lowered his voice, "Prince Yue was our Cheng Yu State's genius. After he disappeared in the Thunder Fog forest, the State Lord got the State Protector to search for him. Ultimately, the State Protector could only escape the forest with severe injuries, and he did not manage to save Prince Yue."

Mo Wuji turned silent. The Thunder Fog Forest was dangerous even for someone as strong as the State Protector. He could not even win Hu Fei. If he were to enter the Thunder Fog Forest, he might not even leave with his bones.

Seeing Mo Wuji turn silent, Ding Bu'Er continued, "Besides the wickedly strong demonic beasts, there are countless of lightning lakes in the Thunder Fog Forest. Within those lakes, are thousands to millions of lightning bolts. If you get caught in a lightning lake, you would instantly be struck to death."

Finishing his words, Bu'Er patted Mo Wuji's shoulder, "Sleep early. We will reach the outskirts of the Thunder Fog Forest by tomorrow afternoon."

...

No one knew whether it's because Mo Wuji was specially picked by the little miss, or that everyone felt that he was useless, but he did not get allocated any duties for the whole night.

The next morning, when the sky was still dim but Mo Wuji was pulled awake by Ding Bu'Er. He quickly washed up and continued on the journey.

Ding Bu'Er was right. They really arrived at the outskirts of the Thunder Fog Forest by the afternoon. Even if no one told him, Mo Wuji could guess that they had reached the Thunder Fog Forest.

Although the forest was covered by fog, Mo Wuji could still see some occasional flashes of lightning. He even heard some unknown roars which induced fear.

Everyone gathered in an area full of low bushes. Among the bushes, some foot paths could be seen. From time to time, some poisonous snakes and huge rats would rush across the bushes.

"Chief Guard Peng, find someone to tend to the horses. At the same time, get him to clear this piece of land and build a

temporary place to rest. The rest will follow me to find the Two-leaved Fire Grass," Han Ning instructed Peng Maohua.

After hearing Han Ning's words, Peng Maohua asked in shock, "Little miss, the Two-leaved Fire Grass is a spiritual plant ah..."

Han Ning gently replied, "If it wasn't for a spiritual plant, do I need to personally come to the Thunder Fog Forest?"

"But... But..." Peng Maohua said hesitantly. The outskirts of the Thunder Fog Forest did have some spiritual plants, but they had long been picked. To find some spiritual plants at the outskirts of the Thunder Fog Forest was extremely difficult. To find the extremely rare Two-leaved Fire Grass was simply as difficult as ascending the heavens.

The little miss must have wanted them to enter the Thunder Fog Forest. He wanted to follow the little miss to the royal capital to participate in the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference. But if it was at the cost of entering the Thunder Fog Forest, he would rather not go to the royal capital at all.

"What do you think?" Han Ning said coolly.

Peng Maohua took in a breath and said respectfully, "Even the State Protector barely escaped after entering the Thunder Fog Forest. If we were to go..."

The expression of concern is palpable.

Han Ning smiled, "Chief Guard Peng, you think too much. How could I dare enter the depths of the Thunder Fog Forest? At most, we would enter 10 metres into the forest. If we are still unable to find the grass, then I will give up. Your life is valuable. Mine is not worthless either."

Hearing Han Ning's words, Peng Maohua let out a sigh of relief. The little miss was right. She would not put herself into danger. If it's just 10 metres, there shouldn't be any problems.

Thinking about this, Peng Maohua said to a slightly thin youth, "Chai Jiu, you will stay here to take care of the horses. At the same time, clear this area."

Seeing that Peng Maohua had no objections, Han Ning nodded, "The rest of you, follow me in."

Peng Maohua brought Mo Wuji and co. forward to clear the road. Han Ning and her personal maid Shao Lan followed behind closely.

Two hours later, Mo Wuji discovered the trees in front getting taller and taller. The paths made by previous travellers could no longer be seen. However, there was also less grass, so there was no need to specially cut out a path.

"Little miss, in a few more feet, we will enter the Thunder Fog Forest," Peng Maohua said nervously.

Han Ning coughed, "The sky's getting dark. We will not go in today, but we will search these few feet. Everyone form a human wall. Take note, although the Two-leaved Fire Grass is rare, not many people want it. This grass is best found in the evening because at this time, you can see the red glow of the grass."

"Yes," Peng Maohua replied. Mo Wuji could feel the obvious change in Peng Maohua's mood.

Mo Wuji was familiar with the Two-leaved Fire Grass. When he was in Dan Han Drug Refinery, he saw it in the books. Two leaves grew from the roots. In between these two leaves, was a short grass core. The grass core was slightly red and shaped like a flame.

"Ah.." Just as Peng Maohua got everyone to disperse, a cry broke the silence.

"Chang Hongcai, what happened?" Peng Maohua said seriously.

"I've been bitten by a Heart Drilling Snake...." Chang Hongcai stammered, ostensibly in pain.

Han Ning pulled out a pill and gave it to Chang Hongcai, "Hurry swallow this. After the Heart Drilling Snake bites you, it's poison will drill its way to your heart. If you do not take an antidote, you will die."

"Thank..." Chang Hongcai only said one word before Mo Wuji heard Ding Bu'Er shouting, "So.. so many..."

"Cha cha..." The grass rustled. It wasn't just Ding Bu'Er. Everyone could see what was going on.

More than 100 Heart Drilling Snakes came from behind Chang Hongcai. In the distance, there were even more sounds. Obviously, there were even more snakes behind these 100 Heart Drilling Snakes.

"Everyone, run away..." Han Ning grabbed her maid and quickly retreated.

Everyone immediately escaped. Naturally, Mo Wuji did not hesitate to run away as well.

Behind him, Mo Wuji could see Chang Hongcai being surrounded by more than ten Heart Drilling Snakes. He could no longer be saved.

Mo Wuji felt his scalp tingling and ran faster. At the same time, he took out his knife. This kind of snake was too terrifying. If you were surrounded, you would end up just like Chang Hongcai.

After running 10 meters, Mo Wuji felt that something was wrong. If he continued to run forward, he would enter the Thunder Fog Forest. He looked around to see if the rest were running in the same direction. At this moment, he saw a black line flying by. Without thinking, Mo Wuji thrust his knife towards the black line.

The smell of blood almost made him vomit. Mo Wuji immediately knew what was going on. The Heart Drilling Snake could actually fly!

Hearing the rustling sound behind him, Mo Wuji can no longer care about the Thunder Fog Forest in front of him. Every step he didn't take was a step closer to death. Picking up his pace, Mo Wuji rushed into the Thunder Fog Forest without hesitation.

Chapter 26: Lightning Lake of the Thunder Fog Forest

Mo Wuji kept on running as fast as he could till he could no longer hear the hissing. After he turned around and realised that the Heart Drilling Snakes were no longer in sight, he heaved a short sigh of relief. However at the back of his mind, Mo Wuji knew that he was not clear of danger.

Thick fog and tall trees that surrounded him made it impossible to see the sky.

At this moment, he was sure he had passed the outskirts, into the depths of the Thunder Fog Forest.

Mo Wuji could not and did not bother trying to locate any of the other guards that came with Han Ning. He just had to get out in the shortest time possible.

Even though he had never been in the Thunder Fog Forest before, he believed every single myth about this forest. He felt anxious from the very moment he had entered the forest.

"Kacha!" A huge tree fell and two shadows emerged from the fog. With the aid of the dim light in the forest, Mo Wuji could make out what those two shadows were.

Mo Wuji felt numbness in the scalp of his head as two wild beasts that he had never seen before appeared. One of them had three

eyes with a body full of scales while the other looked like a lion, with blood and fur around the fangs of its stretched mouth.

The two wild beasts appeared not to have seen Mo Wuji and did not bother about him.

"Roar..." The deafening roars of the two wild beasts made Mo Wuji's heart beat tremendously fast.

Fortunately for Mo Wuji, it was not just one beast because then it would have definitely noticed him and gobbled him up. As Mo Wuji slowly retreated, the two beasts were always in his sight. They had to be the demonic beasts that Ding Bu'Er previously mentioned were prevalent in the forest.

As Mo Wuji retreated, he felt his feet turn cold. He realised that he was too focused on the demonic beasts and did not bother to check what was behind him.

"Kacha..." A lightning bolt flashed not too far away from Mo Wuji and lit up the surroundings.

At this moment, he could clearly see where he was and realised that he had stepped into the middle of a swamp.

"Kaka..." Two more lightning bolts flashed across Mo Wuji, forming a very mesmerising arched lightning bridge.

Mo Wuji's heart sank to its lowest point when he finally realised

where he was. This must have been one of the deadly lightning lakes that Ding Bu'Er warned him about.

After a long sigh, Mo Wuji calmed himself down. He had seen the demonic beasts and was now in a lightning lake of the Thunder Fog Forest. It would truly be a miracle if he was able to make it out alive.

Mo Wuji's feet felt icy cold as it sank into the freezing soil of the lightning lake. Nobody knew what other scarier things there were in this lightning lake other than the lightning bolts. Mo Wuji was no longer afraid of anything as he knew he would be dead either way. He carefully shifted his feet as he tried to get out of the swamp.

He should at least try to fight for his life, even if he died trying.

"Kacha..." Yet another lightning bolt struck. However, Mo Wuji was not so lucky this time as it struck his shoulder.

Mo Wuji felt an intense burning sensation causing his whole body to soften as he fell to his knees.

As if taking cue from this lightning bolt that struck Mo Wuji, a few more lightning bolts appeared from the lake, forming a circular-shaped arc that landed on Mo Wuji's body.

Mo Wuji's clothes were torn apart and he could smell his skin getting burnt as his whole body became numb. He ridiculed

himself as he would have never expected himself to be electrocuted in his second life. He would rather go through something more ruthless that killed him instantly than this living hell.

An even bigger lightning bolt flashed past him as if his wish was granted.

"Kacha..." This lightning bolt struck Mo Wuji's shoulder once again. However, Mo Wuji did not feel any more significant pain throughout his body.

Not only that, Mo Wuji clearly felt the lightning bolt pierce through his shoulder, into his body, directly flushing something open.

The next moment, his whole body felt relaxed. When Mo Wuji finally realised what was going on, he became extremely excited.

The lightning bolt had opened a small gap in the clogged meridian that he almost managed to open using the channel opening solution. If the lightning bolts were to continuously create small gaps, would it mean that the clogged meridian would eventually be fully opened? Once the meridian was cleared, did that mean he would possess a spirit channel and finally be able to cultivate?

Having been struck so many times by the lightning bolt, Mo Wuji was burnt inside out. He decided not to flee anymore. Instead, he would stay and wait for more lightning bolts to strike him.

"Kaka..." Two more lightning bolts flashed from behind and struck him again.

Unfortunately, these two lightning bolts only inflicted more pain and did not give him the other feeling like the one which helped to open a gap.

It was a pity Mo Wuji had no control over the lightning bolts that struck him. If he did, he would strike his body to fully open his clogged meridian.

After he experienced a few more lightning strikes, he realised that this was not the way to go. Before he could successfully open his meridian, he would have died from the pain.

Mo Wuji took out a bottle of his channel opening solution from his ripped pocket and consumed the solution. It felt like a fire burning through the unopened meridian in his body.

"Ka..." Yet another lightning bolt struck him. Mo Wuji tried to focus to allow the lightning bolt to strike through his burning meridian.

Mo Wuji was not sure whether it was his focus or the solution that worked because this lightning bolt managed to strike through his meridian.

Maybe it was just the psychological effect that Mo Wuji felt his meridian open slightly more.

Another lightning bolt followed. Once again, it struck directly into the same meridian. The meridian opened up more because of this. Due to the lightning strikes, the burning solution dissipated through the body very quickly.

It should have been the effect of the solution that allowed the lightning bolt to strike through the same meridian naturally. As he felt the solution in his body gradually disappearing, Mo Wuji did not hesitate to consume yet another bottle.

"Kakakaka..." Ten continuous lightning bolts struck Mo Wuji's body and he could not help but feel extremely relaxed. Even though he had been struck countless times already, he could feel that his body was full of energy at that very moment. It was a pity that he was not able to display this energy as his body could only feel pain and lethargy.

Mo Wuji could barely control his tears from falling. At long last, he successfully managed to open a meridian, establishing his first spirit channel.

Chapter 27: Heavy Losses

"Ka!" Just as another lightning bolt flashed from the Lightning Lake, Mo Wuji twisted his body a little and managed to avoid this lightning bolt with ease.

Mo Wuji was amazed as he did not think he would have successfully avoided the lightning bolt.

No wonder cultivators were rumoured to be so powerful. Mo Wuji only managed to open one meridian and had yet to cultivate, but he felt his whole body beginning to ease up. This was as if he had managed to open up the governor and conceptual vessels like it was said in the legends. But just how powerful could those who opened over ten meridians and cultivated for many years be?

A few more lightning bolts fell on Mo Wuji. This time, however, he did not manage to avoid them. Mo Wuji started manoeuvring around. After half an incense's time and a few more strikes by the lightning bolts, Mo Wuji finally got out of the lightning lake.

Mo Wuji stood by the lightning lake and sighed as he reflected on how he thought he was really destined to die. Life and fortune, who could tell what would happen next? If he never experienced this, he would never have found out the successful combination of his solution and lightning to open up his meridian.

He used up eight bottles of his Channel Opening Solution and almost lost his life just trying to open one meridian. It was a heavy price to pay. Although Mo Wuji had two bottles left, he was not

planning to continue using the lightning bolts to open a second meridian.

Mo Wuji knew that it would be impossible to open a second meridian using the same method. If he was not careful, he could easily lose his life.

However, Mo Wuji was not disappointed, because being able to open one meridian was a huge miracle to begin with. More importantly, he learnt of a method to open meridians. If the meridian was truly the spiritual channel, his dreams of becoming a cultivating genius might become reality.

Mo Wuji heard yet another roar of the beasts and remembered that he was still in the Thunder Fog Forest. Before he entered the lightning lake, there were two demonic beasts fighting each other not too far away from here.

Now, that same place had become a mess and the two demonic beasts were no longer in sight. Mo Wuji decided not to take the risk to try and escape in the night. It might allow him to move around unnoticed. However, there was a high possibility that he could go deeper into the forest unknowingly.

Mo Wuji found a huge tree nearby and started climbing up the tree. He found a position in between the thick branches to lean on and used his tattered shirt to tie into a knot to secure him between the branches.

He did not dare to spend the night on the ground in the Thunder

Fog Forest.

...

Leaning against the branches, Mo Wuji fell asleep very quickly. When he woke up, there was light emerging from the crevice of the tree, shining through the fog onto his body.

Mo Wuji checked his surroundings to make sure he was clear of danger before untying the knot from his shirt to slide down the tree. He had to get out of the forest as soon as possible and he needed to succeed the first time. If not, he could be stuck here forever.

Just because he had luck on his side last night did not mean he would always be that fortunate.

Mo Wuji carefully observed the location and surroundings of the lightning lake even though he doubted he would ever come back again. Then again, he would risk his life to come back if the second meridian really needed the lightning bolts to open.

There were many lightning lakes in the Thunder Fog Forest but it would not be easy to find the right lightning lake that can help open his meridian. If he was struck by a much stronger lightning bolt from another lightning lake, his whole body might be burnt beyond recognition.

Suddenly, Mo Wuji saw something which caught his eyes. Two-

leaved Fire Grass? Mo Wuji immediately identified the Two-leaved Fire Grass. As it was dark last night, he did not notice the three Two-leaved Fire Grass in the vicinity of the lightning lake.

The two leaves were separated by a flamed-shaped grass core. This plant could be very easily identified.

Mo Wuji did not rush to pick those grasses up because it was not important to him. His priority would be to find his way out of this forest.

It was dusk when he had entered the forest, so Mo Wuji could still remember the direction that he came from. He was relieved as he tried to recall and estimated that he was not too far away from the outskirts of the Thunder Fog Forest.

Mo Wuji picked up the three Two-leaved Fire Grass as quickly as he could and ran in the direction he remembered. He believed that the Heart Drilling Snakes would not be loitering around the same region. They must have had a reason to move out in such large numbers, but whatever the reason, he hoped that he would not meet those snakes again.

Half an hour later, Mo Wuji gradually lost his direction and started to worry. If he could not find the exit in another 10 minutes' time, this would mean he had lost his way and might stop trying to find a way out.

"Mo Wuji..." Someone cried out from far away.

Mo Wuji initially thought he heard wrong but the same cry was heard again. He was sure someone was calling out for him. He recognised the voice of the cry and he could roughly make out that it was Bu'Er's voice.

Mo Wuji was relieved by the fact that Ding Bu'Er was not bitten by the Heart Drilling Snakes and was still looking for him.

Mo Wuji followed the direction of the cry and quickened his pace towards it. Within a few minutes, Mo Wuji could see everything clearly as the fog was no longer so thick.

As Mo Wuji saw a part of the wilderness with low scrubs, he shouted with excitement, "Bu'Er, I am over here."

He finally made it out.

After a short while, five silhouettes appeared from behind the low hills.

"Wuji, you are fine. I am so glad... But how did you end up in this state?" Ding Bu'Er never expected Mo Wuji to still be alive having spent the night in the forest. Mo Wuji's hair was burnt, half his body was filled with black scars and one of his shoulders was supported by a piece of cloth to his neck.

"Bu'Er, thank you so much. I was lost inside and almost gave up until I heard your voice," Mo Wuji kept on thanking Bu'Er without explaining why he was so burnt.

Ding Bu'Er quickly explained, "I was just trying my luck with little miss by calling your name. I did not expect to find you here. Now, we are only left with six out of the twelve that we came here with."

Mo Wuji hurried to thank them again, "Thank you little miss for your concern, if not I would never have been able to make it out alive."

Han Ning looked exhausted and battered in her tattered red shirt. She shook Mo Wuji's hand as he thanked her, "To have survived the night, it is truly a miracle. We found all six bodies that we lost yesterday except for yours. Therefore, Ding Bu'Er wanted to continue looking for you and fortunately we did."

Mo Wuji saw Han Ning, her maid Shao Lan, Peng Maohua and the one who was looking after the horses, Cai Jiu. Including Ding Bu'Er and himself, there was indeed a total of six people left.

At this moment, all eyes were on Han Ning. She was the little miss of the Han Residence. Hence she had to be the one to make a decision now.

Han Ning said apologetically, "I did not expect us to encounter the Heart Drilling Snakes, even at the outskirts of the forest. Such bad luck signifies that I am not meant to find the Two-leaved Fire Grass."

Peng Maohua asked with caution, "Little miss, shall we go back

now?"

Han Ning's eyes fell on Peng Maohua for a while before sighing; she said, "I have to find the Two-leaved Fire Grass no matter what and I can only find it here. I did not expect it to be so dangerous but I will give all of you a choice now. Those who are willing can stay with me to find the Two-leaved Fire Grass. Those who are not can head back first. It is entirely up to you."

Chapter 28: At Your Doorstep

Peng Maohua's heart sank when he realised that he had to stay back with little miss as the chief guard of the Han Residence.

Meanwhile, Mo Wuji took out two of the Two-leaved Fire Grass and said, "It looks like we don't have to extend our stay here at the Thunder Fog Forest. I was fortunate enough to find two of these."

"This really is the Two-leaved Fire Grass..." Han Ning took a step forward, and before Mo Wuji could react, she grabbed both of the Two-leaved Fire Grass from his hands.

Mo Wuji subconsciously took a step back as he was amazed at how powerful this woman was.

This was indeed the stage of channel opening.

"Mo Wuji, it does not matter where you found the Two-leaved Fire Grass. You have made a huge contribution. To reward you, I will bring you along for this trip to the Royal Capital. If you have any more requests, please let me know," Han Ning was so excited she said everything in one breath.

"Thank you little miss," Mo Wuji hurried to thank Han Ning. His sole purpose of entering the Han Residence was to go to the Royal Capital. He would not let this opportunity go to waste.

Han Ning shook his hand, "I should be the one thanking you for

helping me find the Two-leaved Fire Grass. I've heard from my father that you have enough money for yourself. If you have any other requests other than going to the Royal Capital, I will do my best to fulfil it."

Mo Wuji nodded his head. If he did not manage to open his meridian successfully, he would have asked Han Ning to find him a more renowned place in the Royal Capital to test for his spiritual roots.

He was desperate to know if he possessed a spiritual root after this incident.

Even though Peng Maohua was envious of Mo Wuji's luck in finding the Two-leaved Fire Grass and being able to please the little miss, he was still grateful for Mo Wuji. If not for him, they would have needed to stay in the Thunder Fog Forest to continue searching for it. That would be asking for more trouble.

Thanks to the Two-leaved Fire Grass, Han Ning's mood changed drastically. She waved her hand and said, "Let us head back now. I was still planning to stay here for over a month. Who would have expected us to find it just after one night."

Mo Wuji sighed when he saw how Han Ning was only concerned about finding the Two-leaved Fire Grass and not about the deceased guards. Their lives were worth much less than the Two-leaved Fire Grass. If he were to die here, Han Ning would not have bothered much either.

He looked over to Ding Bu'Er and realised that if it was not for Ding Bu'Er's request to look for him, Han Ning probably would not have went to look for him.

"Congratulations, Wuji," Ding Bu'Er congratulated Mo Wuji with a lot of envy.

Mo Wuji shook his hand and said to Han Ning," Little miss, I heard from others that you are at Channel Opening Stage Level Five?"

Han Ning replied, "Do you think Channel Opening Stage Level Five is easy to achieve? I am only at level one. Currently, only my speed is slightly faster. My abilities are still weaker than many cultivators out there. There will only be a drastic change in strength and ability after Channel Opening Stage Level Four."

Mo Wuji glared at the embarrassed Ding Bu'Er.

Mo Wuji became even more eager to cultivate after he witnessed Han Ning's speed despite being only at level one. He clenched his fist and said to Han Ning, "When I visit the Royal Capital, can I bring Ding Bu'Er along too?"

"All right, we will do as you say. Let's go," Han Ning agreed without any hesitation. She then got on her red horse and started moving off.

"Thank you so much Wuji," Ding Bu'Er was surprised as he never

expected Mo Wuji to mention to Han Ning to bring him along. This was indeed a golden opportunity. As for the time that he bragged about Han Ning in front of Mo Wuji previously, he had completely forgotten about it.

Mo Wuji patted Ding Bu'Er's shoulder and said, "Let's go back, I still owe you a lot too. Also, please don't brag in front of me in future."

"Roger that!" Ding Bu'Er felt elated as he followed behind Mo Wuji as they headed back.

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Mo Wuji did not know why Han Ning wanted the Two-leaved Fire Grass so badly and he was not interested in knowing why. What he knew was that he was given even more attention when he returned. Even his place of accommodation changed to one with a small courtyard. His job was to guard the yard but there was really nothing to do.

The only pity was that he did not know how to cultivate. If he could practice cultivation here, it would have been perfect.

It was very safe to stay in the Han Residence. As he sat down in his yard, Mo Wuji held two green coloured glass bottles. He needed the solution inside the glass bottles if he wanted to open up more meridians in the future.

"Ding dong..." The bell from the entrance rang followed by Han Chengan's voice, "Wuji, can I have a word with you?"

Mo Wuji hurried to put away the two bottles and went over to open the door. Mo Wuji could not understand why the owner of the Han Residence, Han Chengan, would come over personally to find him.

"Duke Han, if you wanted to find me you could have just called for me. You need not make the trip all the way here," Mo Wuji said as he opened the door.

Han Chengan smiled as he entered Mo Wuji's house and found a chair to sit on.

Mo Wuji made a cup of tea for Han Chengan as he was still very grateful for him. If not for this Old Duke, he would have never had the chance to come here. Who knows if the same person who tried to poison him will do it again if he had not moved into Han Residence?

Han Chengan smiled and nodded, "Wuji, do you know why I did not pay much attention to you after I arranged for you to move in?"

Mo Wuji said respectfully, "Bringing me into the Han Residence is your greatest care for me."

Han Chengan sighed, "The last time I saved your life in the Royal

hall and now you've repaid me by helping Ning'Er. I am indeed grateful to you."

Mo Wuji gave Han Chengan a puzzled look. Han Chengan only gave him a job previously, since when did he save his life?

Han Chengan continued as though he could read Mo Wuji's mind, "Before you were summoned to the hall, the Lord did not want to see you. He ordered the guards to kill you. I stopped him as I was quite close with your grandfather, Mo Tiancheng, coupled with the fact that I wanted to see if your move was intentional or as you mentioned: for the commoners."

Mo Wuji knew what Han Chengan meant by 'your move'. Han Chengan was referring to his release of the penicillin formula. He would have never imagined that the Lord had such dangerous thoughts before he had entered the hall.

Han Chengan did not take Mo Wuji's reaction to heart and continued, "I advised the Lord against killing you because it would harm his reputation, especially after you contributed so much to the commoners. This is also true because you worked hard for it. In addition, I had some thoughts about sparing your life, if not I wouldn't have brought you into the Han Residence."

Mo Wuji's back kept letting out cold sweat as he was fearful. If Han Chengan had not stepped out to plead for him previously, he would have been sentenced to death by the despicable Lord. Wouldn't it have been an innocent death? He did not care about whether the despicable Lord's reputation was harmed. He only cared about his own life.

"Thank you Old Duke, for saving my life," Mo Wuji stood up and bowed to Han Chengan.

Han Chengan quickly grabbed onto Mo Wuji and laughed, "If you had not gotten Ning'Er's attention, you would be like any other guard here. I would not have stepped out to ask Ning'Er to bring you to the Royal Capital. However, not only did you catch her attention, you even helped her solve her big problem. This shows that a capable man will always stand out and I was right about you."

"Old Duke, you are too kind with your compliments." All Mo Wuji desperately wanted was to leave Cheng Yu State. Who knows when the despicable Lord might change his mind and kill him? This despicable Lord was part of the reason why the Mo Clan lost the throne back then.

Han Chengan's face suddenly turned solemn and he said to Mo Wuji, "Wuji, I am actually here to ask for your help."

Chapter 29: Cautiousness

"Old Duke, please speak. As long as it is within my means, I will not refuse," Mo Wuji said while he cupped his fists.

Mo Wuji was sure that Han Chengan would not lie about such matters. If he said that he had saved Mo Wuji, then he probably did. This kind act of saving Mo Wuji might have been simple, but it was the greatest favour anyone could have done for him.

Han Chengan was pleased with Mo Wuji's words, "Wuji, your words have put me at ease. In a little more than a month, many sects will go to the Xing Han Empire's Royal Capital, Chang Luo, for the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference. You have interacted with Han Ning before, and you know how she is like. She is extremely simplistic, and she is not as mature as how she acts. You managed to preserve your life after the whole Nine Lives Healing solution fiasco, so your ability to handle situations definitely surpasses hers. I would like for you to stay by Han Ning's side. Before she enters any sect, I hope that you can take care of her."

Mo Wuji solemnly promised, "Old Duke, please be at ease. As long as I have the ability, I will try my best to support Miss Han Ning."

Han Chengan retrieved a jade hairpin from his pocket and passed it to Mo Wuji, "If you truly find yourself in an inextricable situation, you can bring this jade hairpin to the Yue Residence in Chang Luo and find Yue Qiongying."

"Why doesn't the Old Duke pass the jade hairpin directly to Miss

Han Ning?" Mo Wuji asked doubtfully.

Han Chengan simply shook his head, and did not answer Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji was not a person who pries into other's secrets. Seeing that Han Chengan had no intention of answering him, he carefully kept the jade hairpin.

Han Chengan got more satisfied with Mo Wuji's attitude. Sipping some tea, he said, "

I heard that you like tea. Later, I will get some people to send you some good tea leaves."

Mo Wuji laughed, "Then I will be especially grateful to the Old Duke. Also, because I haven't really seen much of the world, there are some things which I wish to ask the Old Duke."

A bit of tea did not mean much to someone like the Old Duke, so Mo Wuji did not decline the gesture.

"Haha...If you have any questions, just ask," Han Chengan replied.

"I heard that our Xing Han Empire isn't the only empire. Are there really other empires?" Mo Wuji always wanted to know this, but there was never a suitable person he could ask. Han Chengan was well informed, and he was a Prefecture Duke. He should know

more about such matters.

Han Chengan answered, "From what I know, there are five big empires: the Tian Shang Empire, the Zi Zhou Empire, the Gan Yang Empire, the Xing Han Empire and the Ming Han Empire. These five empires are protected by five big sects. The sect protecting the Xing Han Empire is the Heavenly Temple. In the coming Spring Immortal's Gate Conference, masters from the Heavenly Temple will also be going to Chang Luo. I do not wish much for Han Ning. If she can enter an Earth level sect, I will be very satisfied."

"Old Duke, what is an Earth-level sect? Also, is the Heavenly Temple the most powerful sect in Xing Han Empire?" Mo Wuji had never heard of these things before, and asked hurriedly.

"It's normal that you don't know about these matters. Many people don't know about them. After all, we are just mere mortals. The sects in the five big empires are classified under three levels. The lowest are Xuan level sects. Above them, are the Earth level sects. In the Xing Han Empire, the strongest sect is in the quasi-sky level, and that is the Heavenly Temple. Han Chengan spoke with a trace of longing. Even as a Prefecture Duke, he could only look up towards these sects.

Mo Wuji continued to ask, "Since there are quasi-sky level sects, then there must be Sky level sects? Why didn't the Duke mention them?" Han Chengan shook his head, "I'm also not sure about this. Previously, I was also really curious about this. From what I know, it's not just the Xing Han Empire which doesn't have a Sky level sect. The strongest sects in the other empires are also at the

quasi-sky level."

"Is the Heavenly Temple the only quasi-level sect in the Xing Han Empire?"

"It shouldn't be. I once overheard someone saying that there is another quasi-sky level sect in the Xing Han Empire. But I'm just a Prefecture Duke, and I don't really know much about this."

Mo Wuji and Han Chengan continued to chat for a few hours. By the time he sent Han Chengan off, Mo Wuji had a rough outline of the five empires.

After talking casually to Mo Wuji for half a day, Han Chengan felt more at ease with Mo Wuji. During those few hours, Mo Wuji did not ask anything about the Northern Qin Prefecture. Thus, he could tell that Mo Wuji was not a rash person.

Naturally, Mo Wuji would not ask Han Chengan about who stole his Northern Qin Prefecture. Nor would he ask about how Mo Tiancheng disappeared and why Mo Guangyuan failed to succeed the Northern Qin Prefecture throne.

This was not because Mo Wuji had a carefree personality and did not care about such matters. But rather, it was because this matter involved the Cheng Yu State Lord, Situ Qian. Situ Qian might have even acted in the dark against the Mo Clan. Han Chengan's words to save him wasn't actually worth much. Even though Mo Wuji would remember this act of kindness, he would not treat Han Chengan as someone he would trust.

He was sure that, even if he had helped Han Ning, if Han Chengan had to choose between Situ Qian and himself, Han Chengan would unhesitantly choose Situ Qian. Who knew whether his words would be relayed to Situ Qian by Han Chengan? Previously, Situ Qian did not kill Mo Wuji for the sake of maintaining his own reputation. But that did not mean that Situ Qian would not kill him in the future. If Situ Qian wanted to, he could casually come out with any reason to kill Mo Wuji. Thus, Mo Wuji could not even cause the slightest of waves.

Additionally, if Mo Wuji wanted to know who tried to poison him, he could simply wait to see who ended up as the Northern Qin Prefecture Lord. Why would he ask something that he would eventually know?

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Mo Wuji did not see Han Ning ever since they went to the Thunder Fog Forest to find the Two-leaved Fire Grass.

Mo Wuji was anxiously bored, so he went to Rao Zhou City to buy a machine. He got Ding Bu'Er to help him purchase some medicinal ingredients, and he went back to his life concocting the channel opening solution.

After a month, Mo Wuji concocted 30 full bottles of the solution. Mo Wuji was worried that the person who previously acted against him would do so again. Thus, he stopped his production as carrying too many bottles of the solution with him would be

inconvenient.

The days passed quickly, and soon it was about time to leave Rao Zhou City. Ding Bu'Er came to visit, "Wuji, you'll leave Rao Zhou in two days. Do you want to buy anything?"

Because of the incident at the Thunder Fog Forest, Ding Bu'Er became Mo Wuji's best friend in the Han Residence.

"There's no need. I will just bring along my gold coins." Mo Wuji did not have any intention of leaving the Han Residence.

Because of his relations to the Mo Family and the Northern Qin Prefecture, someone tried to poison him, and he even ended up on Situ Qian's blacklist. Thus, he did not want anyone to remember that the Northern Qin's Mo Family still had this Mo Wuji. It was best for him to quietly leave Rao Zhou; the dangerous capital of Cheng Yu State.

"Aren't you afraid of being bored? I can help you get anything you want." Ding Bu'Er was used to seeing Mo Wuji bored in his yard.

"There's no need. Just call me when it's time to leave." Mo Wuji waved his hand.

He had prepared all that was needed to be prepared. Bringing too many things would only make it inconvenient.

On the dawn two days later, Ding Bu'Er punctually went to Mo Wuji's living quarters, and told him that the little miss was already set and ready to leave.

Chapter 30: Leaving Rao Zhou

The gates of the Han Residence opened; close to a hundred people escorted Han Ning out of the house. The elderly Han couple stood by Han Ning's side, nagging at her. Clearly, this long trip made them anxious for their daughter.

Over the past two months, Mo Wuji was constantly afraid that he might be assassinated, so he hid himself in his small yard. As a result, he wasn't clear about how many people would be following Han Ning to the Royal Capital. Seeing close to a hundred people walking out, he was shocked and immediately asked Ding Bu'Er, "Bu'Er, there will be so many people following Miss Han Ning to Chang Luo?"

Ding Bu'Er laughed, and whispered in Mo Wuji's ear, "Besides the little miss, only four of us will be going to Chang Luo City. Because of you, I managed to jump on this bandwagon. The other two are Peng Maohua and Shao Lan."

"So little?" Mo Wuji started to feel uneasy. It would be hard to stay safe if there were so few people.

"I heard that the Old Duke wanted to find 20 people to follow the little miss. But according to the royal decree, each participant of the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference can only bring up to four followers," Ding Bu'Er explained.

As the whole crowd of people walked to the exit of Rao Zhou, Mo Wuji finally understood why there was a limit to the number of

people. There was a huge crowd at the exit of Rao Zhou City; many people were saying their goodbyes. Ostensibly, Han Ning wasn't the only one participating in the Spring Immortal's Gate from Rao Zhou. From what Mo Wuji could see, there were around 20 to 30 people.

If you included the followers, there would be more than a hundred people. Furthermore, this was just from one state. There were other states in Xing Han Empire. If you added them all up, how many people would that be? Initially, Han Chengan said that the Cheng Yu State could send ten participants, and this did not include the participants from prefectures.

Some of the people started to form groups. After bidding farewell to their families, they departed on their beast carriages. Mo Wuji saw Han Chengan at the back, negotiating with a few people. After some time, Peng Maohua came over to Mo Wuji and Ding Bu'Er and said, "Our Han Residence will be travelling with the Wu Xue Prefecture Prince, Cao Hao. There's also Marquis Ji's grandson, Ji Changhe, as well as the only son of Wan Pu Corporation Regional Branch chairperson, Yang Junsong. You need to remember, none of these people must be offended. Try not to be rash when you're with them."

Ding Bu'Er patted his chest, "Don't worry, Chief Guard Peng. I'm not one who finds trouble. Since we're all in the same group, we can be considered comrades. Naturally, we will have to work together."

Peng Maohua nodded his head. He only wanted to give him a gentle reminder. Ding Bu'Er knew how to behave, so he would not

mess around. At the same time, Mo Wuji wasn't arrogant like how people had described him to be. Besides the incident where he was late for the gathering, he rarely even left his own yard. How is he a trouble maker?

At this moment, Han Ning finished saying her goodbyes and called Mo Wuji and Co. to board the carriage. What made Mo Wuji suspicious was that Han Chengan did not call for him at all.

"Come, get on the carriage. Let's go." Ding Bu'Er pulled Mo Wuji along.

At that moment, Mo Wuji felt goosebumps all over his body. He turned his head and looked around; it felt as if someone had suddenly disappeared from the crowd.

He didn't know whether someone was here to deal with him. How could he not feel uncomfortable? Mo Wuji did not dare to stay any longer so he rushed to board the Han Clan's beast carriage.

The carriage had two compartments. Han Ning and Shao Lan were in the inner compartment while the other three were in the outer compartment. These two compartments weren't considered small. It wasn't squeezey with the five of them inside the carriage.

As the carriage driver shouted "He!", the beast carriage started to move. The carriages from the three other families departed as well.

Mo Wuji understood a little about these beast carriages. It was

like a horse carriage, just that the beasts pulling it had more stamina, defense and strength.

Still, the beast carriage could not compare to the speed of a car. On the streets of Cheng Yu State, there were automobiles similar to cars and buses. Unfortunately, these automobiles could only be used within Cheng Yu State. There weren't any roads for them to drive on outside of Cheng Yu State.

The primary reason for this was that the people in this world did not value technology. It could also be due to the poor relations between countries.

With the constant wars between states, it would have been really difficult for states to send out their diplomats to negotiate the construction of an interstate road.

On the other hand, the people here valued herbs and minerals, and thus found innovative ways to improve herb drafting and mineral excavating.

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The roads just outside of Rao Zhou were still spacious and smooth. But as they travelled further out, the roads were uneven and bumpy. At least the beast carriage's ability to absorb shock was not bad.

Along the way, they met many other beast carriages heading

towards the Royal Capital. Mo Wuji discovered that unless they met acquaintances, many people simply cared about their own journey. Even within four families in Mo Wuji's group, the four main participants would only interact during meal time. Most of the time, they would not interact with one another.

After a month, the group stopped by a boundless sea. When Mo Wuji and Co. arrived, there were already mountains of people there. Mo Wuji looked around; the number of people were in the ten thousands. All kinds of beast carriages stopped there. There were even some flying beasts.

Just as Mo Wuji wanted to ask whether the flying beasts were used for carriages, he saw a huge flying beast gliding over from afar, landing on an empty space. Even though Mo Wuji was tens of meters away, he could feel the wind generated by the beast's flapping wings.

On the flying beast's back, there was a huge circular tent. As the beast landed, the tent opened and a few people came out of it.

Indeed, the flying beasts were used for beast carriages, and they were much more convenient than beasts who could only travel on land. Even airplanes would not be as convenient as these flying beasts. No wonder why the people here did not care much for machines. With these flying beasts, who would even bother about building airplanes?

"Damn, when will Cheng Yu State have flying beasts? If we had them, then we wouldn't have taken such a long time to get here," Mo Wuji heard someone cursing from afar.

He did not need to turn his head to know who that someone was. Naturally, it was the Wu Xue Prefecture Prince, Cao Hao. That guy had a horrible temper. Whenever he wasn't pleased, he would start shouting and scolding loudly. There was one instance where he even argued with another prefecture's prince when his beast carriage got overtaken.

"Bu'Er, is a flying beast carriage expensive? Why doesn't Cheng Yu State have any?" Mo Wuji whispered to Ding Bu'Er.

He thought that no matter how expensive these flying beasts were, shouldn't Cheng Yu State still be able to afford some?

Ding Bu'Er laughed, "This is not a matter of price, but identity. It is not easy to buy such beast carriages, and you can't just buy them with money. From what I heard, there is a sect which specialises in rearing these flying beasts. I think its name is..."

"Don't talk too much. Go to the inn and rest. We'll be staying here to wait for the boat," Han Ning interrupted Ding Bu'Er.

Cao Hao swept his eyes across Mo Wuji and said disdainfully, "Sister Ning, your cultivating ability is not bad. But your judgement is really lacking. How could you pick such a trash, who doesn't know anything, to follow you to Chang Luo? Haha..."

Naturally, he heard Mo Wuji's questions. At the same time, throughout the trip, Mo Wuji never saluted him, which put him in a very bad mood. With his status, Mo Wuji should have been

kneeling down and licking his boots every time they met.

Han Ning's face sank, but she did not refute him. Seeing that Han Ning did not dare refute him, he got more arrogant, "Sister Ning, our parents have arranged us to be in the same group. Naturally, we wouldn't wish for our group to have such weaklings. In all honesty, I am quite worried for myself. These past two months have been the most dangerous periods of my life."

He did not do anything to this fellow, yet he was called trash? Naturally, Mo Wuji wasn't happy. A Prefecture Prince could only count as a fart. On Earth, Mo Wuji was a world renowned biologist and botanist. Which people in power did not want to curry his favour?

Mo Wuji laughed and warmly said to Cao Hao, "I think you shouldn't be too worried. Even a piece of shit will meet a dung beetle. You don't have to be too anxious. Even if you do not get into any sect during the Spring Immortal's Gate, there will still be someone who accepts you."

Chapter 31: The Change In Mo Wuji

"You're looking for death..." Cao Hao grabbed the sword hung on his waist.

"Little Prince, please do not be too rash or you may land all of us in trouble," Yang Junsong quickly stepped forward to stop Cao Hao.

Among these four group mates from Cheng Yu State, Yang Junsong was the most sociable one. He was always smiling, and he did not put on airs even towards a house attendant like Mo Wuji.

Feng Cheng Marquisate's heir, Ji Changhe also stepped forward and advised Cao Hao.

This was a place where geniuses across Xing Han Empire gathered in their journey to Chang Luo. Causing a ruckus here would get one punished. A light punishment would be the stripping of participation rights and being sent back home. On the other hand, a punishment could even be as heavy as a direct execution! It didn't matter whether one was a prefecture prince, one could still be executed. A genius from Cheng Yu State was nothing in this large Xing Han Empire.

Cao Hao snorted and stared fiercely at Mo Wuji. Then, he turned and walked towards the inn. From the looks of things, Cao Hao probably would not act against Mo Wuji.

"Mo Wuji, just because you helped the little miss doesn't mean

you can do whatever you want. If you act like this again, we'll immediately send you back to Cheng Yu State," Shao Lan said while giving Mo Wuji an unsatisfied glare.

Han Ning's face was also unsightly. Even though she did not say anything, it was clear that she agreed with Shao Lan's words.

Mo Wuji smiled and did not care. When he gave Han Ning the Two-leaved Fire Grass, she was extremely grateful to him. However, as time passed, her gratitude tapered down. This was the reason why Mo Wuji was unwilling to be friends with people from big families. They were used to being in a high position overlooking the rest of the world. As a result, they acted arrogantly and did not treat others as their equal.

They would only greet you with a smile if you gave them benefits. Once the benefits were gone, that smile would disappear as well. They would definitely not remember what you had done for them.

This trip to the royal capital was Han Ning's reward to Mo Wuji for his meritorious service. If he committed a mistake, she would simply take away this reward and even punish him. This was not a relationship between friends, but a superior-inferior relationship.

Mo Wuji came from Earth so he would not accept being the inferior within a relationship. Sooner or later, he would separate from Han Ning. Before that happened, he would dedicate his efforts for her. Han Chengan's saving grace might have been unintentional and he might not have expected any returns, but Mo Wuji would definitely return the favour.

"Why don't we all settle down. We still have to stay here for the next three days," Han Ning said as she followed Cao Hao and co. into one of the inns.

"Wait..." After Han Ning and Shao Lan entered the inn, Mo Wuji and the other two were stopped.

"[He](#), what is the meaning of this?" Peng Maohua's face turned ugly when he was stopped.

Mo Wuji recognised the man blocking their way. He was He Feng, one of Cao Hao's attendants.

Han Ning did not stay silent and questioned Cao Hao, "Cao Hao, what's the meaning of this?"

Before Cao Hao could speak, an attendant from the inn came out and said apologetically, "Dear customers, we are really sorry but our Yue Hai Inn does not have enough rooms. Your group of five only gets one room so these three attendants would have to stay outside or in our warehouse."

Han Ning's gaze landed on Yang Junsong, "Yan Junsong, you're in charge of booking the rooms. Why is it that my house attendants do not get a room while the others do?"

Cao Hao said loudly, "Ah, there is no other way. We arranged the rooms on a first-come, first-serve basis. You can't expect my

attendants to sleep outside even though they came first right?"

Yang Junsong's face looked rather awkward as he embarrassedly asked Cao Hao, "Prince, we are all part of the same team. Why don't you allow them to squeeze with your attendants?"

Cao Hao thought for a long time before saying reluctantly, "How about this... I will get my guys to squeeze. But there's only enough space for two people. That, that who... Aren't you very strong and brave? You can stay outside then."

Everyone knew that Cao Hao was specifically targeting Mo Wuji.

Han Ning was a favoured genius, and could be considered a Channel Opening Stage cultivator. Even though she did not like that Mo Wuji offended Cao Hao, she did not remain silent, "Cao Hao, are you sure you want to do this?"

Everyone could feel that Han Ning was on the verge of exploding. Only Cao Hao seemingly did not feel it as he continued to say calmly, "Sister Ning, our families have a very deep relationship. Otherwise I would not have brought you to find Immortal Master Lu. I care for you and I do not wish for you to cause a fission in our cooperation just because of one person."

After hearing Cao Hao's words, Han Ning calmed down like a deflated balloon. Her fiery rage was extinguished as she remained silent.

In just a few seconds, she turned to Mo Wuji and said, "Wuji, it's going to be tough on you. Just erect a tent outside and stay outside."

She did not say another word as she turned and left.

Mo Wuji smiled and he did not care. On the way to the royal capital, he would try his best to help Han Ning. Once they reached the capital, he would no longer have anything to do with her.

"Wuji, wait... I will accompany you." Ding Bu'Er hastily said. He also turned to Han Ning and said, "Little miss, I will accompany Wuji."

"Do whatever you want," Han Ning coldly threw out that sentence and hurried into the inn.

Mao Penghua hesitated but he chose to enter the inn with Han Ning and co.

After leaving the inn, Mo Wuji patted Ding Bu'Er's shoulder, "Bu'Er, you have a nice comfortable room. Why do you want to follow me and sleep in a tent?"

Bu'Er laughed, "Wuji, do you know why I'm even able to join this trip? Isn't it because of you? I'm very sure that, after we get to the royal capital, and if the little miss gets selected by a sect, there'll be nothing left for me. Previously, in the Thunder Fog Forest, I believe that you did not find the Two-leaved Fire Grass by luck.

Since I can't follow the little miss, I can only follow you. Don't ask me to go back to Cheng Yu because I know a certain someone will not go back as well."

"Bu'Er, I can see that you'll have a promising future now that you've chosen to follow me," Mo Wuji joked.

"Mo Xinghe..." A clear, crisp voice interrupted his conversation with Ding Bu'Er.

"Oh, it's Miss Wen. How fortunate to see you here. You're as elegant as always. But can I ask Miss Wen not to call me by my previous name? I have already changed it to Mo Wuji." After leaving Rao Zhou City, Mo Wuji felt like shackles had been removed from him. He no longer had to be worried or afraid about his words and actions. He did not expect that Wen Manzhu would also go to the royal capital. Like Han Ning, she should be a participant of the Spring Immortal's Gate.

"Ah.. Wuji, it's getting late. I should set up the tent before all the good spots get taken away. Enjoy your conversation ah." Ding Bu'Er saw Mo Wuji and Wen Manzhu talking so he found an excuse to leave. He knew about Mo Wuji's situation and that things were awkward between Mo Wuji and Wen Manzhu.

"Sorry, it slipped my mind," Wen Manzhu said apologetically.

She had many doubts in her heart. She was sure she understood Mo Wuji more than anybody else, but in the two recent times that she had met Mo Wuji, she felt like she no longer knew him. She

could see that Mo Wuji had changed drastically. In the Cheng Yu Worker's Union, Mo Wuji felt foreign to her, like a knife covered with flour. Now, Mo Wuji was like a knife hidden in a scabbard.

"Wuji... Can we talk?" Wen Manzhu said. In fact, she had wanted to speak with Mo Wuji for a long time.

Ever since Mo Wuji came up the Nine Lives Healing Solution, he nestled in a Prefecture Duke's residence and never came out. She tried to find ways to meet him but she was unsuccessful. She even heard from her father that Mo Wuji gave the Nine Lives Healing Solution formula away to protect himself.

She found it hard to understand. Why was it that there were such huge changes every since Mo Xinghe changed his name?

Mo Wuji laughed nonchalantly, "If the senior beside you doesn't mind, we can talk for as long as you want ah."

‘He’ is a surname in this situation.

Chapter 32: Different Principles

By Wen Manzhu's side, was a very handsome man. As they stood beside one another, they definitely gave off the impression of a golden couple. From his temperament, he's clearly not one of Wen Manzhu's attendants.

Wen Manzhu calmly said, "This is the Ninth Prince of the Cheng Yu State, Situ Po. We are in the same group."

So it's the son of that old fella, Situ Qian. Because of his relationship with Situ Qian, Mo Wuji did not have a good impression of Situ Po.

Situ Po gracefully cupped his fists and greeted Mo Wuji, "I've long heard about Drug Refiner Mo's illustrious name. Now that I get to see you in person, I can tell that you are indeed a dragon or a phoenix among men."

Mo Wuji laughed, "Ninth Prince, I don't think you're using these words properly."

Situ Po was slightly startled. According to a normal script, when a prince like him respectfully greets Mo Wuji, Mo Wuji should have been rushing to return the courtesy. At the very least, Mo Wuji shouldn't have spoken in such a manner, right?

"Oh, may I ask Drug Refiner Mo to shed some light on my mistake?" Situ Po maintained his grace as he spoke to Mo Wuji with a gentle smile.

Wen Manzhu was also surprised at Mo Wuji's words. She did not understand why Mo Wuji would offend the Ninth Prince for no apparent reason.

Mo Wuji laughed in his heart. Other people may kowtow to the Situ Clan, but in Mo Wuji's eyes, the Situ Clan was an enemy he would eventually deal with. Mo Wuji was sure that the Situ Qian definitely had a part to play in the fall of the Mo Clan.

Since they're enemies, why was there a need to feign civilities? Furthermore, seeing Wen Manzhu and Situ Po standing beside one another, just like Romeo and Juliet, had put Mo Wuji in a bad mood. This was especially so when Mo Wuji saw the girl acting skittishly around this guy from the Situ Clan.

"Ninth Prince... Firstly, I am not a drug refiner. Everyone knows that the Nine Lives Healing Solution was passed down by my ancestors. You act like you're flattering me but you're simply mocking me. Secondly, I'm a man, so you shouldn't have called me a phoenix. Thirdly, only lords and kings can be called dragons. If I was a dragon, then I will be the Cheng Yu State Lord. Aren't your words rather outrageous? I do not believe that the Ninth Prince actually wants me to be the Cheng Yu State Lord."

Mo Wuji simply said what he wanted and he completely forgot that the phoenix was actually male.

Wen Manzhu pouted her lips but did not speak. She did not refute the flaws in Mo Wuji's logic. Situ Po's face turned ugly as he

wondered why his father did not kill this wretch. Unfortunately, he could only think about it in his head as he was not in the position to actually kill Mo Wuji.

"Oh right... Ninth Prince, you're actually very similar to this person I know," When Mo Wuji saw Situ Po's previously graceful face turn ugly, he felt really happy in his heart and he said smilingly.

Situ Po frowned and he did not think Mo Wuji would have anything nice to say. Wen Manzhu also frowned. Mo Wuji seemed to be more and more foreign to her.

Mo Wuji laughed and said, "He goes by the nickname: "The Sly Gentleman", earning this name by behaving like a gentleman while being very good at [cheap tricks](#). He is actually a faction head in a sect which practises the ancient Zixia secret arts."

The Ninth Prince intended to walk away but Mo Wuji's words stopped him. He asked curiously, "Drug Refiner Mo, you actually know of such an expert? Also, what kind of immortal law is the Zixia secret arts? Is it a peerless [sword art](#)?"

The Ninth Prince was a participant in the Spring Immortal's Gate. Naturally, he got really excited when he heard that Mo Wuji was acquainted with such a martial expert and he forgot about his previous unhappiness. He did not doubt Mo Wuji's words as Mo Wuji's grandfather, Mo Tiancheng, was also a powerful cultivator. It was very natural for Mo Wuji to meet such powerful figures.

Mo Wuji sighed and said, " 'The Sly Gentleman' is actually called Yue Buqun. The moment I saw the Ninth Prince, I felt that there was an uncanny resemblance between you two. I don't really know much about the Zixia secret arts. But I do know that the gentleman was a very powerful cultivator. After having great successes in the Zixia secret arts, he bravely burned his foundations in it to develop a new cheap trick. Unfortunately, I'm not as brave and persistent as him."

Situ Po humbled himself and bowed to Mo Wuji, "May I ask what's the name of this precious law?"

Mo Wuji looked at Situ Po with a look of 'shock', "The Ninth Prince is really amazing. I did not say anything but you could deduce that the gentleman developed a precious law. Yes, it's called the Sunflower Law. What a pity, the gentleman is no longer here. If he was still alive, he would definitely impart the Sunflower Law to the Ninth Prince because..."

At this point, Mo Wuji paused.

It wasn't just the Ninth Prince, but even Wen Manzhu held her breath and looked expectantly at Mo Wuji, curious to know what he wanted to say next.

After a few seconds, Mo Wuji continued, "Because you two are the same class of people. Ai... What a pity. Unfortunately, I'm not that interested in learning such laws. There were eight words on his manual, but I could only remember six. However, I do not have any regrets because I'm simply a mortal with mortal roots. This precious law is not suitable for a mortal like me. I have many

emotions and desires. How can I be a cultivator and detach myself from the mortal life..."

"What are the six words..." Situ Po blurted out.

Mo Wuji looked at Situ Po seriously and said, "While pursuing cultivation, one must first... I only remember these six words. That's all, I'm leaving."

Mo Wuji turned to Wen Manzhu and said, "Miss Wen, I suddenly lost all interest in talking to you. I have too much pressure standing around you. Goodbye."

Seeing Mo Wuji's disappearing back, Situ Po's face displayed various emotions. After a while, he said to Wen Manzhu, "Manzhu, this Brother Mo sure is carefree. He doesn't get dejected despite having mortal roots. When I first found out that my spiritual roots weren't at a high grade, I felt extremely upset. Perhaps you should continue talking with him. After all, you two are old friends. I will go to the inn first."

...

"Wuji, why did you come back so fast?" Seeing Mo Wuji return, Ding Bu'Er smiled and asked.

"There is little common ground for understanding between persons of differing principles," Mo Wuji faintly replied and he began to help build the tent.

There were too many people heading to Chang Luo. Many other attendants were also staying in tents by the beach.

"Brother! I like your words!" A hearty voice sounded. It belonged to a big, grizzly man who had a huge beard which covered his face. Behind him, was a charming, young woman.

If Wen Manzhu was an unripe green apple, this young woman was an attractive ripe, red apple. If not for the dust around her clothes, she would have appeared to be from nobility.

The bearded man cupped his fists towards Mo Wuji, "My name is Yuan Zhenyi. This is my companion, Aunt Eleven. Your words just now, were really deep. I have some good wine with me, if you do not mind, how about we each have a cup?"

Mo Wuji laughed, "Of course I won't mind. My name is Mo Wuji and my companion here is Ding Bu'Er. We have finished building our tent, please come in."

The Hanyu Pinyin for cheap tricks is Jian Fa, which is also pronounced in the same way as sword arts.

Chapter 33: Drinking among Friends

Yuan Zhenyi wasn't bragging, the wine he brought was really good; mellow tasting with a long aftertaste. What made it even more amazing was its faint, tipsy feeling which circulated around the body. Mo Wuji could even feel his opened meridian being stimulated.

"This really is good wine! One mouthful, and I can feel my whole body being invigorated," Mo Wuji praised. He could guess that there were some spiritual ingredients within the wine. Otherwise, he would not have felt such comfort.

Hearing Mo Wuji praise his wine, Yuan Zhenyi proudly said, "Brother Mo really knows his wines. I am from the Chang Yan State and there was once I stumbled into the Thunder Fog Forest. I did not expect it to be a blessing in disguise as I actually obtained a spirit fruit. I used that fruit to brew ten jars of wine, this is my last pot. But this is a large pot, Ha ha ha ..."

Mo Wuji could tell that Yuan Zhenyi was a very generous and carefree person. This cup of wine brewed using a spiritual fruit must have an amazing value. Many people would not even be able to buy it, but Yuan Zhenyi readily took it out just because he liked Mo Wuji's words.

"I'm really ashamed. We only met each other by chance but I drank Brother Yuan's good wine," Mo Wuji suddenly recalled that Chang Yan State and Cheng Yu State were currently at war. But it didn't matter to Mo Wuji. Afterall, he did not have any sense of attachment to Cheng Yu State.

Yuan Zhenyi laughed, "Brother Mo, you're treating me like a stranger! When I heard your words 'There is little common ground for understanding between persons of differing principles', I immediately felt like we were old friends. I would have offered you better things, not just this jar of wine. No matter how good something is, it can't be as good as meeting an old friend!"

"No matter how good something is, it can't be as good as meeting an old friend! Brother Yuan, Aunt Eleven, Ding Bu'Er, let's have one more cup!" Mo Wuji's heart was open. This was the first time he felt so happy and carefree ever since he was plotted against by his lover.

The four people raised their glass, and drained it in one gulp.

When he managed to open his first meridian, what he felt was agitation and excitement. It wasn't carefree happiness. At this moment, he truly felt free and relaxed.

After drinking, Mo Wuji could not help but sing:

"There are several friends in the world of life

How much friendship can survive

Today let's not separate our hands

Friendship is often in our hearts

But we still need to say goodbye

He will ask to meet

But some would be unable to

There was a friend

Thousand miles away

Separated and remote

There's no need to meet

We will know in our hearts

[Friendship cannot be changed](#)

...

At first, it was just Mo Wuji singing. Afterwards, Yuan Zhenyi and co. learned the lyrics and they all sang together.

...

Wen Manzhu was standing outside Mo Wuji's tent, frowning. Seeing Mo Wuji mixing around with someone like Yuan Zhenyi made her unhappy.

Afterall, Mo Wuji was once a prefecture prince. Even though he lost his status, he should not have fallen so far. If he continued to fall further, he could no longer climb back up. If not for the guilt in her heart which made her want to help Mo Wuji, she would have turned away and left. Perhaps she was not aware about it, but she had another purpose for coming, and that was to help Situ Po inquire about the origins of 'The Sly Gentleman'.

But when she heard Mo Wuji sing 'The Light of Friendship', she was shocked. It could be said that she spent most of her life with Mo Wuji, and she understood Mo Wuji down to his bones. But she never knew that Mo Wuji had such talent in music. This song was extremely sweet, and at the same time, it contained great sincerity.

"Brother Mo, that song was good, I like it! We may be separated by thousands of mountains, or millions of seas, but our friendship will not change!" Aunt Eleven drank till her whole face was red. Behaving like a man, she staggered to Mo Wuji's side, grabbed his arms and looked at him with a pair of drunk eyes.

Yuan Zhenyi also stood up and raised his glass, "It indeed is a good song. I like it too! The only pity was that there was no wine in that song, if not it would have been perfect! Here, let's have one more glass!"

Mo Wuji stood up tipsily, drained his glass and said loudly, "If that's the case, how about I sing another song,

Yesterday is gone again

Happiness is the most important

Water cannot be recovered again

After a peach withers, there's still a rose

Life will always have strong winds and rains

A sprinkle of rain will not stop us from drinking

Whether we regret or not, we can slowly decide

At this moment friends this cup of wine is the most precious

Have a cup full of wine and sing loudly

Good friends, nice friends, we'll have so much fun tonight

Also let me know how to cherish a friend's shoulder

The sun will always shine after a heavy storm

Let us raise our head and learn to be strong

Like a friend, this cup of wine warms my heart

I do not worry about anything else

Today we have come to meet

Feelings of affection filled the glass

Years rush like water

Who cares who he was yesterday

...”

Mo Wuji's hoarse, husky voice made Wen Manzhu completely stunned. She preferred this song to the previous one. Each and every word strummed her heartstrings, making her blood boil, compelling her to go in and drink with them.

Is this the feeling of friendship? She also had her own friends. Cheng Yu State's Ninth Prince, Situ Po. Cheng Yu State's general, Zhao Feihu's son, Zhao Pu. Minister Yao Kang's son, Yao Bingzhen. [There was also the hypocrite Zhao Xu...](#)

Which one of them wasn't handsome? Which one of them wasn't a promising hero? Why was it that she can't seem to find this feeling of boiling blood when she's with them? If Situ Po wasn't interested in Mo Wuji's knowledge of the Sunflower Law, would he have advised her to chat with Mo Wuji?

"Good... Good... Brother Mo, I like this song... Have a cup full of wine and sing loudly! Good friends, nice friends, we'll have so much fun tonight..." Yuan Zhenyi joined Mo Wuji and sang loudly.

Ding Bu'Er and Aunt Eleven also joined in.

Wen Manzhu stood outside the tent for a long time, and finally dispelled the idea of entering the tent. If not for what happened today, she would never have known how talented Mo Wuji was. By casually singing those two songs, he was able to make her blood boil and compel her to join in the singing.

She walked faraway to a place where she could no longer hear the songs. Wen Manzhu slowly lowered her head. She knew, it didn't matter how well Mo Wuji could sing, they were two different people from two different worlds.

If Mo Wuji had spiritual roots, she would think of ways to help him. Unfortunately, Mo Wuji only had mortal roots. After she enters a sect and starts cultivating, this distance between them would only get wider.

"Let the past go. If I'm successful in my cultivation, and if we were to ever meet again, I will give him great fortune. I can even

help him achieve his dream of taking back the Northern Qin Prefecture," Wen Manzhu muttered as she walked into the inn. She seemed to have found a reason to truly say goodbye to Mo Wuji.

This song is called 友谊之光. [You can listen to it here.](#)

This song is called 朋友的酒. [You can listen to it here.](#)

Throwback to when Mo Wuji was in the Worker's Union.

Chapter 34: Makeshift Market by the Sea

When Mo Wuji woke up, Yuan Zhenyi and Aunt Eleven were no longer there. Only Ding Bu'Er was with him in the tent.

Despite drinking the whole night, Mo Wuji did not feel hungover. Instead, his whole body felt really relaxed. Ostensibly, Yuan Zhenyi brought out a jar of really good wine.

He seemed to have released all his long pent up pressure and grievances. Mo Wuji was very grateful to Yuan Zhenyi and Aunt Eleven. Those two were people he could befriend.

He opened his bag; the Channel Opening Solution was still there.

The completely relaxed Mo Wuji stood up, grabbed one of the glass bottles and finished it. After opening his first meridian, he did not dare open a second one due to his poor physical state. But now, his body was completely relaxed, and his current state was excellent. This was the best time to drink the Channel Opening Solution.

A line of fire appeared within his body. Mo Wuji could clearly feel a second meridian being opened.

Mo Wuji clenched his fist and completely relaxed himself. If his solution's effects could continue, wouldn't he be a cultivating genius?

Unfortunately, the efforts wore off after two hours. Like when he tried to open his first meridian, his second meridian was stuck at a point.

The experienced Mo Wuji remained calm. He was very clear that the channel opening solution alone was not enough to open a meridian. What he needed to do now, was to find a lightning lake and use the lightning to open his meridians.

This method might be a little cruel to himself, but at least it worked.

Mo Wuji did not intend to try being struck by lightning from the sky. This kind of lightning might directly strike him to death.

If only he had some cultivation manual or technique, then he would not need to put his body through such pain just to open a meridian.

"Wuji, you're awake. Hurry and go wash up. Let's visit the Makeshift Market," Ding Bu'Er excitedly ran towards him and said.

"Makeshift market?" Mo Wuji asked puzzledly.

Ding Bu'Er laughed and said, "Ha ha, you wouldn't know about this. I also only found out after Brother Zhenyi brought me there. The Makeshift Market is a market which was hastily put together, and it could disperse at any time. This time around, many people have gathered here to go to Chang Luo. Many of them want to buy

things, while many of them also want to sell things, so they set up this temporary market - the Makeshift Market. When the boat to Chang Luo arrives, the market would naturally disperse."

"I definitely need to see this. Where can I go and wash up?" Mo Wuji quickly said. This Makeshift Market would surely open his eyes to this world. The people heading to the royal capital were largely cultivators. Visiting this market would help him better understand cultivation.

Ding Bu'Er pointed to the sea, "Isn't it right there?"

Mo Wuji glared at Ding Bu'Er, "Seawater is salty, you want me to wash up there?"

Ding Bu'Er laughed, "Who said that seawater must always be salty? This is a freshwater sea. Don't you see many people showering there?"

Freshwater sea? There was no freshwater sea back in Earth. At least Mo Wuji did not know of any. But the universe is vast and there were many planets. There were many things he did not know.

...

Half an hour later, Mo Wuji and Ding Bu'Er appeared in the Makeshift Market.

Looking around, there was an intense flow of people. Shouting and loud peddling could be heard. It was a really lively scene.

"Wuji, do you see that? Elixirs we would not usually see are actually in abundance here. Of course, the prices are outrageously high. The cheapest ones already cost hundreds of gold coins, and the mediocre ones cost at least ten thousand gold coins. I even saw a Clear Sight Fruit selling for 500 thousand gold coins... Right there, where everyone is gathering at. I think it still hasn't been sold." Ding Bu'Er pointed at a crowd not far away.

"Let's go over and see," Mo Wuji hurried over.

Mo Wuji and Ding Bu'Er joined the crowd and saw a man with an extremely hostile looking face. In front of him, was a big square stone. On that stone, was a clear, transparent glass bottle. In that glass bottle, was a fruit the size of a baby's fist.

The fruit was also crystal clear. In fact, Mo Wuji would have thought it was a crystal if not for the leaf growing on it.

"My friend, your price of 500 thousand gold coins is too outrageous. I am willing to offer you 200 thousand gold coins. That's the highest I can offer you," A hunch backed man said.

The owner of the Clear Sight Fruit did not say anything, as though he did not hear the offer.

"Why don't you say something," The hunched back man said in a

heavier tone.

The hostile looking man's eyes fell on the hunched back man, "You took nearly an hour to raise your offer from 150 thousand gold coins to 200 thousand gold coins. You can slowly take more time to increase your offer. Don't ask me to say anything because I will not accept anything less than 500 thousand."

Back in Dan Han Drug Refinery, Mo Wuji read a lot of books and could be considered rather knowledgeable. However, he had never seen the Clear Sight Fruit before.

The hunched back man sneered, "The Clear Sight Fruit can be refined into the Clear Sight Pill, and even the Clear Sight Pill itself might only be worth 500 thousand. Eating the fruit alone can also enhance your eyesight, but the effects are a lot lower than the pill. Friend, you need to learn when to be content."

"I heard that consuming this fruit can allow one to see anything within 100m clearly even on a dark, moonless night," Ding Bu'Er whispered into Mo Wuji's ear.

Mo Wuji took in a deep breath; the effects of this fruit were so strong? Then this fruit is definitely worth more than 500 thousand gold coins. If he had 500 thousand gold coins, he would not bargain and directly purchase the fruit.

Mo Wuji suddenly remembered that he also had a spiritual ingredient on him - the Two-leaved Fire Grass. Previously, he only gave two to Han Ning, so he had one strain for himself.

However, he did not know the purpose of the Two-leaved Fire Grass and whether it was worth as much as the Clear Sight Fruit.

Something's not right... This fruit was so valuable, why would this hostile looking man be willing to sell it? He's even selling it before reaching the royal capital even though it could be sold for a much higher price there. Most of the people here were simply house attendants, it would be really hard for him to find someone with enough money to buy his fruit.

"I definitely want this fruit, but I don't have that much gold coins on me..." A voice came from afar.

An invisible, powerful force pushed Mo Wuji and Ding Bu'Er directly to the side. A clear path appeared within the crowd and along came a man carrying a sword on his back.

There was a small sword embroidered in gold by the corner of his clothes.

"Sir Immortal, are you from the Ancient Sword Gate?" The hostile looking man suddenly asked in an excited tone.

The man carrying the sword on his back nodded, "That's right, I'm Fei Kaichang from the Ancient Sword Gate."

After hearing that sentence, the hostile looking man hurriedly passed the glass bottle over to the man. His voice trembled as he

said, "Junior's name is Yan An. I have long admired the Ancient Sword Gate and I would really like to present Senior Fei with this Clear Sight Fruit. I just hope that..."

Fei Kaichang raised his hand and interrupted Yan An's words, "When we reach Chang Luo, I can pass you the gold coins. I don't have that much clout to get you into the Ancient Sword Gate."

Obviously, he knew what Yan An's intentions were and stopped him in advance.

Yan An hurriedly said, "Junior doesn't need to be an official disciple. I will be satisfied if I can be an outer disciple or even a service disciple in the Ancient Sword Gate."

Mo Wuji finally understood. This guy wasn't intending on selling the Clear Sight Fruit. He just wanted to use it as an opportunity to enter a sect. Perhaps he knew that his spiritual roots might not be good enough to get him into a sect during the Spring Immortal's Gate.

What an opportunistic man. Even if it wasn't a disciple from the Ancient Sword Gate but a disciple from another sect, he would say the same thing.

That's not right, what if someone directly offered him the 500 thousand gold coins to buy his fruit?

Fei Kaichang nodded and casually took out a wooden plaque and

passed it to Yan An, "This is my personal plaque. When you reach Chang An, you can directly report to the Ancient Sword Gate service department."

"Yes, Sir Immortal!' Under the envying gaze of the crowd, Yan An put the wooden plaque away.

Chapter 35: The Female Slave

As the crowd dispersed, Ding Bu'Er sighed to Mo Wuji, "Ai, I finally understand why the little miss wanted us to find the Two-leaved Fire Grass. She definitely wanted to use it as a gift for an immortal. If only you kept a strain for yourself, then maybe you might be able to use it to exchange it for a service disciple position in a big sect."

Mo Wuji laughed and whispered, "I really did keep a strain for myself. But the value of the Two-leaved Fire Grass cannot be compared to the Clear Sight Fruit. If casually coming out with a low grade spiritual ingredient can make you a service disciple, then there will be far too many service disciples."

Ding Bu'Er nodded his head, "That's true."

"I want Number 17. I bid 20 gold coins."

"Number 17, 23 gold coins."

...

The loud sound of an auction travelled into Mo Wuji's ears. He curiously looked over and subconsciously asked, "There's an auction? I wonder what are they auctioning?"

Ding Bu'Er said, "I've seen it already, they are actually selling female slaves. I heard that each female slave that is sold is more

beautiful than the last, and they are all virgins! This company specially shipped them over to sell to the geniuses participating in the Spring Immortal's Gate."

Mo Wuji asked puzzledly, "Aren't the participants only allowed to bring four house attendants? How will they bring the female slaves up the ship?"

"Here's where you don't understand. We still have some time before the ship departs. Naturally, these rich children would need some fun and company for these few days. Do you want to see?" Ding Bu'Er laughed.

"Forget about it," Mo Wuji shook his head. He was extremely triggered by the sale of women but he was far too powerless to stop it. There's no point going over only to make himself feel more unhappy.

"Congratulations to this friend who bought number 17 at the price of 25 gold coins. We will now be selling number 26. Everyone, please take note. Number 26 is not worse than number 17. In fact, she is even more delicate and prettier than number 17. There's even an additional selling point: she was actually born from nobility; I heard that she is a descendant from the Northern Qin's Mo Clan..."

Mo Wuji stopped in his tracks and looked towards the auction; both his hands were clenched tightly into fists.

Even though his soul was not from the Northern Qin Mo Clan,

his blood was. Furthermore, he also had the surname Mo.

Before Ding Bu'Er could say anything, Mo Wuji had already hastily rushed over to the auction site.

Ding Bu'Er was clear about Mo Wuji's past. Seeing Mo Wuji's angry face, he was worried that Mo Wuji might do something rash so he quickly rushed over.

"Wuji, this is not a place where you can fool around. Here, we can be easily crushed like ants," Ding Bu'Er grabbed Mo Wuji's arms and said.

Mo Wuji calmly said, "I know what to do."

"I bid 35 gold coins..." A man, who looked like a little dwarf, shouted.

"Oh, the taste of nobility... It must be delicious, I bid 40 gold coins," an obscene voice sounded out.

Mo Wuji had seen the female slave. There was a trace of anger and despair in her eyes as her ankle was cruelly tied by an iron chain. The obese salesman was right; this was a very beautiful girl. Her green dress was neat and clean, this was clearly to sell her for some extra gold.

"100 gold coins," Mo Wuji said coolly.

His heart was burning in anger. He desperately wanted to pull out a knife to the fatty.

But his rationality told him that rashness is a demon. He could only use gold to solve this problem. If not, he would die a worse death than that fatty. The girl he wanted to save might even have it worse.

The noisy crowd suddenly calmed down. Since the start of the auction, the highest price offered had never entered the hundreds. The previous offers of 35 gold coins and 40 gold coins were already very high. Ah, this guy must be a prodigal to pay 100 gold coins for a female slave. He could have bought many slaves at that price.

Due to Mo Wuji's bid of 100 gold coins, the crowd became quiet. But all of a sudden, someone abruptly bid 101 gold coins, "This girl's not bad, I bid 101 gold coins."

This new bid was like throwing firecrackers into the crowd; the crowd instantly became enlivened and people started to bid higher prices.

Mo Wuji looked at the guy who bid 101 gold coins. He was holding a paper fan, his hair was gelled to the point where he can see his own reflection. Mo Wuji did not even know him and why he wanted to compete with him.

"1000 gold coins," Mo Wuji was in no mood to haggle and he directly raised his bid by 10 times.

When the obese salesman heard the 1000 gold coin bid, he was so excited, even his fats were trembling. Even 10 slaves would not sell for this price; how could he not be excited? But he still looked at the man holding the paper fan. He wanted to two of them to start a bidding war so that he could earn more gold coins.

The crowd became even more excited. It was really incredible to see a female slave being sold for 1000 gold coins.

"This brat has some guts to try and steal my woman. 1001 gold coins! Let's see if you dare bid again," The man folded his fan and stared fiercely at Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji acted as though he did not hear the man's threats and directly called out, "1001 gold coins... and 1 copper coin."

"You..." The man pointed his fan towards Mo Wuji. Mo Wuji's current bid an obvious slap to his face.

Not only did Mo Wuji not shut up under his threat, he directly added 1 copper coin.

This wasn't simply slapping him in the face; it was slapping him in the face multiple times with a studded glove on.

Hearing Mo Wuji add a copper coin, the obese salesman's fat face twitched a few times and his gaze landed on the man with the paper fan. He hoped that the man would be angered and raise the

price in rage.

Unfortunately, his anger ended at pointing his fan at Mo Wuji and he did not continue bidding. As the obese salesman counted to 3, the man with the paper fan did not respond and only fiercely stared at Mo Wuji.

"Congratulations my friend, you have purchased this Northern Qin female slave for 1001 gold coins and 1 copper coin."

"Who said I'm not bidding? Your father here bids 2000 gold coins," the man with the paper fan stared at the obese salesman and shouted.

Chapter 36: The Mo Clan's Girl

After the offer of 2000 gold coins was made, the obese salesman was so shocked that his fats trembled and jiggled again. He wanted to slap himself for not waiting longer before closing the deal.

No, he would absolutely not let this additional 1000 gold coins slip away from him. This thought made him shout with excitement, "Someone offered 2000 gold coins. Is anyone willing to offer more..."

Before he could finish his sentence, he felt something icy cold pressed against his neck. He subconsciously bowed his head down and saw a sharp, shiny white knife placed dangerously close.

"You ... you better hurry and let me go... we are at the assembly point of the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference, how dare you attack me here?" The obese salesman initially stumbled on his words but soon spoke with confidence when he realised that Mo Wuji would not dare to do anything rash to him.

Mo Wuji was the one holding the knife against his neck. The crowd was surprised to see that Mo Wuji had made a move. To act violently here was simply not treasuring one's own life.

Mo Wuji laughed and said, "Fatty, you just agreed to my offer previously. We had a verbal contract between us. You and I both know that we should never go back on our word. Even you know that we are at the assembly point of the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference. If one of the immortal masters found out that you

started an unethical business here and went back on your word, isn't that considered being ignorant of the rules put in place here? Tearing this verbal contract between us at this assembly point, do you know what will happen to you then?"

Mo Wuji paused intentionally before sneering, "I am afraid you might not live to spend the money you earned. I do not even have to kill you personally. I just need to report to one of the immortal masters here."

Mo Wuji put down his knife after finishing his sentence and looked at the obese salesman with disdain.

The obese salesman broke out in a cold sweat. Mo Wuji was right. If Mo Wuji did not pursue this matter, he would be fine. But why would someone as daring as Mo Wuji not pursue this matter especially after he suffered such a loss? The obese salesman forgot about the danger when his greed for the gold coins overwhelmed him.

He definitely could not act shamelessly in front of so many people. If he did that, he would be granting himself a death wish.

"Ah ah, I'm sorry I made a mistake here. I was blinded by the money and I forgot I already made a deal with you," the obese salesman smiled gently and handed Mo Wuji the key to the girl's chain. His life was more valuable compared to the 1000 gold coins of profit that he would have made.

Mo Wuji grunted, unlocked the chain and threw both the chain

and key away. At the same time, he took 1001 gold coins and 1 copper coin from his pocket and handed it over to the obese salesman.

If it was not to save this girl who might have been from his clan, he definitely would not have agreed so easily. Even if he were to purchase her, he would fork out at most 50 to 100 gold coins.

After seeing this fatty try to sell a descendant from the Northern Qin's Mo Clan, Mo Wuji did not intend on letting him go so easily.

The face of the man with the paper fan turned gloomy. However, he did not dare to challenge the rules of the system at the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference. All he could do was to watch helplessly as Mo Wuji took the girl from the obese salesman.

The obese salesman hurried over to the man with the paper fan and said politely, "Mister, I have even better ones over here. Number 31 does not only look beautiful, but is very proficient in a variety of musical rhythms. Compared to the rest, number 31 is the best one I've got here..."

"Is that true? You have an even better one yet you did not offer it to me earlier? I want number 31 too. My offer is 1000 gold coins," Mo Wuji said without waiting for the man with the paper fan to respond.

The man with the paper fan did not react after being humiliated by Mo Wuji previously because he did not want to challenge the rules of the system in the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference.

However, Mo Wuji was still trying to humiliate him with this offer for number 31. He would not let this pass as he did not believe Mo Wuji could compete with his wealth.

"2000 gold coins," The man with the paper fan said arrogantly while staring at Mo Wuji with disdain.

The obese salesman was stunned as the two men started bidding for number 31 even before he put her on offer. He became really pleased when he realised this was his chance to earn big.

"3000 gold coins," Mo Wuji shouted out casually.

"5000."

"6000..."

"10 thousand gold coins!" The man with the paper fan's blood was boiling as he did not expect a small fry like Mo Wuji to be so arrogant.

Mo Wuji saw a slightly older man whisper some words to the man with the paper fan. The man with the paper fan then became a little less angsty and did not look as crazy as he was.

"Not bad, you are a rich Lord indeed. I cannot compete with you any further," Mo Wuji pulled the girl he just purchased and said to a completely stunned Ding Bu'Er, "Bu'Er, we are leaving."

At this moment, the man realised Mo Wuji was out to annoy him. He was so angry that the veins on his forehead turned green and he just wanted to order someone to grab Mo Wuji immediately. It was a pity that this place was not under his monarchy so he dared not to do such things.

"Jia Jing, pay him," The man with the paper fan grunted and left without even taking a look at how number 31 looked like.

The one who benefitted the most was the obese salesman. Just selling off these two slaves earned him a year or two worth of profits.

...

"Wuji, the fatty is not a good person too. Although you managed to pit yourself against the irritating fellow, you let the fatty earn a lot from these transactions," Ding Bu'Er said to Mo Wuji.

Mo laughed, "I let him earn a lot? He he, we'll talk about it when we go back."

How dare he put a member of the Mo Clan for sale as a female slave? Mo Wuji considered the fatty dead from the very beginning. He dared to offer a high price only because he was not afraid to pay.

"I will go visit Brother Zhenyi and Aunt Eleven, you can go back

first, " Ding Bu'er took the initiative to leave as he realised Mo Wuji might have things to say to the girl.

Mo Wuji brought the girl to the tent and proceeded to set it up.

The girl stared vigilantly at Mo Wuji because Mo Wuji, the man with the paper fan and the obese salesman were the same type of people she hated.

"What is your name?" Mo Wuji did not bother about her vigilant stares as he sat down.

"Mo Xiangtong," The girl continued looking at Mo Wuji vigilantly after saying her name.

"How do you address the Northern Qin Prefecture Lord Mo Tiancheng?" Mo Wuji continued questioning her.

Mo Xiangtong was not surprised as everyone knew that she was born in Northern Qin, "Lord Tiancheng is my uncle, my father and him are cousins."

Mo Wuji looked surprisingly at Mo Xiangtong. Who knew that Mo Xiangtong was actually one generation older than him. He should actually address her as Aunt Xiangtong.

"My name is Mo Wuji, Mo Tiancheng happened to be my grandfather. This is so you understand why I wanted to save you," Mo Wuji explained emotionally.

Mo Xiangtong appeared even more shocked than Mo Wuji after he said that. She hesitated before asking, "Are you the young Lord..."

Mo Wuji laughed bitterly, "What young Lord, technically, i am the only direct descendant of the Lord. However, the position of the Northern Qin Prefecture Lord no longer belongs to the Mo Clan."

Mo Xiangtong's entire body trembled as her eyes turned red and tears started pouring out.

Chapter 37: Extinction

"Luo An's Mo Clan's gone...They're all dead..." Mo Xiangtong said with a face covered in tears. She did not continue to speak and continued to cry.

"The incident has already passed. You can take your time and talk." Mo Wuji pulled Mo Xiangtong up and sat her on a chair. The Luo An which Mo Xiangtong mentioned was the capital of the Northern Qin Prefecture. As the prefectural royal family, the Mo Clan stayed in Luo An.

Mo Wuji would not dare inquire about the Mo Clan in front of others, but he naturally did not have such concerns with Mo Xiangtong.

Mo Xiangtong continued to sob, but she endured her grief as she said, " Four years ago, the Mo Clan was dragged into the assassination of the Northern Qin Prefecture Lord..."

"Wait... isn't the Mo Clan from the Northern Qin Royal Family? Why would it be involved in the assassination of the Northern Qin Prefecture Lord?" Mo Wuji interrupted Mo Xiangtong and asked puzzledly.

Mo Xiangtong shook her head, "Four years ago, our Mo Clan was no longer the Northern Qin Royal Family. The Ju Clan is now the new Northern Qin Royal Family. After the previous prefecture lord disappeared, Ju Xufeng took over as the new lord under the instigations of the Cheng Yu State Lord. However, during his

rounds, he was assassinated by a member of the Mo Clan. The Mo assassin was killed on the spot and nine generations of the Mo Clan were ordered to be executed..."

Mo Wuji's face turned gloomy. A Mo Clan member assassinated the acting Prefecture Lord? Isn't this excuse too ridiculous? What a sinister plot, even nine generations were to be killed, this was a bit too much.

"How did you escape? When they found you, why didn't they kill you?" Mo Wuji looked at Mo Xiangtong in doubt.

Mo Xiangtong said in an aggrieved tone, "That year when the old prefecture lord disappeared, your parents departed for Rao Zhou to inherit the throne. But there was never news from them, and all the Mo Clan members we dispatched to Rao Zhou also disappeared."

Hearing this, Mo Wuji finally understood why no one from the Mo Clan came to Rao Zhou. From the looks of it, they were all assassinated the moment they left Luo An. A Mo Clan member who left for Rao Zhou was a dead Mo Clan member. During that time, Ju Xufeng had taken over as the prefecture lord and the Ju Clan finally had the power to deal with the Mo Clan.

"Because of the increasing number of disappearances, the Mo patriarch ordered every Mo Clan member to stay in Luo An. Four years ago, I was just 15 years old. I was really pampered so I decided to take the risk and leave Luo An to see the world. On the second day I left, the Mo Clan got involved in the assassination and all nine generations were exterminated. When I heard the news, I did

not dare return to Luo An, so I decided to go to Rao Zhou to find your father..."

Mo Xiangtong seemed to recall her painful and helpless days, "To survive I did many things: I stole, I begged, I even ate weeds and leaves..."

Mo Wuji suddenly felt a tinge of regret. He should have offered help to the little girl who tried to steal from him. Who knows whether she might have been another survivor from the Mo Clan.

"I lived like that for over two years until a kind family took me in as their little miss's maidservant. But it all ended three months ago. The family might have offended someone they should not have, and those people suddenly came and killed all the way to our doorsteps. The whole family was killed and only the little miss and I survived. They spared us to earn a bit of extra cash; the little miss and I were sold to a brothel.

This obese salesman was a partner of that brothel. He really knows how to do business. He said that with the opening of the Spring Immortal's Gate, many rich and esteemed people would gather here and maybe buy some female slaves. After they're done with us, they would abandon us here, and the obese salesman would just take us back to the brothel..."

"Pa..." Mo Wuji slapped the table angrily, "How vicious!"

It didn't matter whether he was referring to the obese salesman or the people who killed the little miss's entire family.

Having said that, Mo Wu suddenly remembered, "What happened to that lady?"

"She's called Jing Lengbei. She was that number 31. Wuji, can you find some ways to save her..." Mo Xiangtong looked at Mo Wuji expectantly with tears in her eyes. She could figure out that Mo Wuji was here under the identity of a house attendant but she still hoped that a miracle could happen. Maybe that man with the paper fan appreciated Mo Wuji's guts and was willing to accept his requests.

"We can talk about this later. Just wait for me here," Mo Wuji finished his sentence and left hurriedly out of the tent before Mo Xiangtong could even respond. The saving grace that the Jing Clan had given to Mo Xiangtong by taking her in had to be repaid. He had to hurry before that Jing Lengbei got tainted by that fool.

Mo Wuji saw Ding Bu'Er from afar and hurriedly walked towards him, "Bu'Er, did you find out about the guy I was competing with?"

Ding Bu'Er thought that Mo Wuji was worried and answered urgently, "I just investigated. That guy is the prefecture prince of the Xuan Liang Prefecture. His name is Tuo Baqi and he stays in the same inn as our little miss. He has an explosive temper and is very vengeful. We don't have to worry about him now, but when we get on the ship, we will have to be careful. I heard that the immortal masters don't care if people get killed on the ship."

"I understand. Bu'Er, can you get another tent? I need to find the

little miss," Mo Wuji hastily said the last sentence and rushed towards the inn.

Hearing that Mo Wuji was going to find Han Ning, Ding Bu'Er was no longer worried. Mo Wuji probably wanted Han Ning to help him pay a visit to that Tuo Baqi so that he wouldn't do anything unscrupulous.

"Stop, you're not a guest here, you're not allowed in," the inn's doorman stopped Mo Wuji. He recognised Mo Wuji as the person who got chased away by the Cao Hao that little prince.

Mo Wuji politely cupped his fists, "I'm here to look for my little miss. You can't possibly not allow me from meeting my little miss, right?"

The doorman hesitated. What Mo Wuji said made sense; as a house attendant, shouldn't he be allowed to report to his little miss?

When he was about to respond, Mo Wuji stuffed a gold coin into his hands, "Brother, please make an exception. I'm not staying for long, I won't be making things difficult for you."

The doorman was already prepared to let Mo Wuji in. Seeing Mo Wuji take out the gold coin, he no longer hesitated and said, "Just go in. Remember to come out soon."

Mo Wuji thanked him unceasingly. Just when he was about to

enter the inn, he seemed to recall something, and whispered in the doorman's ears, "Brother, I heard that the Xuan Liang Prefecture Prince just bought a stunning female slave?"

The doorman laughed and gave Mo Wuji a knowing look, and whispered, "Brother, we're really the same kind of people. That female slave is really not bad. She had a beautiful goose egg face. And her big chest! Oh... I wonder what will holding them feel like..."

The doorman slipped into his perverted fantasies.

"I wonder where does that fellow stay. His neighbours are sure to complain about the loud noise, " Mo Wuji spoke in the same obscene tone as the doorman.

The doorman laughed, "You don't have to worry about that. That little prince stays in room number 17. Right next to it is a big patio."

"What a lucky man. Well, I got to go report to my little miss," Mo Wuji said casually and hurried into the inn.

Chapter 38: The Rescue

Room number 17 was indeed next to a patio. It was located in a relatively remote area on the second level.

Mo Wuji reached into his thigh pocket to feel for his knife. He wanted to stun Tuo Baqi by attacking first to make him unconscious before sneaking Jing Lengbei out of there. He believed that as long as he did not murder Tuo Baqi, the immortal masters would never conduct a thorough investigation for a missing female slave. As Tuo Baqi was about to board the ship, he probably wouldn't investigate or send people to search for her due to the lack of time.

Mo Wuji had already made backup plans for instances such as the encounter with Hu Fei previously. In the event that Tuo Baqi was very powerful and Mo Wuji could not knock him unconscious, he would kill him and quickly escape. Whether he killed Tuo Baqi or not would have led to two very different outcomes. If he really did kill Tuo Baqi, Mo Wuji would have to leave immediately.

"Young Prince, the fellow is ready to leave. When we were competing with that b*stard, all the other slaves he brought became so popular and were all sold out very quickly. When I went over, he was already packing his belongings. My guess is that he will be leaving very soon," Mo Wuji heard the conversation very clearly as he hid below a window in the corner.

Mo Wuji did not expect somebody else to be in Tuo Baqi's room. His initial guess was that an arrogant, domineering prince like Tuo Baqi would have his own room. If there really was two people in

the room, there would be problems with his plan.

Tuo Baqi sneered and said, " Does he really think he can get away safely having taken my money? Jia Jing, bring the two others with you to get the gold coins back and finish him off. Do it when he's further away from here. Do it cleanly and don't leave any evidence behind."

Mo Wuji did not expect Tuo Baqi to think the same way as himself. He was planning to kill the obese salesman after he left this place. If Mo Wuji did not sneak in here, he would not have realised that the obese salesman planned to leave so quickly.

"Young master, I will take my leave then. Do not worry, I will get the gold coins back," the man called Jia Jing sounded off and then Mo Wuji heard the squeaking sound of the door.

Mo Wuji knocked on the door when the sound of the footsteps disappeared completely.

"Who is it?" Tuo Baqi asked.

Mo Wuji imitated Jia Jing's voice and said softly, " Young master, I thought of a better idea. Shall I come in and discuss it with you?"

Mo Wuji originally planned to enter through the window but after hearing Jia Jing's voice, he changed his plan.

"Squeak..." The door opened again.

Mo Wuji entered the room as fast as he could and hit Tuo Baqi in the temple with a punch.

Tuo Baqi would have never expected Jia Jing to knock him out and before he recognised that it was Mo Wuji, he heard a humming sound from the back of his head and was knocked unconscious.

Mo Wuji felt relieved as he locked the door. He then retrieved a bottle of solution and poured it into Tuo Baqi's mouth. He was sure the solution would leave Tuo Baqi unconscious for an entire day.

Finishing what he needed to do, Mo Wuji finally took a good look at the girl sitting by the side. He realised that the obese salesman really did not exaggerate her beauty.

This girl was indeed prettier than Mo Xiangtong. She had shoulder length hair, a goose egg face and skin that looked as smooth as cream. Although she looked stunned, she looked more surprised at Mo Wuji as she did not understand how Mo Wuji was so daring.

"Are you Jing Lengbei?" Mo Wuji asked as he took out a black scarf from his pocket.

The girl stood up immediately and looked even more surprisingly at Mo Wuji, "How do you know my name? I have not told anyone my name even though i was being trafficked. No one even bothered to know my name. All I was given was a number."

"Let's not waste time. I was entrusted by Mo Xiangtong to save you. Put on this scarf and come with me now. I will distract the doorman downstairs and block his line of sight while you leave the inn. Then wait for me outside," Mo Wuji said while handing her the black scarf.

"Ah, Xiangtong..." Jing Lengbei understood the situation very quickly. Maybe she clicked well with people from the Mo Clan. She did not enquire anymore as she quickly put on the scarf Mo Wuji handed her.

It was not difficult working with her as Mo Wuji said in a low voice, "Follow me but remember to stay a distance away from me. When you see me talking to the doorman, that's your cue."

"Understood," Jing Lengbei nodded as her voice trembled. She did not know whether she was anxious or afraid.

Mo Wuji closed Tuo Baqi's door on the way out. If it was not for the immortal masters, he would have sliced Tuo Baqi's throat. If he were to kill him here, the immortal masters would investigate and find him in no time.

Jing Lengbei followed behind Mo Wuji from a distance. She saw Mo Wuji as he patted the shoulders of the doorman at the lobby and had a great time laughing with him.

She did not know how Mo Wuji managed to do it. But she lowered her head and hurried out of the inn's lobby.

"I did not expect little miss to be sleeping causing you not being able to meet her. No worries, you can go up directly next time you're here," the inn's doorman felt embarrassed that he accepted Mo Wuji's gold coin but yet Mo Wuji did not manage to meet with little miss.

Mo Wuji smiled and thanked him as he saw Jing Lengbei leaving," All right, I will take my leave first. I am not very welcomed here by a certain someone anyway."

The doorman was very entertained by Mo Wuji's humour and even walked him out to the exit.

Mo Wuji heaved a sigh of relief after they both left the inn. Fortunately, he did not have to resort to killing Tuo Baqi. Mo Wuji saw Jing Lengbei waiting far away for him therefore he hurried over to her side and said to her, "Follow me."

There were a lot of people around this area, therefore no one would suspect anything as they walked past.

After half a quarter of an hour, Mo Wuji brought Jing Lengbei back to the tent. Ding Bu'Er was still setting up the new tent as he was ordered.

"Xiangtong, is that really you?" Jing Lengbei felt relieved the moment she saw Mo Xiangtong as she knew that Mo Wuji had not lied to her.

"Sister Bei, you are okay, I am so glad..." Mo Xiangtong's eyes were still reddish. It looked as though she cried again after Mo Wuji left.

She then recalled and wondered how Mo Wuji rescued Jing Lengbei, "Wuji, how did you manage to rescue Sister Bei? You did not kill anyone right?"

Even she knew it was very hard to get away with murder in this place and therefore she knew they needed to leave immediately if he really did kill him.

"We will leave now. We can discuss the details later," Mo Wuji said in a hurry.

He did not have the means nor the ability to bring both Mo Xiangtong and Jing Lengbei to the royal capital, as even he did not get his own slot easily.

"Brother Mo, after hearing from Bu'Er, I knew what you were up to. How dare you commit such a crime. Did you really kill Tuo Baqi?" Yuan Zhenyi asked as he, Aunt Eleven and Ding Bu'Er appeared at the entrance of the tent.

Chapter 39: The Pursuit

"Oh, Brother Yuan, Aunt Eleven, you're here. I didn't kill him, I merely knocked him out. This is my aunt, Mo Xiangtong, and this is her friend, Jing Lengbei. I was just getting ready to help them escape," Mo Wuji said without hiding anything.

Yuan Zhenyi heaved a sigh of relief, "That's good. As long as you didn't kill him, it's fine. Come, I'll help you."

Mo Wuji hesitated before saying, "Actually, there's still something else I want to do before we leave. I want to kill that damned slave trader who sold my aunt..."

Mo Xiangtong suddenly sounded out, "Wuji, please call me Xiangtong. I'm younger than you so it makes me feel uncomfortable when you call me your aunt."

Actually, Mo Wuji also felt uncomfortable calling Mo Xiangtong his aunt. Afterall, he was not Mo Xinghe, but a reborned Mo Wuji.

Yuan Zhenyi laughed, "You didn't need to hesitate to tell me. Of course I'll help you. It will be a bit hard, but Aunt Eleven and I will help you kill him. But don't underestimate these businessmen, some of them are rich enough to hire guards much stronger than us."

"I will go too," Ding Bu'Er hurriedly said.

Mo Wuji waved his hands and stopped Ding Bu'Er, "Bu'Er, you need to stay here. At least if something bad happens to us, someone knows of this matter. Aunt Eleven, please stay too; having too many people would make things more complicated."

"Wuji is right, the two of us are enough. Bu'Er and Aunt Eleven will stay behind. Even if that businessman has some friends, there still won't be enough people for me to kill," Yuan Zhenyi said laughingly.

However, Aunt Eleven waved her hand and said, "I won't stay, I will help bring Xiangtong and Lengbei away. Xiangtong and Lengbei are plain, normal girls. You'll need someone to take care of them and protect them."

Mo Xiangtong hurriedly interjected, "I lived in the wilderness for two years. I know how to survive and take care of myself."

Aunt Eleven laughed and said, "That may be true, but what will you do if you meet some bandits?"

Yuan Zhenyi nodded, "Aunt Eleven is right. With her methods, it would be far too easy for her to destroy a band of bandits."

"Won't this take away Aunt Eleven's opportunity to go to the royal capital? How about this, I will take them away," Mo Wuji said guiltily.

Ultimately, Mo Xiangtong was his aunt, he should be the one

sending her off. To be honest, he did not actually intend to send them off personally. After all, he could not bear to lose this precious opportunity to go to the royal capital. He did not realise it, but he did not actually treat Mo Xiangtong as his aunt. If it was Yan'Er, he would leave with her regardless of the difficulty.

Aunt Eleven laughed, "Wuji, I used to think that Zhenyi was my only true friend who did not feel the need to act chauvinistic in front of me. However, after our drinks last night, I'm glad I met you too..."

At this moment, Aunt Eleven suddenly said softly, "How many people in life truly know you... How many friendships actually survive... Isn't being able to befriend someone like you worth more than this favour of mine? Furthermore, I'm already old and I don't have spiritual roots. It's okay if I don't go to the royal capital. That slave trader can thank his lucky stars; this old lady will no longer be playing with him."

Since Aunt Eleven had already said that much, anything Mo Wuji said would simply be hypocritical. Sometimes, the word 'friend' can be as heavy as mountains. If Aunt Eleven ever needed his help in the future, he would not hesitate to help her.

He said earnestly, "Aunt Eleven, you, Zhenyi and Bu'Er will always be my best friends."

Mo Wuji had gone through life and death, and he only knew a few true friends.

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"Thump!" Jing Lengbei suddenly kneeled down and sobbingly said, "Sir Mo, after you catch that man, please help me find out who destroyed my Jing Clan."

Mo Wuji signalled Mo Xiangtong to pull Jing Lengbei up and said, "You can rest assure that I will definitely do so."

Having said that, he looked at Mo Xiangtong and asked, "Do you know the origins of the new Northern Qin Prefecture Lord from the Ju Clan?"

"After Ju Xufeng got assassinated, Ju Xuhuo took over. His sister, Ju Caiyun, was the Cheng Yu State Lord Situ Qian's favourite concubine. But I heard that Situ Qian has a new favourite concubine and Ju Caiyin has gone out of favour..."

Mo Xiangtong only said a few sentences, but Mo Wuji completely understood the gist of the entire issue. No wonder the Mo Clan lost the Northern Qin Prefecture throne. Situ Qian that old fox, I will deal with you someday.

At the same time, Mo Wuji understood why he was lucky enough to escape Situ Qian's chopping knife. It was probably because Ju Caiyun had gone out of favour. Since she had gone out of favour, Situ Qian naturally wouldn't care about the issues regarding the Northern Qin Prefecture. By the time the new Prefecture Lord Ju Xuhuo heard about Mo Wuji, it was already too late. Mo Wuji was sure that if he had stayed in Rao Zhou for a little longer, he would

have met with disaster.

But then, who was the one who wanted to poison him?

"Let's hurry before we miss the opportunity," Mo Wuji put those thoughts aside and said. He knew that Tuo Baqi had sent people to kill that obese salesman. [It's best if Zhenyi and him could be the lucky third party.](#)

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Even though it was already dusk, the seaside was still bustling and full of life. Mo Wuji, Yuan Zhenyi, Aunt Eleven, Jing Lengbei and Mo Xiangtong each held a horse and walked within the crowd. No one even cared about them.

"Just right, that guy's leaving. Wow, he actually has quite a few guards," Yuan Zhenyi looked at a faraway horse carriage and laughed.

After the horse carriage left the crowd of people, Yuan Zhenyi immediately said, "Come, let's catch up to them."

Mo Wuji stopped Yuan Zhenyi, "Zhenyi, wait. Tuo Baqi already sent men to follow him. We just need to wait and be the lucky third party."

"Ha Ha..." Yuan Zhenyu laughed. "That guy is really looking for death. He is so bold to leave this safe place just because he thinks

that he has enough guards. He's simply looking forward to his next life."

Mo Wuji laughed coldly, "He's not looking forward to his next life; he's just looking forward to earn a bit of money. In two days, the ship for the Spring Immortal's Conference will arrive. He wants to seize these two days to sell more female slaves. I'm sure, if nothing happens to him, he will be back tomorrow. This is what a greedy man would do."

If this obese salesman was contented with the money he made, and only left

after the ship has sailed off, he would continue living his fat, hedonistic life. Even if Mo Wuji wanted to kill him, he would not waste his chance to go to the royal capital just to do that.

Sure enough, it did not take long before Mo Wuji saw Jia Jing bring two men to follow the obese salesman.

"We can go now," Mo Wuji said after confirming that there was no one else.

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After two hours, Yuan Zhenyi suddenly did a hand gesture, stopping the five's advance, "Something's happening in front. Quickly gag your horses and walk carefully."

Mo Wuji used his ears and listened hard. Only with great effort, did he manage to hear the sound of people fighting. He could not help but have a newfound admiration for Yuan Zhenyi.

"Wuji, we're in a windy place, and you've never cultivated before. You wouldn't be able to hear anything. It's okay to just follow Zhenyi," Seeing Mo Wuji concentrating his ears, Aunt Eleven laughed and said.

Mo Wuji knew that Aunt Eleven was not lying. The reason why he could hear the fighting was because he had already opened a meridian.

The original Chinese text is: 做渔翁. It is an adaptation of the idiom, 鹬蚌相争, 渔翁得利. So... the stork and the clam fight, and they both end up getting heavily injured. Ultimately, it was a third party, the fisherman (渔翁) who gained from their fight.

Chapter 40: Separation

After another 20 minutes or so, with Yuan Zhenyi leading the way, everyone managed to creep behind a hill. The aid of the moonlight allowed them to observe the fight in good visibility.

As they witnessed the fight, Mo Wuji realised how ridiculous his intention to assassinate the obese salesman in the dark alone was. Even though there were already seven to eight casualties below, the obese salesman did have one very powerful guard. He was currently fighting against two others, out of whom, one was Jia Jing.

Jia Jing came with two others at first, however, one of them had already been killed.

"I was reckless. If I had come alone, I would never have succeeded in assassinating him," Mo Wuji sighed.

Yuan Zhenyi responded, "You can't be blamed for this. This salesman ain't easy to deal with. Normal salesmen would not hire such powerful guards for themselves."

After a few minutes, Jia Jing managed to put a knife through the remaining guard's shoulder. At the same moment, Jia Jing's companion was pierced through his waist by the guard's long sword.

Jia Jing and his companions were heavily wounded. Jia Jing followed up and sliced open the head of the obese salesman's only

remaining guard.

The obese salesman, who was severely wounded, sat by his horse carriage and did not even bother crying for help. He knew there was no point in crying for help anymore.

"Our turn," Yuan Zhenyi said with charisma and slid down the hill like a general.

Jia Jing, who just managed to behead his opponent, was extremely fatigued as he saw Yuan Zhenyi approaching.

"Dang!" After letting out a cry, Jia Jing took a few steps back and fell to the ground.

"Who are you? How dare you attack me? I am working for Xuan Liang's Prefecture Lord, I will let you go as long as..."

Jia Jing's words were interrupted as he saw Mo Wuji coming down from the hill.

He recognised Mo Wuji and the two ladies behind him, Mo Xiangtong and Jing Lengbei. At this juncture, he knew his life was over. Jing Lengbei's presence indicated that they even dared to attack the Lord, so why would they not dare to kill him?

"Pop! " As Jia Jing paused to think, Yuan Zhenyi swung his axe and split Jia Jing's head apart.

Yuan Zhenyi then proceeded on to the heavily wounded companion of Jia Jing and finished him off with his axe too.

Aunt Eleven laughed and said to Mo Wuji, "Wuji, there is no need for us to help him. Given Zhenyi's capabilities, these two soft leg shrimps ain't enough for him."

Although Mo Wuji had been through a life and death crisis in the Thunder Fog Forest, he had never witnessed such a bloody scene. For awhile, his senses could not adapt to it.

"Thank you my Lord, for the rescue. If not for your timely intervention, I would have lost my life. I am willing to give you all my assets to thank you for your life-saving grace..." Mo Wuji did not expect that the obese salesman would actually stand up and thank him for saving his life.

Mo Wuji could not believe that the fatty actually thought that he was here to save him. Mo Wuji could not help but admire this fatty's ignorance.

"Fatty, you are too optimistic. Let me ask you. Where did you find these two girls? Do not bother finding excuses or talk about conditions. If I am happy with your answer, I might give you a good time. If I am not satisfied, I will not kill you but skin you alive and retrieve your tendons."

"From a horse thief, Hei Weifeng, in a region in Wu Xue State..."

"So Hei Weifeng was the one that destroyed Jing Clan too?" Mo Wuji asked on behalf of Jing Lengbei as he saw her trembling beside him.

"I do not know. I really do not know," the fatty, Yong Yong, said repeatedly.

Mo Wuji looked at Jing Lengbei and said, "My guess is it was Hei Weifeng's doing. There is no point in asking anymore."

Jing Lengbei fell to the ground in tears. She had heard of Hei Weifeng's infamous name and his immoral acts before.

Mo Wuji used the knife in his hand and split Yong Yong's head apart too. The splashing fresh blood made him uncomfortable once again. However, he knew that there were some things that had to be done. The fact that the fatty trafficked these young girls made Mo Wuji extremely enraged, not to mention one of them was Mo Xiangtong.

Yuan Zhenyi retrieved the gold and silver coins from his body. In addition to some gold notes he managed to retrieve 16000 gold coins and a few thousand silver coins.

Yuan Zhenyi passed all the gold coins to Mo Wuji. This was Mo Wuji's idea after all.

Mo Wuji did not keep the gold coins. Instead, he took out an

additional 20000 gold notes to split the money into three portions for Aunt Eleven, Mo Xiangtong and Jing Lengbei, "Aunt Eleven, hurry up and bring them away from here."

"Understood," Aunt Eleven did not waste any more time and kept the gold notes.

Mo Xiangtong knew Mo Wuji wanted to go to the royal capital but was unable to bring her along. Coupled with the fact that Mo Wuji was also from the Mo Clan, she did not say much and just kept the gold coins. The hesitant Jing Lengbei realised that she might make Aunt Eleven unhappy if she rejected the money so she quietly kept the gold coins too.

"Wuji, in future..." Mo Xiangtong looked at Mo Wuji with some hesitation.

Mo Wuji said with a serious tone, "In future, if I have the ability, I will avenge the Mo Clan."

However, Mo Wuji did not mention that he would give up avenging if he was not capable enough.

"Let's go," Aunt Eleven said and mounted the horse. She was always very straightforward with whatever she said or did.

Jing Lengbei went up to Mo Wuji and Yuan Zhenyi, she bowed respectfully and mounted the horse without saying a word.

"I truly admire this Jing Lengbei, sometimes there is truly no need for words," Yuan Zhenyi said with admiration as he watched the three of them from a distance.

After the trio's voices disappeared under the moonlight, Yuan Zhenyi said, "Let's go. We shall just leave the bodies here."

Mo Wuji looked at Jia Jing and said, "We can leave the other bodies here but Jia Jing's must be hidden."

Yuan Zhenyi immediately understood the reason, laughed and said, "Wuji, you are indeed very careful, how could I not think of this?"

...

The hustle and bustle of the night was gone and the morning by the seaside seemed so peaceful.

"Ah..." A scream could be heard from even outside Yue Hai Inn. A doorman hurried up to see what was going on.

The doorman knocked on Room 17 and asked, "How may I help you Sir?"

At this period of time, anyone and everyone could stay in Yue Hai Inn. In any of these rooms, there could be a Lord or a prince. Therefore, even if it was a small Lord or small prince, it did not matter much.

Tuo Baqi shouted angrily, " Someone knocked me out yesterday... No, and took my slave away...Wait...Where is Jia Jing? Why is Jia Jing not back yet?"

After finishing his sentence, Tuo Baqi calmed down as he recalled what he asked Jia Jing to do before he was knocked out. Even if he was a small prefecture Lord, he would never get away if someone found out he ordered his men to assassinate the salesman.

"It's okay, you may leave. I just had a nightmare," Tuo Baqi waved his hands as he ordered the doorman to take his leave.

The doorman revealed a look of disdain as he turned and walked away, not bothering about this lunatic Prefecture Lord.

Chapter 41: Lost Opportunity

Both Mo Wuji and Yuan Zhenyi went back to the tent to rest without worrying about anything. Even if Tuo Baqi knew that they were the culprits, he could not do anything about it without any evidence.

By the time Mo Wuji woke up, it was already early in the afternoon. Just as Mo Wuji wanted to ask Ding Bu'Er about Tuo Baqi's movements, he saw Ding Bu'Er walking from the direction of Yue Hai Inn.

"Wuji, the little miss wants to talk to you about something," Ding Bu'Er shouted to Mo Wuji from far away.

It was just the right timing that Han Ning wanted to talk to him as he wanted to find out more about Tuo Baqi at the inn as well.

"Hold up..." Ding Bu'Er spoke in a low voice as he approached Mo Wuji, "Wuji, please be careful. I doubt it is good news. Peng Maohua was stuttering when he told me about this."

Mo Wuji gave Ding Bu'Er a pat, "What can happen to me here? Don't worry, I was just about to inquire about something."

The first person Mo Wuji saw when he entered Yue Hai Inn was Tuo Baqi. Tuo Baqi was busy interrogating the inn's doorman to find out if anyone suspicious had entered the inn the previous day. Since the doorman had accepted Mo Wuji's gold coin yesterday and he had no idea what Tuo Baqi was trying to do, he did not tell Tuo

Baqi anything.

"Heh," Tuo Baqi grunted as he turned around. He was about to go back up when he saw Mo Wuji enter the inn. He turned back after a few steps to scan Mo Wuji with his eyes. He tried to see if there were any similarities between the Mo Wuji and the man who attacked him yesterday.

Mo Wuji took a glance at Tuo Baqi and was about to tell the doorman he was going to find Han Ning when Peng Maohua shouted, "Wuji, little miss wants me to tell you that..."

Mo Wuji did not have a good feeling about this as Peng Maohua continued, "...Wuji, little miss is unable to bring you to Chang Luo..."

Even Peng Maohua found it difficult to bring this across to Mo Wuji as he was still grateful for Mo Wuji. If not for Mo Wuji, he would have needed to spend more time near the Thunder Fog Forest finding the Two-leaved Fire Grass. Moreover, Mo Wuji was very easy to work with as he did not cause any unnecessary trouble. In fact, he was sometimes of good help too.

"Why?" Mo Wuji voice became very cold as he knew his slot to go to Chang Luo was exchanged with the Two-leaved Fire Grass and not out of Han Ning's kindness. It was like the man who exchanged the spiritual fruit for a chance to be a service disciple.

"It is because..." Peng Maohua hesitated and then finally decided to tell him, "It is because little miss was entrusted by someone to

bring a very important person over so..."

Mo Wuji calmed down and thought it through. Even if Han Ning decided not to bring him to Chang Luo, he had to find a way to go over. He would simply be awaiting death if he did not.

"Brother Peng, I want to meet little miss. I want to hear it from her." Mo Wuji said it word by word very audibly. If a lover could stab him from behind, Han Ning, who was not even considered to be his friend, could obviously go back on her word and gratitude for the Two-leaved Fire Grass.

"There is no reason why. It is simply because someone from my clan suddenly wants to go towards Chang Luo. There is no other choice but to take your slot. Of course, if you really wish to go, you can crawl under my leg now and I might consider pleading for you," Cao Hao said sarcastically as he widened his legs.

It was indeed this brat. Mo Wuji clenched his fist and tried his best to said in a calm manner, "Wherever you go, you give off an unbearable stink. That is how I know you have not met the [dung beetle](#). Go back and ask your father and mother why you stink."

"I will murder you," Cao Hao was a classy young man and would not mind if someone of the same stature criticised or mocked him. However, how could he not mind a house attendant like Mo Wuji being this rude to him?

The guard beside Cao Hao hurried to hold the furious Cao Hao back, "My Lord, do not do it now. There will be more opportunities

when we board the ship."

Mo Wuji did not bother about Cao Hao after he scolded him. Instead, he looked at Han Ning who was standing behind Cao Hao, "Little miss, I want to know if this was your intention?"

Even if he knew it was her intention, he just needed Han Ning to say it out because he earned this opportunity with his own merit, not by begging her.

Han Ning looked guilty for a split second before saying, "Mo Wuji, I am sorry. I did consider the bigger picture previously...How about you just greet Lord Cao respectfully..."

Mo Wuji said coldly, "What is a puny Wu Xue State prince to me? You are nowhere near the level I would greet respectfully to. Your father passed me this jade hairpin. You can use it in times of trouble to find Yue Qiongyin in Chang Luo. Just to make things clear, I earned my own opportunity to go with you to Chang Luo, and it was not because of your kindness. I will not ask for the Two-leaved Fire Grass back so we will no longer be related in the future."

Mo Wuji took out the jade hairpin which he had kept neatly in a pouch and passed it to Han Ning before laughing, "It is your choice not to keep me, goodbye."

Mo Wuji turned away after he finished and as he exited the inn, he thought of something. He recalled that the one who killed Jing Lengbei's clan, Hei Weifeng, was from Wu Xue State too. If Cao

Hao is the Lord of Wu Xue State, he might be related to Hei Weifeng. After he promised to repay Jing's clan's kindness for taking care of Mo Xiangtong, he had to take this matter seriously.

Han Ning held the jade hairpin tightly as she watched Mo Wuji make his way out. She could not figure out why her father passed him the jade hairpin.

"This is the first time I've seen a house attendant who was so arrogant. If he was under me, I would have skinned him alive a long time ago," Cao Hao said as he saw Mo Wuji's backview gradually disappearing.

Tuo Baqi, who wanted to ask Mo Wuji a few things, witnessed how Mo Wuji did not even put Cao Hao in his eyes and hence he did not dare to follow him out. He was all alone now so he could not afford to lose his pride to Mo Wuji outside.

...

"Wuji, what happened? You look really unhappy," Yuan Zhengyi asked as he saw Mo Wuji returning to the tent. It seemed like Ding Bu'Er had guessed what happened and hence called Yuan Zhenyi over.

"I lost my opportunity to go to Chang Luo because I offended Wu Xue State's Cao Hao. That brat must have had something to use against Han Ning," Mo Wuji said in a disappointed tone.

Yuan Zhengyi laughed out loud, "I was still wondering what was so serious. This is nothing. Now that Aunt Eleven has left, you can follow me over to Chang Luo. Aunt Eleven and I followed Chang Yan State's Wei Yuanhou's grandson here. Our duty is to protect him till he reaches Chang Luo. Once he has found a sect, we are free to go. I can bring you along, this is not a problem at all."

Mo Wuji became ecstatic to hear this. This was indeed like a light at the end of the tunnel. His sole purpose here was not to please Han Ning but to go to Chang Luo.

After solving this issue, Mo Wuji, Yuan Zhengyi and Ding Bu'Er went off to drink and celebrate.

Dung beetles are beetles that feed partly or exclusively on dung. Therefore, Mo Wuji is implying that Cao Hao is a form of dung.

Chapter 42: Repaying The Saving Grace

It might have been because she was guilty, but Han Ning did not look for Mo Wuji, not even to explain herself. Tuo Baqi also settled down. Even though he suspected that Mo Wuji was the one who knocked him out, he did not want to cause any troubles on his way to Chang Luo.

On the other hand, Mo Wuji, Yuan Zhenyi and Ding Bu'Er met daily to drink and explore the Makeshift Market. Hearing Yuan Zhenyi's peculiar stories and experiences with cultivators, Mo Wuji really loosened up.

One particular morning, just as Mo Wuji was lifting his tent flap to leave for his daily washing up, he heard a loud rumble. He looked up to see a gigantic ship docked by the seaside and he almost called out in surprise.

The deck of the ship alone could fit several football fields. If the rooms and compartments at the centre were included, the ship should have had an estimated area of 100,000 square meters.

Mo Wuji took in a breath of cold air. It was bigger than an aircraft carrier! An aircraft carrier was designed with a huge deck. On the other hand, this ship was designed with large decks surrounding an even larger living quarters, which were at the centre of the ship. These rooms were in layers, just like a modern apartment building.

What powers this huge thing? Earth's aircraft carrier was not as

big as this, and it already required nuclear power to power it. There shouldn't be nuclear power here too, right?

"Wuji, you're scared, right? I also got a huge shock when I first saw it, " Ding Bu'Er's voice called out.

At this moment, Mo Wuji could see that he was not the only one in shock and awe; the seaside was filled with people.

"Wuji, quickly pack up and follow me to the ship. Bu'Er, you can follow your little miss up the ship," Yuan Zhenyi said as he walked out from a crowd.

Ding Bu'Er understood that he would have to follow Han Ning to get on the ship, "Wuji, Brother Zhenyi, I will go first. We'll meet at Chang Luo."

Yuan Zhenyi laughed, "What Chang Luo? We can meet on the ship itself. There are very few restrictions on this ship; as long as you have money, you can have a very comfortable life on the ship."

...

Yuan Zhenyi was protecting a kind-looking noble named Ji Xing. When Mo Wuji followed Yuan Zhenyi up the ship, he only smiled and nodded to Mo Wuji, not saying anything.

After an hour, Mo Wuji and Yuan Zhenyi were assigned to a large shared house for 50 people.

"Zhenyi, if we stay in this shared house, how will we help if anything happens to Ji Xing?" Mo Wuji was no longer a rookie and he knew how dangerous this ship could be.

"He has his personal bodyguard. If anything happens, we just need to hurry and rush over. Actually, guards like us mainly protect the young master from sea demons. I heard that there have been many sea demon attacks on the way to Chang Luo. When that happens, we can rush over and protect him swiftly. After all, he is also on the same level as us. Only the extreme geniuses get to stay at the higher levels. Well, if anything happens, you don't have to go. Ji Xing understands that you are only borrowing Aunt Eleven's place to board this ship, and you're not actually a guard," Yuan Zhenyi explained.

Hearing about the sea demons, Mo Wuji became really curious. This ship was so huge, what kind of sea demon would actually dare to attack this ship?

Mo Wuji and Yuan Zhenyi were among the last to come, and were assigned beds close to the door. Many people go in and out of the door, making it difficult for it to rest.

"Wuji, this ship is different from the beach before. If anyone gets killed here, nothing much will happen to the killer. To avoid anything unfortunate, try not to make conflicts with others," Yuan Zhenyi pulled up his bed next to Mo Wuji and whispered.

Hearing Yuan Zhenyi's words, the neighbouring people also

slightly nodded their heads.

Mo Wuji did not need Yuan Zhenyi to remind him; he would avoid trouble here to safely get to Chang Luo. Once he reached Chang Luo, there were two important things he needed to do. Firstly, he needed a cultivation technique. Secondly, he needed to find a source of lightning which was not fatal, so that he could open all his body's meridians.

Nearly an hour later, Mo Wuji felt a slight tremor and knew that the ship's engine had started.

"Zhenyi, what powers this ship?" Mo Wuji could not suppress his curiosity and asked.

Yuan Zhenyi shook his head, "I'm also not sure. This is also the first time I boarded this ship."

"I heard that there's a powerful immortal master who uses a powerful array to drive this ship. I also heard that it might be some sort of energy source which powers this ship. That energy source is very useful for cultivation and can be traded," a sweet, magnetic female voice sounded over.

Mo Wuji turned his head to see that there was a woman sleeping on the bed beside him. She was around 30 years old. Her hair was tied in a tight bundle, her skin was pale white, her facial features were not very outstanding but there's this beauty about her. Together with her voice, she could be considered a very splendid woman.

Mo Wuji subconsciously sat up and asked puzzledly, "There's co-ed living here?"

Yuan Zhenyi laughed, "Why would there be a need to separate the men and women? Being able to stay in this kind of shared house is our good luck!"

The woman smiled and also sat up, nodding at Mo Wuji and Yuan Zhenyi, "Greetings, I'm Qin Xiangyu from the Ba Prefecture."

When Qin Xiangyu sat up, Mo Wuji found her body to be more perfect than her face.

Mo Wuji laughed, "I'm Mo Wuji from Cheng Yu, and this is Yuan Zhenyi from Chang Yan."

"Aren't Chang Yan and Cheng Yu at war? You two..." Yet another person interrupted. This time, it was a youth with light golden hair.

Yuan Zhenyi said with a slight disdain, "The war between Chang Yan and Cheng Yu has nothing to do with us."

"Wuji..." The sound of hurried footsteps could be heard. Mo Wuji easily recognised that it was Ding Bu'Er's voice.

Mo Wuji hurriedly got down from his bed and asked, "Bu'Er,

what happened... Why is there blood on your body?"

After slowing down his pants, Ding Bu'Er hurriedly said, "Some people have acted against the little miss. Peng Maohua and I aren't strong enough. From the looks of it, those people are looking to kill the little miss..."

Mo Wuji furrowed his eyebrows; the ship just started and something like this happened? He did not ask anything further and said, "Come, bring me over."

"Wait..." Yuan Zhenyi stopped Mo Wuji. "Wuji, that Han Ning drove you out, and did not even allow you on this ship to Chang Luo. You have nothing to do with her anymore, why do you need to put your feet back into these muddy waters? Furthermore, the help you've given her was more than enough to repay her."

Mo Wuji said calmly, "Her father may not have intended for it, but he did save my life. Perhaps what I gave her was enough to repay her, but in my heart, a saving grace cannot be repaid through items or money. Now that I know something bad is happening to her, I do not feel comfortable leaving her alone. On the account that the Old Duke saved me, I will help her one more time. After we reach Chang Luo, we can go on our separate paths. Zhenyi, you can wait for me here. Bu'Er, let's go."

Finishing his words, Mo Wuji was prepared to rush out of the shared house. He lived by this principle: Gratitude and grudges must be repaid. The Old Duke's saving grace would be repaid with another saving grace. Regarding the Two-leaved Fire Grass, Han Ning could take it as a gift.

There was also another reason why he had to save Han Ning. He might have been driven out by Han Ning, but Ding Bu'Er was still under her. He might not need to save her, but he needed to rescue Ding Bu'Er. Helping Han Ning was the same as helping Ding Bu'Er.

Yuan Zhenyi laughed, "Aren't we brothers? If you're going, then I'm going too. Let's go!"

Chapter 43: Mo Wuji's Power

Han Ning was a main participant of the Spring Immortal's Gate so she stayed in a slightly better 2-man room. Still, her room was on the same floor as Mo Wuji's shared house.

"Bang!" The sound of a large impact on the door resounded. Mo Wuji could clearly see some blood flowing out the gap below the door.

"Bi Hui, do you still have a sense of shame? You are a State Prince but you actually lowered yourself to rob me?" Han Ning said grievously.

"Aiyo... This is indeed too low for me. Ferguson, do you want to commit suicide to appease this little miss?" A shrill voice could be heard behind the door. When Mo Wuji heard the voice, he felt goose bumps all over his body. Was this guy a eunuch?

What followed was another voice, "Haha, then I will just kill myself. Look, I'm placing the knife on my neck. Aiyo, I died..."

"I'm going in first..." Ding Bu'Er said as he pushed the door open forcefully.

"Pu!" The sound of a meeting of a knife and flesh could be heard, and someone fell on the ground.

Mo Wuji could see a man slumped in a pool of blood. The knife in his hand had pierced through his throat. In an instant, Mo Wuji

understood what had happened. This guy pretended to kill himself and placed his knife on his neck. Little did he know that Ding Bu'Er would suddenly push the door open and that the door would strike the knife. The act actually became a reality.

Besides this guy, Mo Wuji also saw Peng Maohua lying on the ground, one of his arms had been cut off.

Han Ning and Shao Lan were also covered with blood, and they were forced into a corner by two men.

A handsome man, with a long moustache, looked at his dead underling in shock.

"Who are you guys? You dare kill my man?" The moustached man finally came to his senses and cried out.

Mo Wuji almost covered his ears. He did not think that this handsome man, who looked handsome and manly, would actually have such a shrill and sharp voice. From what he could make out, this man must be the State Prince Bi Hui.

At the same time, he did not see Han Ning's group mates, Cao Hao, Yang Junsong and Zhao Xu.

"Bang!" Yuan Zhenyi, who entered the room last, shut the door forcefully. Even though he knew that immortal masters would not pursue this matter, it was not something for people to know.

"Bu'Er, help bandage Chief Guard Peng's wounds," Seeing Peng Maohua struggling on the floor, Mo Wuji flusteredly instructed.

Ever since he killed a man, Mo Wuji was more cold and calm when facing these kinds of things.

Seeing Ding Bu'Er take out a healing drug for the struggling Peng Maohua, Mo Wuji walked to the front of the moustached man and said, "I'm Mo Wuji from Rao Zhou."

Mo Wuji did not need to continue speaking for the moustached man to know why Mo Wuji was helping Han Ning. From the looks of it, Mo Wuji was definitely Han Ning's guard.

"I am the Sixteenth Prince of the Yin Han State, Bi Hui. Are you sure you want to go against me?" The moustached man calmed down and said with his shrill voice.

Mo Wuji laughed, "I've already killed one of your men. What do you think?"

"If you choose to leave now and ignore this matter, I will no longer pursue this matter. I could even invite you to join my Yin Han State," Bi Hui said quietly, trying to make his tone sound gentle and warm. He could determine that Mo Wuji and Yuan Zhenyi were people he could easily deal with, especially Yuan Zhenyi who was standing at the back.

Before Mo Wuji could speak, Yuan Zhenyi blurted out, "Yin Han

State is only a piece of sh*t! I can consider joining you if your state lord licks my feet."

Bi Hui's face instantly turned dark. He turned towards the two men cornering Han Ning and said, "Jody, teach them a lesson."

A man with a face full of black spots responded. He spun the knife in his hand as he walked towards Mo Wuji.

"Wuji, step back. I will teach this kid a lesson." Yuan Zhenyi had never seen Mo Wuji's abilities but he could guess that Mo Wuji was probably not strong enough to deal with Jody.

Mo Wuji's hand went into his pocket; a foot long knife appeared in his hand. "Zhenyi, let me go first. Only help me if I'm losing."

Ultimately, Mo Wuji and Yuan Zhenyi would not always be together. Eventually, there would be things Mo Wuji needed to deal with by himself. Like for today, Mo Wuji would still save Han Ning even if Yuan Zhenyi did not follow him.

While Mo Wuji was speaking, Jody had already started pointed his machete towards Mo Wuji. In his eyes, these three additional people were simply three more people for him to kill, and he could probably kill them easily.

Mo Wuji did not cultivate, but he had some fighting experience. His knife was short; naturally, he needed to draw closer to Jody. As Jody was swinging his machete, Mo Wuji had already took a huge

step forward and rushed towards Jody. He used his knife to parry Jody's machete and used his other fist to punch Jody's head.

"Dang!" When the two blades met, Mo Wuji could see a fine blue light flow from his palm to his knife, and then towards Jody's blade.

"Peng!" Mo Wuji's other fist struck at Jody's temple. Jody became like a lifeless piece of rock, crashing down heavily.

Mo Wuji shocked himself. He was so impressive? Mo Wuji was expecting Jody bring his head down to avoid Mo Wuji's fist, and Mo Wuji would then knee him fiercely in the face. But he did not need to do that much; Jody was already knocked down.

He subconsciously looked at his fist, and also saw that Jody's machete hand was a little charred. Mo Wuji suddenly remembered that flash of blue light, which actually reminded him of the lightning he encountered in the lightning lake.

Thinking about this, Mo Wuji instantly understood. After borrowing the power of the lightning bolts to open his meridian, there was some lightning essence left behind in his meridian. No wonder why Jody looked blank when Mo Wuji was punching him, and did not try to avoid Mo Wuji's fist. Jody probably got stunned by the lightning flash from Mo Wuji's knife. This was why Mo Wuji's attack succeeded.

"Zhu Teng, pick Jody and Ferguson up, We're leaving!" Bi Hui immediately called out. He knew that his remaining man was not

enough to deal Han Ning's guards.

Mo Wuji did not block them. Yuan Zhenyi was here to help Mo Wuji. Seeing that Mo Wuji did not stop Bi Hui, he naturally did not do so as well. Bi Hui, who had the living daylight scared out of him, ran out of Han Ning's room at top speed.

"Wuji, I did not know you were so impressive. No wonder why you could survive a night in the Thunder Fog Forest," Ding Bu'Er cried out in surprise. He did not even remember to help bandage Peng Maohua.

Yuan Zhenyi also had a face of delight. He did not know that Mo Wuji was so strong. He knew that he could deal with Jody, but probably not with a single punch.

"Drug Refiner Mo, I am truly grateful. I am terribly sorry for what I've done before," Han Ning was ashamed. When she was in greatest danger, her companions who asked her to drive Mo Wuji out did not appear. Instead, it was Mo Wuji who appeared to help her.

Mo Wuji said calmly, "Old Duke Han saved my life before. You can regard my actions today as repaying my debt to him. Once we reach Chang Luo, we will each go our separate ways."

"That Bi Hui was here to snatch our Two-leaved Fire Grass. How did he know that we have some Two-leaved Fire Grass..." Peng Maohua had already woken up, and said hoarsely.

Chapter 44: Surrounded By Sea Beasts

"Now, you have paid what you owed her. There's nothing on you right now," Yuan Zhenyi laughed and said, after they left Han Ning's room.

Mo Wuji laughed but did not speak. He saw Cao Hao and Yang Junsong hurriedly walking in their direction. But Mo Wuji could see through the anxiousness in their eyes, and tell that they were only putting on a show.

Cao Hao looked at Mo Wuji, and his eyes fleeted with killing intent. On the other hand, Yang Junsong was full of smiles as he greeted Mo Wuji, "Drug Refiner Mo, long time no see."

Mo Wuji had no interest interacting with this venomous snake and this smiling tiger. He was too lazy to respond to them as he said to Yuan Zhenyi, "I do not owe her anything; she owes me. The person I owe my life to is her father. He entrusted her to me, so I would try my best to help her on this path to Chang Luo."

Yuan Zhenyi laughed, "Wuji, this is one thing I appreciate about you. Perhaps it's due to your personality that we can become such good friends."

....

In the shared house, a monkey faced man walked in and said in an exaggerated manner, "You guys are all wrong! Indeed, it was that Bi Hui from Yin Han State who acted. But the people who ran

out with their tails in between their legs weren't the people who left the shared house but Bi Hui and his men. I even saw them carrying two unconscious men. They were probably overwhelmingly defeated."

"Those two people are so strong? But Bi Hui is a state prince," the golden haired youth from before said in shock.

As a state was a level higher than a prefecture, the state prince's guard should naturally be better. With just two people, they managed to defeat their opponents?

"Maybe after they went in, Bi Hui's men were outnumbered..."

...

The voice stopped abruptly. This was because, at this moment, the door opened, and Mo Wuji and Yuan Zhenyi entered.

Although the two of them were clean, but the people in the shared house felt something different about them. People stopped talking and people started whispering.

Over the next few days, the shared house was extremely quiet. Except for the occasional restlessness whenever the women entered a tent to change their clothes, everyone minded their own business and there were no conflicts.

Initially, the shared house was really noisy. However, the shared

house had become rather quiet which made Mo Wuji quite satisfied. He met a few good people in the shared house. Besides the gentle Qin Xiangyu, he also made friends with the talkative golden haired youth, Yuan Zhi, and a man called Tang Boxian. Tang Boxian looked like a scholar, just that he did not wear glasses.

Half a month quickly passed. During this time, Ding Bu'Er frequently came to visit. Han Ning's maidservant, Shao Lan also came once to thank Mo Wuji.

In addition, there were no longer any calls for help. Mo Wuji spent the days in an extremely relaxed manner; he was either inquiring about all kinds of knowledge about cultivation or trying to learn about the lightning essence in his meridians.

However, he never felt the lightning essence again. He even tried competing with Yuan Zhenyi but he did not manage to stimulate the lightning essence.

He even suspected that the previous flash was like the [Six Pulse Holy Sword](#), and could only be used intermittently. Because there was no one here who understood cultivation, and his lightning attack was related to his channel opening solution, Mo Wuji could only bury this issue in his heart.

There was one thing, however, which made him dissatisfied. As everyone in the shared house got familiar with one another, the environment was no longer as quiet.

Some people started gambling and they often bustled for a long

time. This made Mo Wuji feel really helpless. He understood that the other shared houses were noisier, but he was still not used to this noisy environment.

On this day, Mo Wuji still did not have any gains after working for half a day. Yuan Zhi hastily entered the shared house and cried, "Big Bro Yuan, Big Bro Mo, I just got some big news! I heard that there will be an auction on the second floor. Even some cultivation manuals are being auctioned..."

Mo Wuji who was concentrating on feeling the lightning essence within his body immediately opened his eyes. Cultivation manual? Wasn't this what he was dreaming for?

"Just a servant..actually coveting the things sold in the auction..." A red robed man walked in and said disdainfully.

The man suddenly stopped talking abruptly, as he saw something which caught his eye. There was a shirt hung by Qin Xiangyu's bed, and her bed was currently being covered by a small tent. Ostensibly, there was someone changing inside.

He did not hesitate; he rushed over and tore open Qin Xiangyu's tent.

"What do you want?" Qin Xiangyu raged. Fortunately, she had already finished changing her clothes.

"What a beautiful woman. This figure... I like it! You don't have

to live here anymore, come with me..." The red robed man laughed cheekily as he raised his hands to grab Qin Xiangyu.

With a flick of her left hand, a gush of wind rushed by, followed by a purple blur.

The red robed man cried out in shock and quickly retreated.

He retreated towards the direction of Mo Wuji, and Mo Wuji did not hesitate to kick him fiercely.

The man was getting ready to pounce at Qin Xiangyu again but he did not expect that Mo Wuji would have acted against him.

This man was not bad; despite the momentum and inertia, he twisted his body to land in the open space between two beds.

He casually pointed at Mo Wuji and said, "Who are you?"

Mo Wuji's hand flashed as he quickly pulled out the knife tied to his leg. Yuan Zhenyi also stood up and stood beside Mo Wuji.

Qin Xiangyu also came over, in her hands, was a purple soft spear.

Was this really a shared house? The red robed man even thought he walked into the wrong place. These were all servants... Why are they all so aggressive? He had been to other shared houses and no

one ever dared to treat him like this.

Just as he was about to call out for his subordinates, the boat started shaking violently. Everyone looked out the window in shock, forgetting about the current confrontation.

This giant ship had been sailing for a good half a month, and there had never been such a violent shaking.

Just as people were wondering about their predicament, a vigorous voice resounded in everyone's ears, "Our ship is currently being attacked! Members of the 'Spring Sea' Unit, please bring your weapons and report to the main deck immediately! There shall be no delays; anyone who reaches late will be thrown into the sea!"

Hearing this, the red robed man no longer cared to question Mo Wuji as he turned and rushed out of the shared house.

The boat's shaking got increasingly vigorous and forceful. Yuan Zhenyi anxiously said, "Wuji, we're probably being attacked by sea beasts. Let's go!"

At this moment, the shared house inhabitants all grabbed their weapons and rushed towards the main deck.

When Mo Wuji and Yuan Zhenyi reached the main deck, their jaws immediately dropped; Mo Wuji had never seen such a large surge of sea beasts. The enormous 'Spring Sea' was surrounded by

beasts from all directions. These sea beasts had six limbs, with short and sharp barbs growing on their backs. As the sun shone on their thick scales, a deep sea-blue colour was reflected, making them look thick and menacing.

What made Mo Wuji even more surprised was when these sea beasts started to spit out lightning, just like the electric eels on Earth. A few people failed to dodge the lightning, and their whole bodies start twitching spasmodically and they fell to the ground. If they were hit by a second lightning, they would be dead.

However, these six-footed beasts weren't their only opponents; there were also some toad like creatures attacking the Spring Sea. These creatures had extremely long tongues; one of them used its long tongue to wrap around a person's sword, pull it back into its mouth, and swallow it.

"We have encountered a Six-footed Lightning Crocodile horde! Do not let them set any of their six dirty feet on this ship! Remember, their weakness is at the bottom of their throats. Other parts of their bodies are as hard as iron, so only attack under their throats..." A robust middle man shouted out as he jumped out from the third floor. While he was speaking, his knife flashed about and two of the Six-footed Lightning Crocodiles were dissected into four pieces.

Mo Wuji saw what happened clearly; this dude did not attack the bottom of the crocodiles' throats. Looking at his abilities, he's definitely an immortal master.

A few agonised screams could be heard. Mo Wuji could smell a

burning, charred smell. As he turned his head, he saw a Six-footed Lightning Crocodile pouncing towards him. At the same time, a lightning bolt quickly raced towards him.

The Six Pulse Holy Sword was Duan Yu's killing move. Duan Yu is one of the MCs of Jin Yong's Demi-gods and Semi-devils.

Chapter 45: Ballsy

The thing that Mo Wuji was least afraid of was lightning; he did not even bother to dodge the lightning bolt as he directly used his knife to stab the crocodile's forehead.

"Dang!" Mo Wuji almost thought that his knife stabbed a piece of steel, there were even sparks when his knife met the crocodile. Fortunately, this knife he got from Hu Fei was not bad; it did not even bend under the pressure.

"Pa!" The lightning landed harshly on Mo Wuji's chest.

Mo Wuji could feel a hot searing pain spreading throughout his body. After experiencing that near death crisis in the lightning lake, Mo Wuji was no longer a rookie. He immediately controlled that lightning to enter his second meridian to break apart the clog.

It might have been due to luck, but the lightning took the initiative to burn the clog.

The searing pain rushed towards Mo Wuji's second meridian. Without a sound, Mo Wuji could faintly feel that part of the obstruction had been burnt off.

While all this was taking place within his meridians, Mo Wuji immediately retreated and climbed to higher ground. This wasn't like the lightning lake; this was a place infested with sea beasts. If he lay on the floor, he would either be killed by the sea beasts, or trampled to death.

What came to him as a pleasant surprise was that the lightning bolts were gentler than the those in the lightning lake. Fighting with these crocodiles was dangerous, but it was also an opportunity. If he was careful, he could very well open his second meridian.

On the other hand, the lightning crocodile was a little shocked. Its deadly lightning actually failed to kill Mo Wuji. After a brief moment of inaction, it rushed towards Mo Wuji again, now with a greater vengeance. Seemingly, it was bitter and infuriate that Mo Wuji was not affected by its attack.

Yet another lightning bolt raced towards Mo Wuji. This time, Mo Wuji was smarter. He knew he wasn't like that immortal master; he could not simply slice the lightning crocodile into four parts. He probably couldn't even slice it into two parts. It was hard to even leave a mark on the crocodile's hard scales.

Mo Wuji continued to ignore that lightning bolt. In fact, he wasn't even fast enough to avoid it. When the lightning arrived together with the crocodile, Mo Wuji immediately used the knife in his hands to stab at the crocodile's throat.

That immortal master was right; Mo Wuji's knife could pierce the crocodile's throat. The knife met with some resistance but it was different from stabbing a hard steel plate like before. Red blood splurged out onto Mo Wuji's arm, causing half of his body to be stained bloody red.

The lightning crocodile cried out, and sent out countless lightning flashes to converge onto Mo Wuji. Mo Wuji's body became riddled with scars, even his hair was charred black.

Yet another sensation of pain; Mo Wuji felt like his body was being cut into small pieces, and his body trembled endlessly. On the other hand, the lightning crocodile did not seem to be affected by the blood spurting out of its throat as it pounced angrily towards Mo Wuji. Mo Wuji had thoroughly infuriated this Six-footed Lightning Crocodile.

The pain he felt was not for nothing. Mo Wuji could feel that his second meridian was opening wider.

Mo Wuji bit his tongue, using his steadfast determination to force himself to stand up. At the same time, he opened a bottle of the channel opening solution and put it into his mouth.

The surrounding people started to retreat. Mo Wuji did not kill the lightning crocodile, and only managed to anger it. No one was willing to bear the brunt of the crocodile's anger.

Not only did Mo Wuji not retreat, he endured the excruciating pain as he pounced towards the lightning crocodile.

Anyone who saw Mo Wuji would think of the same thing: This guy is mad! Under such heavy injuries, he did not retreat but chose to face the lightning crocodile. Was he crazy? Even if he was looking for death, he should not look for such a painful method.

"Pa, Pa..." Two more electro-balls landed on Mo Wuji's chest. At the same time, Mo Wuji's knife also made its way to the crocodile's throat.

The second meridian continued to be opened by the lightning. The crocodile's gaping wound also became bigger.

The lightning crocodile had incredible vitality. Despite being stabbed twice, it still crazily rushed towards Mo Wuji.

Experiencing near death crises before, Mo Wuji was able to stay calm. He continued to drink another bottle of the channel opening solution and thrust out his knife.

After three times, Mo Wuji's whole body was completely stained with blood. He didn't even know whether the blood was his or the crocodile's. Every time he was hit by the electro-balls, he stubbornly stood back up, drinking the channel opening solution and stabbing out his knife.

This became a cycle: Mo Wuji stabbed the crocodile, the crocodile sent lightning flashes or electro-balls towards Mo Wuji, Mo Wuji drank the channel opening solution, Mo Wuji stabbed the crocodile...

The surrounding people looked in shock. This lightning crocodile had incredible vitality, but this little servant had more! These two fellows seemed to be competing in their vitality and perseverance; the one who could no longer stand the pain became the loser. This servant definitely wasn't crazy. How could a crazy person last for

so long?

If not for the large numbers of lightning crocodiles, these people would have stopped to see the battle between Mo Wuji and the lightning crocodile.

Ultimately, the crocodile was still made of flesh and blood. After being stabbed by Mo Wuji for close to ten times, its huge 3m long body collapsed on the deck.

The moment the crocodile collapsed, Mo Wuji felt his entire body being relieved.

His second meridian was finally opened. Mo Wuji's hands started to tremble; he did not know whether this was due to him using excessive force, or his sheer excitement from opening his second meridian.

As he almost got killed by the lightning crocodile and felt a hellish amount of pain, he also received a new life. This kind of results earned from hardship, made Mo Wuji cherish them more.

With two meridians opened, Mo Wuji's whole body felt relieved but extremely fatigued. He needed to rest for a while.

The scene of Mo Wuji bravely using his little life to kill the lightning crocodile remained vividly in everyone's mind. Seemingly inspired by Mo Wuji's heroic drive, more people started to bravely confront the lightning crocodiles. Countless people were

killed, but countless lightning crocodiles were killed as well.

After killing that crocodile, it was only normal for Mo Wuji to sit down and rest. In fact, it would be weird if he didn't.

But what made everyone go into disbelief was that after resting for a short quarter of an hour, Mo Wuji drank his solution and rushed towards another lightning crocodile.

A few people looked at Mo Wuji in shock. Was this guy mad? Or was he just ballsy? With his previous performance, no one would blame him if he chose to retreat from the fight. In fact, his act of heroism might even get him the recognition of an immortal master.

Mo Wuji wasn't mad; he was very clear that this was a rare opportunity. He had his channel opening solution, and there was such an abundant source of lightning to help him open his meridians. Wouldn't he be an idiot if he did not grab this opportunity?

His sharp knife stabbed into the crocodile's throat. Angry and infuriated, the crocodile pounced at Mo Wuji and spit out an electro-ball.

The scene replayed itself. Mo Wuji was constantly being struck by the lightning flashes or electro-balls, he drank some solution and fought again.

Over and over, the cycle continued. Mo Wuji was never discouraged.

"This guy is ballsy..." Some distance away, a young woman saw Mo Wuji's actions and praised in surprise.

A young man beside her laughed, "He's just reckless, pitting his life against the sea demon's... Well, you can't blame him. He has never cultivated nor made any contact with martial arts. He can only resort to this barbaric method."

Chapter 46: Killing With Borrowed Lightning

"Bang!" Mo Wuji was once again sent flying by the Six-footed Lightning Crocodile, but this time, he did not get back up. After sending Mo Wuji flying off, the lightning crocodile also slumped to the ground, never to rise again.

Mo Wuji sighed in his heart. With just one or two more lightning strikes, he might be able to open his third meridian.

Unfortunately, his body was too weak, and he could no longer carry on.

If the surrounding people knew that Mo Wuji was complaining that his body was too weak, they would probably strangle him. In actuality, ever since Mo Wuji opened his first meridian, his body was tempered under the lightning lake, which caused his physical strength to be above average. If not for that, he would not have lasted for so long.

"Swallow this spiritual pill," an indifferent voice sounded in Mo Wuji's ear. Mo Wuji looked around but he did not see anyone near him who might have been speaking to him.

In his hands, was a pill. The pill was a little bigger than a bean, and there was a pleasant fragrance from it.

Mo Wuji did not hesitate and directly put the spiritual pill into

his mouth.

If this expert wanted to kill Mo Wuji, he did not need to waste this pill. He could simply have ended Mo Wuji's life there and then. Furthermore, the mere aroma of this pill invigorated Mo Wuji, it definitely was not something bad.

The moment the pill entered his mouth, it felt like there were multiple cold springs emerging in Mo Wuji's body. Mo Wuji could clearly feel his damage subsiding.

In just a few seconds, Mo Wuji could easily stand up. He noticed that his skin, which was charred and scarred, was surprisingly in the process of healing.

Compared this this kind of spiritual pill, his experience as biologist seemed like trash. If not for his experience allowing him to refine the Channel Opening Solution, he would be useless.

The sounds of lightning and screams of pain could be heard in the distance. Mo Wuji slapped himself to his senses. This was a vicious battle. The immortal master who passed him the pill surely did not want him to stay at the sidelines. Moreover, he also did not want to watch by the sides.

Drinking another bottle of channel opening solution, Mo Wuji once again charged to the front.

"Ka!" The moment Mo Wuji rushed forward, a lightning bolt

landed on his chest. However, Mo Wuji had largely recovered and this flash of lightning actually did not send him flying. With a thrust of his knife, he accurately stabbed this crocodile's throat. As he pulled the knife out, a gush of blood splurged out. Countless lightning flashes landed on Mo Wuji's body, but he seemingly did not care as he continued to stab the crocodile with the knife in his hands.

"Ka Ka..." The moment the lightning landed on his body, the clear, crisp sound of his meridian opening rang out.

This sound was accompanied by the waves of pleasure; the feeling was simply too wonderful.

Mo Wuji even felt like he could fly and touch the sky. He knew that this was just a false impression, but the comfort from opening his third meridian inundated him.

He did not hesitate to stab the crocodile once more. At the same time, his hand went into his pocket.

He searched for a brief moment, only to come away empty; Mo Wuji had completely depleted his channel opening solution.

In Mo Wuji's mind, there was only one thought: This means I can't open more meridians...

"Pa... Ka...." Two more lightning flashes landed on Mo Wuji's body.

Mo Wuji immediately retreated. Without anymore channel opening solution, he was no longer willing to be struck by the crocodile's lightning. He was not a fool.

As Mo Wuji retreated, the enraged and bloodied crocodile rushed to give chase.

Mo Wuji had accumulated some experience from fighting these lightning crocodiles; they fight with a vengeance. If he did not kill this Six-footed Lightning Crocodile now, he would not be able to make a full retreat.

Determined, Mo Wuji no longer retreated. He thrust his knife and pierced the crocodile's throat.

At the same time, he saw a red figure running towards him. Behind him, was an angry lightning crocodile. This fella probably infuriated this lightning crocodile. Seeing Mo Wuji, the red figure called out in fright, "Friend, please save me! I will get you unimaginable riches and glory..."

With Mo Wuji's ability, saving this fella was as easy as flipping him palm. He just needed to block the oncoming lightning and this fella would have the chance of surviving.

If it was anyone else, Mo Wuji would not hesitate to save him. However, after noticing who that fella was, Mo Wuji was enraged.

He was the red robed man who ripped Qin Xiangyu's tent apart. If not for this sea beast attack, something bad might have happened to Qin Xiangyu.

"Hurry and save him..." Just as Mo Wuji was about to turn his back and run away, an anxious voice called out to him.

Mo Wuji sneered in his heart. He acted as though he did not hear the voice and he shifted his body to the side. At this instant, the crocodile chasing after him pounced towards him. He had never avoided any crocodile's attack before, but he somehow managed to do so this time around.

"Pa pa, poof..." The two lightning crocodile's bolts landed on the red robed man. The red robed man was already heavily injured. He could no longer hold on, and he fell to the ground. The lightning crocodile which was chasing after him pounced on his body, crushing his throat. His eyes no longer showed any signs of life.

"You're looking for death..." A silhouette came flying over, landing by Mo Wuji's side, throwing a punch towards him.

As the punch was launched, Mo Wuji felt a powerful, overwhelming force. This force filled Mo Wuji's heart with horror; the power behind it was too strong.

"Shao Feng, are you looking for death? Don't think that who can do as you please just because you're from the Jade Net Sect. This is not a place where you can freely kill people," a cold snort sounded. A middle aged man with an indifferent expression landed behind

Mo Wuji.

The moment those words were uttered, the incoming powerful force also disappeared without a trace.

This voice was very familiar; it was the voice of the person who gave him the spiritual pill. Mo Wuji was about to express his gratitude when another bright light flashed by. Under this bright light, the lightning crocodile Mo Wuji was fighting with was sliced into two pieces. In fact, it wasn't just one lightning crocodile, but two.

"Shao Feng, you're too much! This performance of this junior here was so heroic. He pitted his life to battle the Six-footed Lightning Crocodile. On the other hand, you were just looking by the side. Now you want to indiscriminately kill him?" Another silhouette landed. This time, it was a beautiful woman in a yellow dress. She had silky hair and snow-like skin. If not for the coldness in her eyes, her beauty would have increased by three points.

"Senior Qin, junior apprentice sister Wan, you heard what happened. I asked him to save Huo Zhenghu, but he didn't do so. Furthermore, he timed his dodge so that both the lightning bolts would land on Huo Zhenghu," the man called Shao Feng said with a frown.

Chapter 47: Luo Hai Merchant House

Contribution Points

The yellow dressed woman sneered, "Shao Feng, he has never cultivated, and his martial arts is also very weak. He was able to kill two Six-footed Lightning Crocodiles, depending desperately on his healing solution and his cruel ruthlessness. Do you think he could actually save your friend from two of those crocodiles?"

"Junior apprentice sister Wan'Er, I did not mean..." Shao Feng frowned and stuttered to explain himself.

The yellow dressed woman waved her hand, "Shao Feng, call me Qu Wan'Er. I am not your junior apprentice sister. You are from the Jade Net Sect, I am from the Heavenly Temple. We are from different sects. Since that's the case, I will talk to you as a friend. As a talented disciple from a big sect, you should be more lenient and tolerant. In this aspect, Senior Hou Yucheng is a lot better than you."

Shao Feng's face turned angry, "Don't compare me to that b*astard."

The yellow dressed woman did not continue speaking. Mo Wuji was about to thank the Immortal Master Qin and the yellow dressed woman, but a burst of shouting came over. Mo Wuji subconsciously looked back, and saw that the dense crocodile and toad horde had been pushed back.

On the deck, only a heavy scent of blood and several corpses all

over the place remained. Some of these corpses were the crocodiles, some were the passengers.

The dead passengers were all charred lightning. On the other hand, only a few of the lightning crocodiles were actually killed by stabs to the throat. Most of them were actually cut into two halves.

Mo Wuji did not need to ask to know that most of them were killed by immortal masters.

"Wuji, are you alright?" After the lightning crocodiles were forced to retreat, Yuan Zhenyi immediately ran to find Mo Wuji. Previously, he was forced to separate from Mo Wuji. It was already hard for him to protect himself, much less divert his attention to look out for Mo Wuji.

"I'm okay. How about Bu'Er?" Mo Wuji asked with a hint of worry.

"Wuji, Brother Zhenyi, I'm fine," Ding Bu'Er called over. His body was also charred black. It looked like it really wasn't easy for him to have survived that attack.

"Immortal Masters, thank you for helping us," Seeing that both Yuan Zhenyi and Ding Bu'Er were alright, Mo Wuji turned and bowed to Immortal Master Qin and the yellow dressed woman.

The yellow dressed woman nodded her head, but did not say a word.

On the other hand, the immortal master surnamed Qin stared at Mo Wuji for a while, and said, "Your performance just now was not bad. You can apply for a single room."

Mo Wuji quickly replied, "Thank you immortal master, but I'm living well in the shared house."

Mo Wuji had somehow offended that Shao Feng. Mo Wuji had no means of protecting himself against an expert like Shao Feng. If he stayed by himself in the single room, he might be killed and no one would even know what happened. At least it would be safer in the large shared house.

Immortal Master Qin did not press on. Instead, he asked, "How are your spiritual roots?"

Mo Wuji said self-deprecatingly, "I had it tested once before. My spiritual roots are very weak, they are no better than mortal roots."

Mo Wuji was definitely lying. He did not test for his spiritual roots once, but twice. Furthermore, his spiritual roots weren't weak, they weren't there at all. He was a plain mortal with mortal roots.

Mo Wuji did not say that to impress Immortal Master Qin so that he would be invited to join Immortal Master Qin's sect. He was afraid that he might actually have spiritual roots now that he had opened three meridians. Thus, he said that to leave himself a

backdoor.

When Immortal Master Qin heard Mo Wuji's words, a trace of disappointment flashed in his eyes. He shook his head before he turned and jumped away, instantly disappearing without a trace. With Mo Wuji's perseverance and determination, he would have been a good seedling to nurture. However, a good seedling still needed to cultivate. Without spiritual roots, Mo Wuji was just a mere mortal. His perseverance could only get him so far.

The yellow dressed woman's eyes also revealed a trace of regret. Afterwards, she also turned and left. Shao Feng did not stay to trouble Mo Wuji. Instead, he quickly followed the yellow dressed woman.

The whole deck was filled with fresh blood. Some people have already started cleaning the bodies. Mo Wuji roughly estimated, there were at least two thousand people who died.

In just one attack, so many had died. If there continued to have more attacks, then less than half of the passengers on this ship would actually reach Chang Luo. Mo Wuji suddenly understood why no one carried out their private vengeance on this ship. If there were more people on this ship, then their chances of surviving a sea beast attack would also be higher. Except for the strong immortal masters, everyone here could die at any moment.

"Wuji, your injuries aren't light ah," Yuan Zhenyi worriedly said the moment Immortal Master Qin and co. left. He saw that Mo Wuji's body was drenched in blood, and Mo Wuji's body was also charred all over. As a result, he thought that Mo Wuji was heavily

injured.

However, Mo Wuji knew that his injuries weren't actually very heavy. This was due to spiritual pill which Immortal Master Qin gave him.

"Zhenyi, I'm fine. We'll talk when we get back."

At this moment, a brown robed man called out to Mo Wuji. "Please wait! May I ask, are you Mo Wuji from the 32nd Shared House from Chang Yan State?"

Mo Wuji looked at the brown robed man in surprise; he did not even know this person. However, this brown robed man was different; he had a book in his hands, which he seemed to be looking at for details.

"Yes, I'm Mo Wuji," Mo Wuji nodded his head and answered doubtfully.

The brown robed man looked up from his book, as he smiled and said, "That's good. I am a personnel from the Luo Hai Merchant House. Just now, you killed two Six-footed Lightning Crocodiles. I believe that it will not be convenient for you to always be carrying their corpses with you wherever you go, right? Our company is actually interested in buying them. Would you prefer your payment in gold coins, or in our Luo Hai Merchant House contribution points?"

What? The lightning crocodiles belonged to whoever killed them? Not the immortal masters of this ship? Oh right, the immortal masters probably wouldn't care much about low-leveled beasts like the Six-footed Lightning Crocodiles.

"Wuji, you actually killed two of those lightning crocodiles? Yuan Zhenyi looked at Mo Wuji in short. Ever since Mo Wuji defeated the guard from Yin Han State within a single exchange, Yuan Zhenyi knew that Mo Wuji had some moves under his sleeves. However, even when he overestimated Mo Wuji, he would never have expected Mo Wuji to kill two Six-footed Lightning Crocodiles.

Mo Wuji nodded his head, "That's right, I killed two of those lightning crocodiles just now."

Mo Wuji then turned to the brown robed man and asked, "Senior, may I enquire more about the Luo Hai Merchant House contribution points?"

The brown robed man quickly said, "Luo Hai Merchant House's customers are either individual or regular customers. There 5 grades for regular customers, which are orange, green, blue, indigo and purple, in an ascending order. As long as you purchase anything from Luo Hai Merchant House, you can sign up for our orange card. These cards can accumulate points, and when you get sufficient points, you can upgrade your card. Brother Mo killed two lightning crocodiles. We are willing to pay you 20 thousand gold coins. Alternatively, we can also offer you 200 Luo Hai Merchant House contribution points."

20 thousand gold coins was considered a large amount for an

average person. However, it did not mean much to Mo Wuji. He immediately asked, "What can the contribution points be used for?"

The brown robed man laughed and said, "Our contribution points can be exchanged for anything within our store. Cultivation manuals, pills, even spiritual tools can be exchanged..."

"I want contribution points!" Mo Wuji did not wait for the brown robed man to finish talking. The moment he heard 'cultivation manuals', he did not hesitate to choose contribution points.

He continued to ask, "How many contribution points would it take to exchange for a cultivation manual?"

The brown robed man's tone became serious, "Well, that would depend on the grade. The lowest graded ones could be around a thousand or even ten thousand contribution points. The highest graded ones could not even be bought even if you had a million contribution points."

Mo Wuji sighed. He desperately fought to kill those two lightning crocodiles, but they were only worth 200 contribution points. Even getting the lowest grade cultivation manual would be a pipe dream.

"Then may I ask how I can earn more contribution points?" Mo Wuji hurriedly asked.

The brown robed man answered, "There are many ways. You can

exchange spiritual ingredients, ores, pills, or even complete assignments. All these can be exchanged for contribution points."

Chapter 48: The Royal Capital Chang Luo

After obtaining 200 contribution points, Mo Wuji and Yuan Zhenyi returned to the shared house.

When Mo Wuji returned, he found that out of the original 50 inhabitants, there were at most 30 people left. In just one sea beast attack, 40% of the people in this room were gone.

The atmosphere in the room was tense. The moment Mo Wuji and Yuan Zhenyi entered, almost everyone stood up. Their faces revealed an expression of respect and awe; they clearly knew about Mo Wuji's wildness and ruthlessness.

Singlehandedly killing two lightning crocodiles: This was a feat which, besides the immortal masters, only the extremely powerful martial artists could do.

"What does this mean?" Mo Wuji looked puzzledly at everyone.

"Brother Mo, you really killed two Six-footed Lightning Crocodiles?" The refined and gentle-looking Tang Boxian stepped forward and asked. He had a trace of disbelief in his eyes. He only took the initiative to ask as his relationship with Mo Wuji was not bad.

Mo Wuji laughed, "That was just luck. Oh right, where's Yuan Zhi?"

Tang Boxian's expression immediately sunk, "Yuan Zhi will not be coming back."

Mo Wuji sighed in his heart. People really needed luck. In terms of wit and agility, Tang Boxian could not compare to Yuan Zhi. Alas, Yuan Zhi was gone, but Tang Boxian returned safe and sound.

Initially, when the people in the shared house heard of the news on Mo Wuji, they were all discussing in disbelief. However, after hearing Mo Wuji personally confirming the news, the room quietened down again.

"Thank you Big Brother Mo..." Qin Xiangyu, who was already in her tent, suddenly came out and bowed towards Mo Wuji; her tone held deep gratitude and admiration.

Mo Wuji knew that she must have seen his plot on the red robed man. He nodded towards her, before facing and speaking to the crowd, "I need to rest. I believe all of us do. Please try your best not to make so much noise."

In the shared house, Mo Wuji's words were like the imperial edict. After hearing his words, everyone went back to their own spots to rest. The whole room became quieter than before, and whenever people spoke, they would choose to whisper.

Everyone knew, that this was not due to the 20 less people in the share house, but it was due to Mo Wuji's preference for silence.

...

It might be due to Qu Wan'Er's warnings, or the fact that Mo Wuji was not even worth his time, that Shao Feng did not come to cause trouble for Mo Wuji.

After understanding the price of cultivation manuals, Mo Wuji no longer intended to take part in the auction. The tens of thousands of gold coins he had on him might seem like a lot, but it was far from purchasing cultivation manuals and other items of the like.

Throughout the journey, the ship encountered several sea beast attacks. However, it wasn't attacked by the Six-footed Lightning Crocodile horde, nor were the attacks in as large a scale. Mo Wuji did not cultivate, but his lightning essence occasionally appeared to help him deal some critical, killing blows. Together with Yuan Zhenyi, they were not at an advantageous position, but they were able to hold their ground.

The two of them were able to kill quite a number of sea beasts. However, these beasts could not be compared to the Six-footed Lightning Crocodile; Mo Wuji only managed to add 50 contribution points to his orange card.

After two months, only 20 people in Mo Wuji's shared house survived when the Spring Sea finally arrived at Xing Han's Royal Capital, Chang Luo.

As the Spring Sea approached the shore, everyone within the

ship flocked out to the deck. Even the immortal masters could not control the rush.

After two consecutive months of suppression, and constantly facing the threat of death, the sight of land really excited everyone.

Fortunately, the immortal masters did not try to control the crowd. Due to this mad rush, there were some incidences of people falling down and got were eventually trampled to death. However, no one really cared or stopped.

In just half an incense of time, more than half of the ship had departed. Mo Wuji and Yuan Zhenyi did not squeeze with the crowd. Instead, they walked slowly at the back. They were already at Chang Luo, why the need to rush?

"Wuji, you don't need to follow us anymore. After arriving at Chang Luo, you are free to do what you want. On the other hand, I will be stay with Ji Xing and attend the Spring Immortal's Gate a month from now," Yuan Zhenyi knew that Mo Wuji did not have spiritual roots, and would not want to join him and wait for the start of the Spring Immortal's Gate.

Indeed, Mo Wuji did not intend to stay with Yuan Zhenyi and Ji Xing. He needed to find a place to stay before secretly testing for his spiritual roots. Now that he had opened three meridians, it was still unclear whether he would have spiritual roots. Furthermore, even if he did not have spiritual roots, he still wanted to try all means possible to acquire a cultivation manual, and attempt to stimulate the lightning essence within his body.

At the same time, Mo Wuji would still participate in the Spring Immortal's Gate. After all, the sects would be looking for some service disciples. He might not be able to be a true disciple of the sect, but being a service disciple wouldn't be too bad.

"Then we'll go our separate ways. If I need to, where can I find you?" Mo Wuji knew that Yuan Zhenyi and Ji Xing would not be like him, they would definitely have a fixed place to stay.

"Brother Wuji, Zhenyi and I will be staying at Faraway Inn. If you need Zhenyi, you can find him there," Ji Xing took the initiative to reply Mo Wuji.

After two months aboard the same ship, he had seen how strong Mo Wuji could be. Among all the house attendants and personal guards, there were very few who were able to singlehandedly kill two Six-footed Lightning Crocodiles like Mo Wuji did. If Mo Wuji had spiritual roots, he would have lowered his status and made friends with Mo Wuji.

Unfortunately, Mo Wuji did not have spiritual roots. It didn't matter how strong he was, he would always be destined to be a mortal. The moment Ji Xing enters a sect and cultivates for a year or two, he would definitely be stronger than Mo Wuji. In his eyes, smiling and laughing with Mo Wuji was already a great sign of respect.

Mo Wui did not know the thoughts in Ji Xing's mind. Even if he did, he would not care much about it. After waving goodbye to

Yuan Zhenyi, he soon disappeared within the crowd.

He did not need to bother about Yuan Zhenyi and Ding Bu'Er. Yuan Zhenyi had his own plans while Ding Bu'Er would be following Han Ning to the Spring Immortal's Gate. There, Ding Bu'Er would also have a chance to be a service disciple.

It was only Mo Wuji who did not have anywhere to go to. However, he was still in a pleasant mood.

In Rao Zhou, he was constantly in fear, and did not dare to go out. Now, he had finally gained his freedom. Every breath he took felt extremely fresh to Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji glanced back at the vast ocean he just came from. One day, he would definitely return.

...

Chang Luo - the royal capital of Xing Han Empire.

Mo Wuji had yet to enter the city itself but he could feel and bustle and the distinguished aura. Several spacious bluestone roads were cobbled together, from afar, the roads looked like a long blue dragon.

Each road was filled with an endless flow of people. Rao Zhou could be already be considered bustling, but it was like a small town compared to Chang Luo.

The majestic city tower and the huge and spacious city gates filled Mo Wuji's heart with fervour. Chang Luo - this was where Mo Wuji would go big.

Mo Wuji quickened his footsteps as he followed the crowds on the bluestone roads into Chang Luo.

Chapter 49: Living In Tian Luo Hotel

Rao Zhou was already industrialized. Logically, Chang Luo should have been more heavily industrialized and should possess more advanced technology. However, Mo Wuji felt a greater atmosphere of culture over technology in Chang Luo. The buildings and halls made Mo Wuji feel like he was taken back in history.

The shophouses reminded Mo Wuji of some historical shophouses. Furthermore, all of these shophouses were grand and beautiful.

Mo Wuji needed to find living accommodations as soon as possible. With the coming Spring Immortal's Gate Conference, living accommodations would be quickly snapped up. If he took his time, he might actually end up sleeping on the streets.

Mo Wuji's premonition was right; he went through at least a dozen hotels, but he did not manage to find a room.

Just as Mo Wuji was ready to lower his standards, he saw three huge words: "Tian Luo Hotel".

Tian Luo Hotel may not be in the most crowded part of the city, but it was definitely not remote. Furthermore, the exterior of Tian Luo Hotel looked a lot better than the dozen inns he previously went through.

Mo Wuji guessed that this kind of hotel probably would not have

any rooms. Still, he entered the hotel with a "Maybe" attitude. At that moment, a woman hurriedly walked out the hotel with her head lowered. As she walked out, she brushed her shoulders against Mo Wuji. Even though it was just a mere brushing of shoulders, Mo Wuji could see that she had a perfect figure. She was definitely a beautiful woman.

Looking at the luxurious entrance hall, Mo Wuji felt like he was back in a six-star hotel on Earth. As Mo Wuji entered the hotel, a pretty girl bowed and greeted him, "Are you looking for a place to stay or a particular person?"

"I'm looking for a place to stay. Are there any rooms?" Mo Wuji hurriedly asked.

The girl said with a smile, "Our ordinary and VIP rooms have all been booked. However, we still have a Superior Class room. The person living in that room just left. If you want it, you would need to pay two full months of accommodation costs..."

Mo Wuji suddenly recalled the woman who hastily left the hotel as he was entering. If she was the one who vacated the hotel room, then his luck was really too good.

"How much does it cost for two months?" Mo Wuji did not wait for the girl to finish and he immediately interrupted.

The girl maintained her smile and she calmly said, "As it is period of the Spring Immortal's Gate, our rooms are priced ten times higher. Our Superior Class rooms would cost 10 thousand gold

coins per month. So it would be 20 thousand gold coins for two months."

Mo Wuji exhaled a breath of cold air. The price wasn't high; it was outrageously high.

If he did not earn money from his sale of penicillin, he would not even be able to set an eye on the room.

"Here's 20 thousand gold coins. I will be living for two months," Despite the outrageously high prices, Mo Wuji gritted his teeth and did not hesitate to take out two bank notes worth 10 thousand gold coins each.

He did not have the rights to participate in the Spring Immortal's Gate. However, the Spring Immortal's Gate was still a once in a lifetime of opportunity for Mo Wuji. Besides looking for geniuses, the sects would also be taking in service disciples. If it was revealed that he had spiritual roots, he might even be taken in as an outer disciple.

Even being a service disciple of a big sect would be useful for his cultivation.

Just like how students aiming to enter Peking University would stay near the university, Mo Wuji wanted to be near the venue for the Spring Immortal's Gate if wanted to join a sect.

During this period, he would have a good rest and maintain a

good body condition. He could easily find ways to earn his money back but he could not easily find such an opportunity. If he left the hotel now to find cheaper alternatives, he might end up with nowhere to live in.

Furthermore, this hotel looked extremely grand and prestigious. He might actually meet some immortal masters during his stay here.

The pretty girl did not expect Mo Wuji to take out the 20 thousand gold coins. Besides immortal masters, only royalty or the extremely rich could afford to stay here. Judging Mo Wuji's ordinary looking appearance, he did not look like someone who could afford to stay in this hotel. Previously, she maintained her smile simply out of courtesy.

"Is there any problem?" Seeing the girl's blank look, Mo Wuji hurried and asked. With such a tight supply of rooms, it would naturally be better to enter one as soon as possible.

"Oh, nothing's wrong. Please wait as I check you in," The girl immediately returned to her senses and she respectfully helped Mo Wuji go through the formalities.

In just a few minutes, Mo Wuji got the room key and the occupant identity card. He was staying in room 0182, which was on the third floor.

"Are there still any rooms?" Just as Mo Wuji got his key, an anxious voice called out.

It was a young girl speaking. She had thick eyebrows and big eyes, which made her look extremely stoic. Unfortunately, her stoicism caused her to lose much of her woman's charm. By her side, was a young man with a sword on his back.

"I am extremely sorry. The last room has been booked by this friend over here," the receptionist politely replied.

When the young girl heard those words, she immediately turned to Mo Wuji, "Give me your key. I will give you double the fee."

"I'm just in need for rest, so I cannot give you my room. Sorry," Naturally, Mo Wuji would not give up on his plans for the sake of some gold coins.

"Triple." The thick browed girl wrinkled her brows. After sizing Mo Wuji up, she decided to increase the price. After offering this price, she immediately added, "Kid, be contented. Don't be too greedy and cause trouble for yourself."

"Little girl, may I ask what's the price for one night in your best room here?" Mo Wuji disliked people who tried to solve their problems using money. Furthermore, she even tried to threaten him. Unfortunately for her, Mo Wuji was not a person who was scared of threats.

Hearing Mo Wuji call her 'Little girl', the receptionist blushed as she replied, "The best room is the Immortal Master Room. It costs 10 thousand gold coins a night..."

"Ok, I will take the best Immortal Master Room. You can give them my room for free." Mo Wuji waved his hand and said arrogantly.

The receptionist answered apologetically, "I am extremely sorry. We don't have any more Immortal Master Rooms."

"Oh, since that's the case, I will stop trolling," Mo Wuji turned to look at the thick browed girl. He laughed at her as he walked up the steps.

The receptionist did not understand what Mo Wuji meant by 'trolling', but she could tell that Mo Wuji was not happy with the thick browed girl.

"A mere mortal dares to be so arrogant? I will definitely teach him a lesson," The thick browed girl finally understood that Mo Wuji must have been ridiculing her.

By her side, the young man honestly said, "Junior apprentice sister, since there are no more rooms, let's just find another hotel. Furthermore, we secretly slipped out. If we made too much trouble and the house finds out..."

Seemingly awoken by the words of the honest young man, the thick browed girl hatefully said, "That kid... He better not fall into my hands. If not he will understand the power of the Heavenly Aria Palace. Let's go!"

Seeing the two walk out, the receptionist seemed to recall something as her face revealed an expression of fear. She subconsciously looked in the direction of Mo Wuji's room, and prayed for him silently in her heart.

Chapter 50: <Immortal Mortal Technique>

Having rested for only a day, Mo Wuji left his accommodation and headed towards Luo Hai Merchant House.

There was still a month to the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference, so Mo Wuji decided to look around for his much desired cultivation technique. It's all right if he couldn't afford it, there's no harm in taking a look.

As to the brewing of the channel opening solution, Mo Wuji was surprisingly not anxious. Even if he managed to brew the solution, the absence of lightning would render it ineffective.

The austerity of Luo Hai Merchant House contrasted greatly with the opulence of Tian Luo Hotel. Two statues of an unknown beast stood menacingly at its entrance. The wide doors of the merchant house thronged with people, and as Mo Wuji followed the crowd into the house, he instantly smelt the aroma of drugs.

The lobby on the first floor was packed with a myriad of drugs, arranged neatly into clean and transparent cabinets. With a cursory gaze, it appeared as if nothing was missing. The names of the drugs along with their functions, grades, together with their ingredients, the names of their brewers and even the main herbs that went into making them, were all clearly labelled.

Mo Wuji had previously explored the pharmacies of Rao Zhou City. However, it was only at that moment did he realise that the drugs of the pharmacies of Rao Zhou were merely supplements.

Behind every counter sat an attendant. As long as the customers did not enquire about the prices, the attendant would sit motionless. However, once the customers made an enquiry of any sort, the attendant would promptly reply with his recommendations and suggestions.

Mo Wuji took it all in appreciatively. He hated entering a shop where the attendants swamped him with questions even though he didn't express any desires to make a purchase. How could one make an observation of the products of any sort under those conditions?

After walking a round, Mo Wuji did not purchase any drugs. The only drugs he could use here were the healing pills, the cheapest of which cost at least hundreds of gold coins. The efficacy of these drugs was unlikely to surpass his penicillin.

After looking at those drugs, Mo Wuji began to have a newfound appreciation of the revolutionary properties of his penicillin. Once penicillin entered mass production, it would only cost a few silver coins, perhaps even bronze coins. The difference between penicillin and these drugs could not have been greater.

Mo Wuji went up to the second floor, which contained pills like the first. Judging from their packaging and appearance, they appeared to be a cut above those on the first floor. He did not browse any further, as he could not afford any of them.

On the third floor, Mo Wuji saw cultivation manuals.

Immediately, he made a beeline for them.

“The Sagittarius Book of Life Energy, Normal Mortal Grade, is going for 8000 contribution points or one million gold coins. The Qi Circulation Longevity Scroll, Elite Mortal Grade is going for 50 000 contribution points or six million gold coins. The Whirlwind Power Punch, Elite Mortal Grade, is going for 76 000 contribution points or eight million gold coins...”

Mo Wuji made a round, with his heart growing heavier as he walked. All the money that he possessed could not even purchase the cover page of the cheapest cultivation manual.

“May I ask what are you seeking, friend?” Noticing the change in Mo Wuji’s eyes after he lifted up his head again, an attendant hurried towards him.

Mo Wuji quickly composed himself, forced a smile and asked, “May I ask, why are all the techniques here Mortal Grade? Also, what is the difference between Normal Mortal Grade and Elite Mortal Grade?”

Upon hearing Mo Wuji’s words, the attendant realised that the prospects of a deal were shattered. How could he purchase cultivation manuals if he couldn’t even understand the grading system?

Fortunately, the attendant hadn’t been here for long. He patiently explained, “The techniques are divided into 3 grades: Heaven, Earth and Mortal grade. The Heaven grade is naturally the

highest. Every grade is then subdivided into Normal, Elite and Treasured tiers. The techniques of the Earth grade are considered too high leveled, so we don't sell them here.”

The attendant deliberately did not mention that the shop did not even sell many techniques belonging to the Treasured Mortal Grade, let alone those of the Earth grade.

“So the techniques of the Heaven grade is the highest,” Mo Wuji muttered to himself. If it were possible to purchase Heaven grade techniques, how much money would be required? The combined wealth of the planet was unlikely to be sufficient to purchase one.

The attendant took the chance to show off his knowledge and said laughingly, “Normally you can find the techniques from these three grades in most marketplaces. But I’ve heard of techniques belonging to a grade above the Heaven Grade. It's called the Immortal Grade. Those are the true ways of immortality.”

Mo Wuji pointed questioningly at the Qi Circulation Longevity Scroll and asked, “Can’t this technique prolong your life and also allow you to achieve immortality?”

The attendant, patient as ever, replied, “This is a technique to absorb the spiritual energy from the heaven and earth to cultivate the body. Of course one could obtain longevity, but it’s different from living forever. How should I put it...?”

The attendant thought for a long while before realising that he had no suitable analogy. Finally, he thought of something. He

pointed to a cultivation manual in a corner and said to Mo Wuji, “For example, that book...”

Mo Wuji rushed over to take a look, “Immortal Mortal...”

Mo Wuji felt his heart beat faster. What an arrogant name! How could a mortal be immortal?

Almost immediately, his gaze fell upon the price. 1000 contribution points or 110 thousand gold coins...

“Why is it so cheap?” Mo Wuji asked immediately.

The attendant chuckled and replied, “Take a look at its grade and you shall know why is it so cheap.”

Mo Wuji felt as if he had just seen his crush, sitting next to him. It’s almost as if he could smell her fragrance. His heart thumped uncontrollably as his body shook.

“The <Immortal Mortal Technique>, Mortal Grade technique...” Looking at that statement, Mo Wuji exclaimed with disbelief, “How is that possible?”

How could it be? Even if it’s Mortal grade, why is it so cheap?

The attendant looked at Mo Wuji’s stunned appearance, and suddenly felt like adding a few more sentences. Perhaps that guy

would eventually fork out the money to buy it.

Just as the attendant was prepared to coax Mo Wuji into buying it, a gentle voice said, “This technique can be found everywhere, and the price here is the most expensive. A street vendor or a small shop would probably sell it to you for 20 or 30 thousand gold coins. You might even get one for just 10 thousand gold coins. Because this technique could only be practised until Channel Opening Stage Level 9 before the user is forced to change techniques. Furthermore, the method of practising it is extremely difficult. Also, to reach Channel Opening Stage Level 9 with this technique would take up considerably more energy and resources compared to other techniques.”

The speaker turned out to be a smiling man of average stature. The words of this man splashed upon Mo Wuji like a bucket of cold water. He thought he finally found a bargain, when in actual fact the whole street was selling it.

“Thank you mister for your advice,” Despite the aching disappointment in his heart, Mo Wuji raised his hands in an appreciative gesture.

The attendant said sheepishly, “While the whole street is selling this, at least our store is selling the complete version. The versions of the technique sold by the street vendors have missing content, and are made from coarse materials. I promise you, I sell at least 10 copies of this technique here.”

The man nodded his head and said, “That’s true, you can trust the brand of Luo Hai Merchant House.”

Chapter 51: Basics of Cultivation

“About that, could you let me take a look at that technique?” Mo Wuji sighed to himself, wanting to lay his eyes on this Immortal Mortal Technique.

He had no other way, the amount of money he had could only afford some techniques of the masses.

“No problem.” The shop assistant took the Immortal Mortal Technique manual out from the glass display case and handed it to Mo Wuji with a smile. He did not have the permission to do so for other techniques, but at least for this one, he could make such a decision.

The moment Mo Wuji intended to open the manual, the middle aged man laughed, “My suggestion would be that if you want to make progress in your cultivation for the long term, it would be better to accumulate some points and purchase a higher quality Mortal technique. The Immortal Mortal Technique only goes by this name in this shop. Once you leave the shop, this technique goes by another name.”

“What’s the other name?” Mo Wuji blurted.

The middle aged man pointed at the manual in Mo Wuji’s hands, “Once you open this manual, you will be able to see its actual name.”

With that, Mo Wuji hurriedly flipped open the manual. Below

the words “Immortal Mortal Technique”, there were a few small unassuming words “Basics of Cultivation”

When Mo Wuji saw those three words, he almost coughed up blood. If this middle aged man did not remind him, he would have bought this manual. What’s more, if anyone asked him, he would say that he was training in the Immortal Mortal Technique, which might make him a big laughing stock.

The shop assistant saw that something was amiss, and quickly added, “This is the most basic of the beginner techniques. If you train with this technique, even if you change to another technique in the future, there will be no negative effects. I can assure you, there are no other techniques that are more foundational than this one.”

Mo Wuji retorted snidely, “Of course there will be no negative effects. Didn’t I just hear that training this Immortal Mortal Technique requires a large amount of time and resources? By the time I have the ability to change to other techniques, won’t I already be close to dying from old age?”

The shop assistant chuckled, but did not rebut what Mo Wuji said.

The middle aged man spoke once again, “Technically this shop assistant is not wrong. Even though the technique takes up a long period of time for training, but it has been passed down for countless years, and went through all kinds of refinement, thus making it flawless. Whenever you have a higher quality cultivation technique, you can really swap it out at any moment.”

Mo Wuji flipped the manual open. The shop assistant did not lie about its contents. The technique was highly detailed, not only stating clearly how to circulate spiritual energy, but also showing diagrams indicating the direction of flow within spirit channels. On top of that, there were introductions to certain parts of the spirit channel network in the body.

Mo Wuji never cultivated before, and no one had ever taught him how to. The positions and names of spirit channels were completely foreign to him. What more the direction of flow within them.

The shop assistant took out another book and passed it to Mo Wuji, “My friend, if you purchase the Immortal Mortal Technique from me, I will also give you this introductory book on spirit channels for free.”

Mo Wuji closed the manual, saying to the shop assistant, “Could you stop bringing up Immortal Mortal Technique. What I want to buy now is this Basics of Cultivation. Speak. What is the lowest price that you can offer? That’s right, I still have 250 points, how much money would I have to add on top of that to get this manual and the free gift?”

He was rather impatient. Either he bought this manual, or he would leave the shop empty handed. The amount of money he had could not purchase anything else.

Hearing that Mo Wuji really intended to purchase this Basics of

Cultivation, the shop assistant immediately broke into a smile and said, “Just add 70 thousand gold coins...”

“I’ll add another 50 thousand gold coins. If you are willing to sell it, I will take it off your hands immediately. Otherwise, I’ll go to another shop.” Mo Wuji said without hesitation.

Subtracting the money spent at the hotel, He only had approximately 100 thousand gold coins on him. He would have to scrimp and save this sum of money. Initially, he felt that 100 over thousand gold coins was a large sum. But only after walking into this shop did Mo Wuji realise that he was poorer than a beggar. At this rate, he would have to find some way to earn money for meals.

“Deal.” The shop assistant passed both the Immortal Mortal Technique and the Introduction to Spirit Channels to Mo Wuji without hesitation.

Mo Wuji took out the orange rewards card to pay with his 250 points, then taking out a 50 thousand dollar gold note. He finally obtained the cultivation technique of his dreams: the Immortal Mortal Technique. No wait, it’s the Basics of Cultivation.

Carefully wrapping both books up and stuffing them into his clothes, Mo Wuji decided to find somewhere to test his spirit roots, before going back and seeing if he could cultivate.

As Mo Wuji was about to leave, he turned around and saw that the middle aged man had not left yet. The man did not know Mo Wuji at all, but yet still helped to explain many things to him. It

looked like this guy was here to look for him, but he had just arrived in Chang Luo City!

“Thanks brother for all those explanations. I noticed that you’ve been here for quite some time, could it be that you’re here to look for me?” Mo Wuji respectfully asked.

The middle aged man smiled and nodded, “I didn’t help much just now, and you still purchased this manual in the end. But you’re right, I’m here for you.”

Without prompting from Mo Wuji, he explained, “This is a token representing a service disciple of the Formless Blade Sect.”

Mo Wuji instinctively took the ice cold token, and asked with suspicion, “But I don’t even know you, why are you giving me this token?”

The middle aged man warmly replied, “Don’t worry, this token was given to me by Qin Xiangyu. She asked me to pass it to you. If you don’t intend to use it, just keep it by your side. You never know when it might come in handy.”

Qin Xiangyu? Mo Wuji immediately remembered the lady that lived next to him. That woman seemed pretty normal, but she gave off an aura of distinction. Her figure was even more attractive. That sort of curvaceous body was not only beautiful, but also did not seem like kitsch. Perhaps, this was what an actual aura felt like.

He only helped her conveniently initially, who knew that this woman would remember him, even giving him a title of service disciple within a sect.

This didn't make sense, Qin Xiangyu was a servant like him. How could she have obtained a token for service disciples from such an immortal sect, and afford to give one to him?

Seemingly reading Mo Wuji's mind, the middle aged man explained, "Xiangyu's younger brother, Qin Chen, is the Formless Blade Sect's second elder's direct disciple, and had left home for over ten years. Because of the Spring Immortal Gate Conference, they were able to meet, and she obtained this token from him."

Mo Wuji finally understood. No wonder she could easily obtain such a token.

"As this matter has been concluded, I will take my leave." The middle aged man did not introduce himself, and after Mo Wuji received the token, automatically bade farewell and left.

After the man had left, Mo Wuji then grabbed the shop assistant and asked, "May I ask what level is the Formless Blade Sect?"

The shop assistant looked at the token in Mo Wuji's hand in admiration, replying, "The Formless Blade Sect might not be the best sect around, but it's at least an Earth level Sect, a below average one."

Only a below average Earth level sect. Mo Wuji was slightly disappointed, but still felt greatly indebted to Qin Xiangyu. There might be many people who keep grudges, but much less who remember other people's goodwill.

Putting the token away, Mo Wuji decided to still get his spirit roots tested. If he had spirit roots, and of a decent quality, then he might actually stand a chance to go for the Spring Immortal Gate Conference. When that happens, he would not be only a service disciple, maybe even an outer disciple.

Chapter 52: The Higher You Go, The Harder You Fall

Chang Luo City had too many locations for testing spirit roots, and the cheapest only required a fee of 100 gold coins. Being wary of false test results, Mo Wuji decided on the Xing Han Spirit Opening Tower.

After some inquiries, Mo Wuji found out that the Xing Han Spirit Opening Tower was one of the top tier spirit opening towers. Its accuracy rate for testing one's spirit roots was a perfect 100%. Originally, Mo Wuji was worried that his spiritual roots may be of poor quality, and that it would be better to take the test on the sly. However, when he reached Xing Han Spirit Opening Tower, he knew that he was overthinking.

Just by standing at outside of the Xing Han Spirit Opening Tower for a few minutes, Mo Wuji saw up to a hundred people enter and leave the premises. With such a high volume of human traffic, who would notice him?

Mo Wuji walked into the Spirit Opening Tower and was welcomed by a large signboard. The signboard had two arrows, the left one pointing to "spirit root testing", and the right one pointing to "opening of spirit channels".

Taking a left turn, Mo Wuji quickly arrived at a window which had a sign below it that wrote "Pay 700 gold coins for the testing of spirit roots". He handed over the fee, and obtained a card numbered 3121.

There were many people coming to get their spiritual roots tested, and all Mo Wuji had to do was to follow behind the others. He walked up to the third floor, which had a large hall with over a hundred people seated within it. Due to the gigantic size of the hall, even with a hundred people in it, there still seemed to be much extra space left.

At the corner of the hall, there was a metal door that was closed shut. When Mo Wuji entered, one person walked out from that door, and following the reporting of a number, another went in.

Within half a minute, the previous person exited the door, and the person with the next number entered.

Mo Wuji waited for approximately an hour before his name was called; he then entered the room anxiously.

If nothing went wrong, and the test results still indicated that he did not have spiritual roots, then he probably would not have spiritual roots for the rest of his life.

After entering the room, Mo Wuji saw a crystal pillar that was much more transparent and clear than those within Cheng Yu Spirit Opening Tower. Not only was it clearer, its height was also much greater than the Cheng Yu Spirit Opening Tower. By his estimates, it was at least 4.5 to 5 metres tall.

Beside the crystal pillar sat a middle aged woman. Upon seeing Mo Wuji enter, she said emotionlessly, "Stand up there."

Mo Wuji took the test once before, and already possessed experience about the whole process. He immediately stood on the spirit roots test platform.

The next moment, a bright blue light shot up to the sky, exceeding the top edge of the crystal pillar.

In an instant, this blue light disappeared, and the pillar reverted to its original state.

“What’s going on?” The female tester suddenly stood up, walking towards the crystal pillar with a look of suspicion. She touched the pillar all over for a good period of time.

Sometime later, she still did not know what had happened, and could only tell Mo Wuji, “You, come down. You’ll retake the test awhile later.”

Mo Wuji initially got stunned by the blue light that shot into the sky. What followed was a tingling sensation on his scalp. He had saw Yan’Er’s spirit roots test before. Hers was a streak of green light which did not even reach the top of the pillar, and she was determined to have Supreme Spirit Roots.

But Yan’Er’s green light remained at the pillar all the way until she stepped down from it.

That warm green light was something that Mo Wuji was unable

to forget even up till that point in time.

What was the issue with him? After that streak of blue light shot to the sky, it disappeared completely. Moreover, this sort of brilliance was highly disruptive, totally different from the warmth from Yan'Er's light.

“Stand up there again.” Seeing that Mo Wuji was in a daze, the tester shouted once more.

Mo Wuji hurriedly stood up onto the pillar. A moment later, he saw that the pillar had some faint specks of blue light that flashed a few times, before the pillar returned to its original state.

The middle aged woman furrowed her eyebrows, and was not very satisfied with the results, pushing for Mo Wuji to take the test again for the third time. It was still the same. A few bits of blue light sparkled for a moment before disappearing.

“Low quality mortal roots, there's no possibility for you to open your spirit channels. You may leave now.” The middle aged woman finally confirmed the results of the test. The blinding brilliance of blue light from the first try must have been a glitch with the crystal pillar.

The crystal pillar rarely had any issues, but it wasn't that there were none. It almost caused her to think that some kind of genius was in her presence, wasting the time spent on three tests.

Mo Wuji was devastated, walking out of the room with his head held low. It seemed like the meridians that he opened belonged to the meridian network, not the spirit channel network. If they were spirit channels, he would already have spirit roots.

But what exactly happened with the blue light for the first test? Something must be wrong. His test at Cheng Yu Spirit Opening Tower only yielded a few grey sparkles. However it was blue light flashing this time. Perhaps this had something to do with the lightning source within him?

Now that he had a cultivation technique, no matter what the result, he would go back to start cultivating first. If he really could not cultivate, then he would find a way to learn martial arts.

There was another person that Mo Wuji could not forget: Yan'Er.

Besides his parents, this was the only person he had met that would rather remain hungry and thirsty so that he may have a better life.

Every time he thought of Yan'Er, Mo Wuji would become furious at the woman that took her away.

...

At Tian Luo Hotel, Mo Wuji stepped into a room, closing the door, and taking out <Basics of Cultivation> immediately.

“It is a fallacy that spiritual energy appeared after heaven and earth was created. Spiritual energy was created together with the universe. Those born without it, are called mortals. Mortals of my generation, compressed and trained spiritual energy, and achieved longevity...”

The introduction was already so grand, which made Mo Wuji look forward to what lay ahead.

When he saw the terms “compress and train spiritual energy” and “first through the Earth Vein”, he was stunned. He had no idea how to do it. If he could not even do this, how would he carry on cultivating. Cultivation really required the guidance of a master, Mo Wuji sighed in his heart before quickly taking out <Introduction to Spirit Channels>. Finally, he found what Earth Vein referred to. The first step was to let spiritual energy flow through a spirit channel called the Earth Vein, then circulate it through the whole spirit channel network.

Mo Wuji had already opened three spirit channels, but unfortunately no matter how hard he tried, he could not absorb any natural spiritual energy and pass it through any of his meridians.

Could it be that this was the end? No. Mo Wuji was not satisfied and wanted to try the spiritual energy circulation again.

Continuously working at it for three to four hours, Mo Wuji’s legs became numb from the prolonged sitting.

“Bang, bang!” Just as he was about to lose all hope, two loud knocks on the door were heard.

Mo Wuji angrily threw the <Immortal Mortal Technique> to one side, and yanked the door open. At the door, was a rather familiar woman clothed in black. The woman had a perfect figure and she was stunningly beautiful. Mo Wuji did not care how pretty this woman was, immediately shouting, “Do you know that it is bad manners to knock on a guest’s door as you wish? If I were sleeping with a woman inside, would you want to come in to take a look?”

The woman in black was taken aback for a moment by Mo Wuji’s boundless rage. Coincidentally her gaze landed on the <Immortal Mortal Technique> that Mo Wuji threw to one side. Even though that was actually the <Basics of Cultivation>, but the words <Immortal Mortal Technique> were larger.

“I’m really sorry for disrupting your training. I was the previous guest who stayed in this suite...”

Once the woman in black finished speaking, Mo Wuji suddenly recalled that he brushed shoulders with a woman while entering the suite. Wasn’t this that woman?

If it were not for her checking out of the room last minute, he would not have a place to stay at. Mo Wuji suppressed his anger, and forcibly apologised, “I’m terribly sorry. I was just on a short fuse because something went wrong with my training. Didn’t you check out already? Why are you still here?”

Mo Wuji's words were simply boastful lies. In reality he did not even manage to start his cultivation, so how could he have faced any problem during it?

Chapter 53: The Start of Cultivation

The woman in black felt embarrassed and replied hesitantly, "Something urgent popped up so I couldn't leave Chang Luo and now I'm unable to find another place to stay."

Mo Wuji answered doubtfully, "I'm sorry that you are unable to find a place to stay but I will not move out of this hotel room."

He was still unable to cultivate but decided to keep trying as he already knew of the cultivation techniques and this was a suitable place for him to try cultivating.

The woman in black waved her hand and said, "You will not need to move out, this suite is able to fit two people. Look on the left of the living room, there is another room available."

Mo Wuji had not noticed that room on the left until she mentioned it. He fell asleep straight away when he entered the room last night and left early in the morning today. When he returned, he started trying to cultivate without even stepping into the room.

This two-room concept suite was indeed worth the 20 000 gold coins.

It was not as if Mo Wuji did not want to help this woman but it was a critical period of time for him. If he was not trying to cultivate, he would have very willingly let her stay as it would not be very pleasant if she were to interrupt his training when he was

still trying to cultivating.

As she soon realised the reason for Mo Wuji's hesitation, the woman in black hurried to say, "Don't worry, I will not disturb you while you are cultivating. In fact, I could help in some areas which you do not understand."

Mo Wuji's intention was made obvious to the woman in black from the Immortal Mortal manual which he previously threw to one side.

"Are you an immortal master?" Mo Wuji asked, out of curiosity.

The woman in black replied humbly, "I am not considered an immortal master. I am now only at Channel Opening Stage Level 4 but I'm quite familiar with the fundamentals."

Anyone in the Channel Opening Stage was considered to be an immortal master in the eyes of a mortal. However, the woman in black knew she was nothing extraordinary in terms of her Channel Opening Stage. She would be too embarrassed to call herself an immortal master.

Mo Wuji was in awe when he heard this. Han Ning was only at Channel Opening Stage Level 1 and she had mentioned that there would only be a drastic increase in strength after reaching Channel Opening Stage Level 4. He swept across to one side of the door and smiled vibrantly saying, "Elder sister, please come in quickly. It is very windy outside."

The woman in black glanced at Mo Wuji as her impression of Mo Wuji drastically changed after that sentence. How could it have been windy when they were inside a hotel?

She hesitate for a split second to enter the room. However, she really had no other place to stay and could not leave Chang Luo city as she had other plans in the city.

Mo Wuji waited for the woman in black to enter before shutting the door. He then hurried to pick up the <Immortal Mortal Technique> manual embarrassingly. He thought to himself that maybe, in the eyes of the woman, he was nothing but a pile of sh*t in the world of cultivation.

"The <Basics of Cultivation> manual may be cheap but it is not a good book to follow if you want to cultivate efficiently," The woman in black said objectively as she saw him pick up the book.

"Yes, yes. However, I've heard that this manual has been passed down for thousands of years and it is one of the most useful manuals for beginners. I believe that if I want to start cultivating and get stronger, I should get my basics right first. Since I have decided to start cultivating, I am not afraid of working long and hard," Mo Wuji said confidently, even though the truth was that he could not afford any other manual.

The woman in black was pleasantly surprised at the words of Mo Wuji. As he was able to afford to stay in this suite, she did not think that he only bought the manual because he could not afford the others.

"Yes, you are right. I did not have a peaceful state of mind when I first started cultivating," The woman in black agreed.

If she had seen Mo Wuji throw the manual on the floor in frustration before she knocked on the door, she would have realised that Mo Wuji was nothing but peaceful.

Mo Wuji took out some tea leaves and offered to make a cup of tea for the woman in black calmly, "I am Mo Wuji and I just reached Chang Luo recently. I am planning to try my luck at the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference. How may I address you?"

"My name is Shen Lian but you may address me as senior apprentice sister Shen..." The woman in black paused before continued by saying, "I am going to stay here for a long period, should I pay you some rent?"

Why would Mo Wuji want to collect rent from Shen Lian? If he had more money on him, he would immediately give some to Shen Lian.

"Senior apprentice sister Shen, everyone will go through a tough period in life. Moreover, I wouldn't be using the room if you did not approach me. It would be too crude to talk about paying rent," Mo Wuji said with a straight face.

Shen Lian looked as though she was not very good with words. Therefore, she stood up and bowed to Mo Wuji upon hearing him.

Mo Wuji said quickly, "Not trying to hide anything from you but I've barely started cultivating. There are many things about cultivation which I do not understand and will need to learn from you."

This was Mo Wuji's purpose from the start.

Shen Lian looked more comfortable talking about this topic. She also did plan to give Mo Wuji guidance thus she replied, "You can ask me about anything."

Mo Wuji's spirit was immediately lifted. None of his friends knew about cultivation. His only friend who was able to cultivate was Han Ning. However, the difference in their stature made it difficult for him to ask her more.

"Senior apprentice sister Shen, you are currently at Channel Opening Stage Level 4. May I ask how many levels there are in total? And how many spirit channels must be opened to be considered capable?" Mo Wuji asked everything under one breath.

Shen Lian did not need to think for long to answer in detail, "The fact that you are trying to cultivate means you possess spirit roots. The next step after having spirit roots would be to open the spirit. The number of spirit channels opened on the first try would represent how strong you can be in the future. Normally, it is considered decent to open about five spirit channels on the first try. Those with top quality roots will be able to open more than 10 spirit channels..."

Speaking of top quality roots, Mo Wuji could not help but think of Yan'Er.

"How many spirit channels can a genius open on the first try?" Mo Wuji asked.

"That is very hard to say. Those who can open more than 10 spirit channels are already considered geniuses. I've met a genius who once opened up 17 spirit channels. I heard that he was the first one in over a few hundred years to open up so many," Shen Lian said in awe.

"Will you be in the Channel Opening Stage after having spirit channels?"

Shen Lian shook her head, "After having your spirit channels opened, one must cultivate. Channel expansion is the continuous expansion of the spirit channels within your body. The more spirit channels expanded would result in greater power and possible achievements in the future. There are a total of nine levels in the stage. At the ninth level before the promotion to the Spirit Building Stage, if you are able to open 99 spirit channels, you could very well become an expert."

"Does this mean a cultivator can open at most 99 spirit channels?" There were still way too many things that Mo Wuji did not know.

Shen Lian nodded then shook her head, "To be capable of

opening 99 spirit channels is already very rare. It is considered to be very impressive to have one or two of such people in an empire over a century. However, opening 99 spirit channels is not the limit. There were myths about a genius being able to open the 100th spirit channel and then proceeding to the 10th level. However, this is only a myth and there was no such person capable of doing this."

"What is the purpose of proceeding to the 10th level if it wastes so much time and effort?" Mo Wuji questioned.

Shen Lian said, "It is not a waste of time. Do you know about the three realms of cultivation?"

Mo Wuji shook his head in embarrassment as he did not know much at all.

Chapter 54: Ten Breaths

Shen Lian silently watched Mo Wuji place the Basics of Cultivation by the side, and explained, “Cultivation has three realms: the Mortal Realm, Earth Realm, and Heaven Realm. Each realm is separated into three stages, each stage separated into another nine levels.

The Channel Opening Stage is the first stage of the Mortal Realm. The second stage of the Mortal Realm is the Spirit Building Stage, and the third stage is the Transcending Mortality Stage. Beyond the Transcending Mortality Stage is the Earth Realm.

The Earth Stage’s first stage is the Yuan Dan Stage; the second stage is the True Lake Stage; and the third stage is the Nihility God Stage...”

Seeing that Shen Lian could no longer carry on, Mo Wuji anxiously asked, “What about the three stages of the Heaven Realm?”

“Heaven Realm? Legend has it that experts from Quasi-Heaven Sects have crossed into the Heaven Realm. However those people do not show themselves, and most of them remain at the first stage. So the three stages of the Heaven Realm are completely unimportant to us. Knowing them serves no purpose,” Shen Lian said while sighing.

In the past hundreds and thousands of years, how many experts within the five empires actually managed to cross into the Heaven

Realm?

Mo Wuji also knew that Shen Lian was not spouting nonsense. The Heaven Realm was indeed too far out of his reach. Thinking of what Shen Lian just said, he asked with a tinge of uncertainty, “You previously mentioned that cultivating to the 10th level of the Channel Opening Stage was not a waste of time, but what does all that you just said have to do with the 10th level of Channel Opening that we were talking about before?”

Shen Lian replied, “Because at the ninth level of Transcending Mortality, many people will try everything to go beyond the Mortal Realm, and take a step into the Yuan Dan Stage, the first stage of the Earth Realm.”

“Isn’t that very normal?” Mo Wuji was really puzzled. Even if he did reach the ninth level of the Transcending Mortality Stage, he would also try all that he could to get into the Earth Realm.

“Yes it’s normal, but very few people are aware that there is one more stage after the nine levels of Transcending Mortality” Shen Lian said.

“What stage is it?” Mo Wuji wanted to know.

A tinge of desire appeared in Shen Lian’s eyes, “It is called the Extreme Mortal Stage, and it is the 10th level of the Transcending Mortality Stage. Even though there aren’t many who know about this 10th level, but there are still some who do. But there has never been someone who could really force their way into the 10th level

of Transcending Mortality. Not because they didn't want to, but because they simply couldn't. In order to force your way into the Extreme Mortal Stage, you must cultivate to the 10th level for the first of the three stages of the Mortal Realm, first for the Channel Opening Stage. After that you would have to cultivate until the 10th level of the Spirit Building Stage too. Only then would you have even the slightest chance of stepping into the 10th level of the Transcending Mortality Stage, the Extreme Mortal Stage."

At this point Shen Lian took a quick look at Mo Wuji, before continuing slowly, "In reality, simply cultivating to the 10th level of the Transcending Mortality Stage is nearly impossible, what more of doing that for all three stages of the Mortal Realm? Wouldn't you think that going for the 10th level of the Transcending Mortality Stage is just a waste of time and effort?"

"Then how would it benefit anyone to step into the Extreme Mortal Stage?" Mo Wuji knew that there would be countless benefits to the Extreme Mortal Stage after listening to Shen Lian's explanation, but he did not know any of them. Even if it were something out of his reach, he also wanted to know what it was.

Shen Lian replied, "Firstly, cultivators that enter the Extreme Mortal Stage would have a brighter future. Secondly, they would be stronger than others at the same level of cultivation. Normally, for those in the Mortal Realm, even if they are at the peak of the ninth level of the Transcending Mortality Stage, or halfway into the Yuan Dan Stage, their strength is still greatly inferior to those really in the Yuan Dan Stage. But for those in the Extreme Mortal Stage, they can actually go beyond their current stage and barely be able to fight against experts in the Yuan Dan Stage. This is the greatest difference."

Even though Shen Lian said many things, Mo Wuji did not hear about any of them before. But he knew that Shen Lian's level of wisdom was sufficient for him to ask her to be his master.

“Senior Shen, I know nothing about cultivating. Please guide me.” Mo Wuji stood up and bowed respectfully.

Shen Lian took a sip of tea and said, “I can see that. I'll explain the distribution of spirit channels in the body and how to absorb spiritual energy. For the rest, I am unable to teach them to you. You'll have to learn them by yourself.”

“Thank you senior.”

This was precisely what Mo Wuji lacked. He had no idea how to start cultivating. On the other hand, Shen Lian did not selfishly withhold anything from him, and taught Mo Wiji how to utilise the opened spirit channels to circulate and then absorb spiritual energy. She also taught him how to do a minor circulation and a major circulation, even telling Mo Wuji how to synchronise his mind and the opened spirit channels to absorb spiritual energy. Not able to memorise everything on the spot, Mo Wuji even took out pen and paper to record all of it down.

The teaching and learning went on for a good half day. Shen Lian's mouth was parched and she stood up to say, “I need to rest now. Sigh, staying in a room with you isn't easy.”

“Thank you Senior Shen, I will never forget your kindness of

teaching me today.” Mo Wuji humbly replied. What Shen Lian had taught him today was definitely not something that he could normally learn elsewhere. Even if he became a basic disciple, it would still be difficult for him to learn so many useful things.

“Forget it, I don’t want to take you in as my disciple anyway.” Shen Lian walked into the room on the right after she finished speaking. She used almost a day’s time to just enter this apartment and a room within it.

Mo Wuji chuckled sneakily, saying to himself that he did not intend to ask her to be his master

When Shen Lian reached to the room’s door, she suddenly stopped and turned around, asking, “That’s right, how’s your spirit roots? How many spirit channels did you open before opening your spirit?”

Mo Wuji paused slightly. What spirit roots did he have? If he said that he did not have spirit roots, and never opened half a spirit channel, who knew whether Shen Lian, who spoke until she her mouth went dry, would pounce on him and strangle him.

“Well, my spirit roots are only average, and I’m not very comfortable to disclose how many spirit channels I have opened. In all, my talent and quality definitely is a far cry from Senior Shen Lian.” Mo Wuji sheepishly replied with an awkward laugh.

Shen Lian calmly spoke, “I naturally know that you talent is beneath mine. I only want to remind you that even for those with

supreme spiritual roots who are absorbing spiritual energy for the first time, they require around a day before they can sense the spiritual energy. For spiritually sensitive people, sensing spiritual energy within two hours is not impossible. People with high quality spiritual roots require three to five days before sensing spiritual energy. People with intermediate quality spiritual roots need around 10 days, while those with low quality ones require a month or even years.”

Completing her last sentence, Shen Lian pushed the door open and entered her room. The last sentence seemed to be targeted towards Mo Wuji. He laughed and grabbed his technique manual, swiftly entering the room on the left. He did not have spiritual roots at all, who cares if he would take a few months to sense spiritual energy, he already had the method and manual, what was left was to attempt it. What he learnt from Shen Lian was too much, so he decided to use the two months here to try it out non-stop.

...

Back in the room, Mo Wuji immediately began to follow the method that Shen Lian had taught him to absorb spiritual energy, and start the round the body circulation. Aware that those with the worst spirit roots would require at least a month to sense spiritual energy, Mo Wuji was completely calm. He did not have spirit roots, and it had not even been half a day yet. It would be unusual if he could actually sense spiritual energy. Cultivation was originally an orderly process with slow improvement, so why the rush?

Taking in a deep breath, Mo Wuji closed his eyes and began to sense the spiritual energy of the heaven and earth. In that moment his heart was calm, without even the slightest bit of anxiety. Nonsense, even those with Supreme Spiritual Roots would need a day to sense spiritual energy, what good would it be if he was riled up.

Not even at his 10th breath, Mo Wuji could feel a cool airflow through the first of his opened meridians, then after half a minor circulation it entered his second meridian.

Mo Wuji got a shock and opened his eyes. The airflow disappeared. This was only half a minor circulation, and Mo Wuji could feel that his whole body was significantly lighter.

This was too simple right? Could this be cultivation? But he clearly did not have spiritual roots.

Mo Wuji exploded in happiness after being stunned for a moment. As long as he could cultivate, who cared if he had spiritual roots. The next instant, Mo Wuji immediately pulled out and opened up the Basics of Cultivation, cleared his mind, and furiously started the circulation process.

Chapter 55: Channel Opening Stage Level 1

After an unknown amount of time, Mo Wuji suddenly opened his eyes. He felt as though his cultivation had met with a bottleneck, without any way of breaking through. It was written in <Basics To Cultivation>, once spiritual energy fills the body through the spirit channels, the first level would be complete. Mo Wuji could feel his entire body filled with spiritual energy, it's just that he used his meridians instead of spirit channels.

Was this Channel Opening Stage Level 1? Mo Wuji examined his hands in shock. He could smell a hint of rancidity.

Mo Wuji immediately understood that this was the smell of the body's expelled impurities.

He had really reached Channel Opening Stage Level 1 and he just met with his first bottleneck. However, Mo Wuji was clear why he met this bottleneck; it wasn't because he couldn't cultivate, but because he had progressed too fast! All three of his open meridians were filled, resulting in this bottleneck.

Cultivators would need to open more spirit channels to overcome this bottleneck and continue their progress. For him, he would need to concoct more channel opening solution and find a lightning source to open more meridians. More meridians would mean more progress.

"Haha..." Mo Wuji laughed heartily. Cultivation did not amount to much; it was so simple! He felt hungry but he wasn't that

hungry till he couldn't move. He had probably cultivated for a day. In a single day, he actually reached Channel Opening Level 1. What other thing could bring him that much joy?

Mo Wuji rushed to the washroom to wash off all the impurities. After putting on a clean set of clothes, his entire body felt refreshed. At this moment, he felt like he could eat an entire cow. Even though he was hungry, he also felt relaxed both in body and spirit.

He merely took a few light steps but he could travel a great distance. Perhaps this was the 'lightened steps' which Han Ning mentioned. His body felt light and nimble.

Even though his methods were different from conventional cultivators, Mo Wuji decided to step on this cultivation path.

The <Immortal Mortal Technique> truly deserved its illustrious name. Now, even if someone offered him a higher grade cultivation manual for the <Immortal Mortal Technique>, Mo Wuji would not agree.

Wait... Why did people treat this <Basics of Cultivation> as trash when it actually could help him produce such 'Immortal' results?

Could it be due to the fact that he had opened meridians and not spirit channels? What was the exact difference between meridians and spirit channels?

Mo Wuji could not understand so he simply put it at the back of his mind. He might not understand the theory behind it now, but who says he wouldn't understand it in the future?

As he was about to open the door, Mo Wuji was sure that Shen Lian would ask him why he was cooped up in his room for so long. However, Mo Wuji did not expect that Shen Lian wasn't even outside. Mo Wuji brushed his nose embarrassedly, chiding himself for thinking too much.

There was still more than a month to the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference. He would need to purchase ingredients and concoct channel opening solutions before that happens.

Even though he only had mortal roots, he could cultivate, and at a fast pace at that. Having three open meridians was really too lacking. If he wanted to progress faster, he would need to open more meridians.

“You're leaving?” Just as Mo Wuji was about to leave, Shen Lian opened the door from the room on the right.

Mo Wuji must have been cultivating for a day or two. Shen Lian couldn't have been cultivating for the same time, right?

“Yes, I'm going out to buy some ingredients...” Mo Wuji suddenly came to the realisation that he would also need to purchase some drug refining equipment, which would cost quite a bit of money. Furthermore, things would naturally be more expensive in Chang Luo than Cheng Yu.

“Do you have money to lend me? I will definitely return you the leftovers.” As this was a matter regarding his cultivation, there was no reason why he needed to be shy about borrowing money.

Shen Lian stared at Mo Wuji, “Didn't you reject the money I offered you for the room?”

Mo Wuji waved his hand, “Naturally, I won't ask for that money. It's just that I'm buying ingredients now, and I'm afraid that I might not have enough gold. If there's money I did not spend, I will definitely return it to you.”

Suddenly, Shen Lian's face turned red as she stuttered, “About that... I don't have any money right now. But I will get some when the Spring Immortal's Gate opens.”

Mo Wuji's eyes widened as he looked at Shen Lian, “You don't have money? Didn't you offer to pay rent previously? Were you lying to me?”

The blush on Shen Lian's face extended down to her neck and she said awkwardly, “I taught you the important fundamentals of cultivation. That should be more than enough to pay for the rent.”

Mo Wuji understood that this lady here was simply speaking empty words when she offered to pay rent. If he really did ask for it, she would probably come up with some other excuse.

Knowing that her lie had been seen through, Shen Lian lowered her head and said, “It's because I ran out of money that I had to move out. I...”

Shen Lian was speaking the truth. She returned to the hotel knowing that this suite had two rooms. She wanted to negotiate with the current guest. When the Spring Immortal's Gate opens, she would be able to repay him twofold.

Seeing Mo Wuji's frustration with cultivation, she put in great efforts to teach him the basics of cultivation. If Mo Wuji had a conscience, he would not pursue for the rent.

What happened in reality was actually in accordance with her expectations; Mo Wuji did not ask for rent, and was even extremely grateful to her. How could she expect that Mo Wuji would actually ask to borrow some money? If she knew that would happen, she would definitely not open her room door.

But she had no other choice, she could no longer bear the hunger.

“Gu Gu...” Shen Lian's stomach rumbled loudly. Mo Wuji subconsciously looked downwards.

Shen Lian's entire face swelled a bright, rosy red. She had not eaten ever since she entered she first entered this suite. She had been paying close attention Mo Wuji's door. The moment it opened, Mo Wuji would definitely be leaving to have a meal, and she would hop on for a free meal.

“You don't even have enough money for a meal?” Mo Wuji patted his forehead speechlessly. This was his first time meeting a woman who did not even have enough to eat. It would seem normal if her circumstances were like his and Yan’Er’s. But she was someone who previously stayed in this grand Tian Luo Hotel. She was definitely not someone poor, she probably spent all her money unknowingly.

Shen Lian became more awkward, but she raised her head in a straightforward manner. “That's right. I don't have anymore money, and I was just intending to follow you for a meal. If you are willing to lend me money, I would answer any questions you have on cultivation “

Mo Wuji answered weakly, “Let’s go... let's go and eat.” He was intending to borrow money from Shen Lian, but now he was the one lending her money. He was even treating her to a meal. What logic was that? You truly cannot judge a person by her cover.

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“Rest assured. I will pay you back twofold.” As the two left Tian Luo Hotel, Shen Lian noticed Mo Wuji looking a little frustrated. She thought that Mo Wuji was still worried about the money so she took the initiative to console him.

Mo Wuji waved his hand, “Don't worry, this is just small money.”

What he was worried about was the concoction of the channel

opening solution. More importantly, he was also concerned about where he could find a place to force open his meridians. After all, his meridians required lightning to open.

“You look like you have something on your mind?” Shen Lian asked curiously.

Mo Wuji was too lazy to answer her; pointing towards a nearby restaurant, he said, “Let's eat here. I still have something to do afterwards.”

Chapter 56: Expensive Drug Refining Equipment

With two stunned waiters looking at them, Mo Wuji and Shen Ling gobbled down a table full of dishes. The waiters' gaze soon changed to one of reverence, and they looked on as Mo Wuji and Shen Ling left.

Those waiters had met men who had large appetites in the past, but never before was there a woman who could eat that much too. Not only did she have a big appetite, but more importantly she also possessed a level of beauty that neither waiter had seen before. Such a gorgeous woman wolfing down a table of dishes was the complete opposite of what they had expected.

“Senior apprentice sister Shen, since you have already had your fill, how about you head back first. I’ll go attend to some issues.” Mo Wuji urgently wanted to shake Shen Lian off before going to buy medicinal ingredients and drug refining equipment.

Shen Lian was still wary of Mo Wuji when she initially interacted with him, but now after a meal together and a long discussion about cultivation, she felt more familiar with him. Shen Lian threw that bit of caution to the wind. “I have nothing to do back at the apartment and was planning to go shopping anyway. What are you going to buy? Perhaps I can give you some suggestions.”

It became apparent that he would not be able to get rid of this nuisance. Mo Wuji had no choice but to reveal his plan, “I intend to go to buy some equipment for refining drugs. Why would I need you to tag along for that?”

“You are going to buy a pill furnace? How does one who has not even started cultivating buy a pill furnace?” Shen Ling asking in a surprised tone.

Mo Wuji explained himself, “I’m not going to buy a pill furnace, only some normal equipment for refining drugs to try my luck on the path of a drug refiner. You’re also aware of my lack of talent in cultivating. If I can become a drug refiner, even if I fail to cultivate, I’ll still be able to earn a living.”

Shen Lian nodded empathetically, “You’re not wrong, but there’s no future for a drug refiner. If there’s something that’s worth learning, it would be the skills of a pill refiner.”

“Will you teach me pill refining techniques? If you’re willing to, then I won’t mind learning how to refine pills,” snorted Mo Wuji.

Awkwardly, Shen Lian replied, “There’s too much investment required to become a pill refiner. Since you can’t cultivate, it’ll still be better for you to learn the ways of a drug refiner.” How could she not know how hard it was to train in pill refining when her own father was a pill refiner?

Realising that her suggestions were not that realistic, Shen Lian added on, “In the whole of Chang Luo City, Xing He Pill Pavilion has the best pill furnaces. Not only are the pills there top notch, but they also make the highest quality pill furnaces. But my recommendation is for you to go to Luo Hai Merchant House. Even though their pill furnaces are not as good as those at Xing He Pill

Pavilion, but their drug refining equipment is the best in the whole Xing He Empire.”

“Let’s go to Luo Hai Merchant House then.” Mo Wuji said without hesitation.

He was not going to refine pills anyway, and what’s more was that he knew Luo Hai Merchant House pretty well.

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“Sir, what are you looking for today? I’ll definitely show you the highest quality goods with the lowest prices.” Mo Wuji immediately found the shop assistant that sold him the <Basics of Cultivation>.

“Do you have any immortal grade drug refining equipment, something on the same level as the <Immortal Mortal Technique>?” Mo Wuji said while patting the assistant’s shoulders.

The shop assistant felt rather embarrassed. He had tricked Mo Wuji into buying the <Immortal Mortal Technique> manual, and now Mo Wuji brought it up, obviously reminding him not to fool him with something similar.

“Kekeke...” a crisp laugh came from the side, as she heard Mo Wuji praise the <Immortal Mortal Technique>, she could not hold it in any longer. It was one thing to skillfully package the <Basics of

Cultivation>, a book that could be found everywhere, as the <Immortal Mortal Technique>, but it was another to describe it as a top notch technique. What a joke.

Mo Wuji turned around to see two women, one of which he recognised. Qu Wan'Er, the woman he had met on the ship, was the last person he expected to meet here.

“So it's senior Qu. Thanks for helping me diffuse the situation on the ship.” Mo Wuji greeted her with a heart full of gratitude.

Slightly embarrassed, Qu Wan'Er replied, “Sorry about that, my friend was not intentionally laughing at you.” However, it was apparent that it was Qu Wan'Er's friend who laughed.

After Qu Wan'Er finished speaking, she instinctively took a glance at Shen Lian. She could not understand why Shen Lian, someone who appeared to be a cultivator, would hang around Mo Wuji, who had only mortal roots.

Mo Wuji waved her off, “It's fine. Maybe to you it's just a mere <Basics of Cultivation>, but for someone like me who has never cultivated before, it is the highest quality <Immortal Mortal Technique> which can make a mortal, immortal. Just take it as I'm ignorant about the outside world.”

This time even the cold and unfeeling Qu Wan'Er could not keep it in anymore and burst out in laughter.

“Sir, I have a set of the drug refining equipment that you’re looking for. It’s called the Eternal Evergreen. Unlike the <Immortal Mortal Technique>, it’s really named the Eternal Evergreen. It was imported from a faraway land, and has been idling in the shop because not many people use machines to refine drugs. The quality of this set of equipment definitely outclasses the rest by many times, and the drugs that it produces are of high purity.” The shop assistant frantically added on to his description of the equipment, seeing that Mo Wuji was staring at him again.

“How much does it cost?” Mo Wuji asked directly. He had bought many low quality equipment back in Cheng Yu State at around one to two thousand gold coins. Even if the equipment were much better here and there were a tenfold increase in price, he would still be able to afford it.

“370 thousand gold coins...”

The shop assistant’s words completed rained on Mo Wuji’s parade. He barely had 30 thousand gold coins on him, nowhere close to 370 thousand.

“Well I have a stalk of Two-leaved Fire Grass with me, will you accept it as payment instead?” Mo Wuji asked hopefully.

By his estimates, the Two-leaved Fire Grass was worth far less than the Clear Sight Fruit but he had no other way than to try his luck.

“Ah, you have a stalk of Two-leaved Fire Grass? Could you sell it

to me? I'll pay 400 thousand gold coins!" Qu Wan'Er suddenly screamed out.

"You want the Two-leaved Fire Grass?" Mo Wuji doubtfully asked. Qu Wan'Er nodded, "Yes, I need the Two-leaved Fire Grass, here's the 400 thousand in gold notes."

Without waiting for Mo Wuji's reply, Qu Wan'Er took out four 100 thousand gold notes. All four were from Luo Hai Merchant House, so there would be no issues with exchanging them for gold coins here.

Mo Wuji swiftly retrieved a wooden box and passed it to Qu Wan'Er, thanking her at the same time.

"I should be the one thanking you. I'll be making a move first, until next time." Qu Wan'Er grabbed the wooden box, tugged at the woman beside her, and quickly exited the merchant house.

The four gold notes went into the shop assistant's hands, "Could you help me get the highest quality drug refining equipment that you mentioned?"

The shop assistant never thought that he would close such a big deal this fast, and he rushed to keep the gold notes, before replying respectfully, "Please wait for a moment, I will deliver that set of drug refining equipment to you immediately."

Once the shop assistant left, Shen Lian started to speak, "I find

this very weird. Even though the Two-leaved Fire Grass is quite rare, but it's still not worth that much. The Senior Qu that you're acquainted with seems to train mainly in water style techniques too. Why would she pay such a high price to buy your stalk of Two-leaved Fire Grass?"

Mo Wuji replied coldly, "None of your business."

In reality, once Qu Wan'Er said that she urgently needed the Two-leaved Fire Grass, Mo Wuji knew that she was lying. She was not well-versed in telling lies, as it did not suit her personality at all. However since she already made her offer, it would not be polite for him to refuse. Regardless of the reason behind her actions, Mo Wuji still accepted this act of goodwill, taking note of this instance of kindness.

...

"Wan'Er, don't tell me that you have feelings for that kid? I know that you need the Two-leaved Fire Grass too, but why would you give him 400 thousand gold coins?" Qu Wan'Er was grilled by the woman beside her the moment they stepped out of Luo Hai Merchant House.

Qu Wan'Er calmly replied, "He only has mortal roots."

Upon hearing that Mo Wuji only had Mortal Roots, Qu Wan'Er's partner immediately knew that she definitely did not fancy him. But she still looked at her with eyes full of doubt. Qu Wan'Er continued, "Even though he is just a mortal, the level of

determination and resilience is something that I've never seen before in my whole life. Being struck by wave after wave of lightning, even cultivators would have retreated, but he didn't. Time after time he was beaten back by the streaks of lightning from the lightning crocodiles; time and again he forged forward, at last using his mortal body to kill both lightning crocodiles."

"So what? He's just another musclehead."

Qu Wan'Er shook her head, "If he were a musclehead, he would not have killed two lightning crocodiles. This incident proved that he knows where his limits are. He knew that during the fight to the death, both lightning crocodiles would die in his hands. Unfortunately, he's just a mortal..."

Chapter 57: Always Friends

The sales assistant quickly brought over a set of drug refining equipment. Mo Wuji had seen such equipment countless times before. In fact, he had been among the few who used the most premier equipments back on Earth.

The moment the Eternal Evergreen was brought over, Mo Wuji could tell that it was good stuff; it was far better than the trashy equipment back in Cheng Yu. Even though its features were not the same as those on Earth, Mo Wuji actually felt that it was more suitable for refining drugs.

“Your Eternal Evergreen has arrived. It looks quite advanced,” Shen Ling spoke in a disapproving tone.

It would be fine if Mo Wuji had a lot of money. However, she knew that Mo Wuji did not have that much money. As a person who was not wealthy, not only was he staying in a grand suite which cost 10 thousand gold per month, he even spent 370 thousand on useless drug refining equipment. It was simply preposterous!

She did not believe that Mo Wuji would be successful, albeit in drug or pill refining. Not everyone could be a drug refiner; one needed knowledge as well as talent to be one.

Mo Wuji thoroughly checked through his equipment and said casually, “I already have the Immortal Mortal Technique. I should call this equipment: Basic Drug Refining Kit. If not, people would

get jealous.”

Shen Lian almost laughed out loud. This drug refining equipment and that Basics to Cultivation would call for jealousy?

“Sister Shen Lian, can you help me bring this equipment back to the hotel? I still need to get some ingredients.”

Mo Wuji saw Shen Lian’s face revealing an unhappy expression and he did not continue talking. He hurriedly took out a one thousand gold note and said, “If I return late, Sister Lian can take this and have a good meal. You don't have to wait for me.”

Shen Lian did not even have money for a meal. When Mo Wuji took the note out, she immediately snatched it and kept it. The reason she followed Mo Wuji was to find a chance to borrow money from him. She couldn't have been waiting and following him for meals all the time, right?

One thousand gold was enough to last her for some time.

After sending Shen Lian off, Mo Wuji started exploring and shopping for ingredients.

Chang Luo was the royal empire of Xing Han Empire. As long as you had money, there was nothing you couldn't buy in Chang Luo.

At the end of the day, Mo Wuji returned to Tian Luo Hotel with a huge bag. He purchased enough ingredients to brew 50 batches of

the channel opening solution.

The price of the ingredients he required wasn't high, so he bought as much as he could. For instance, for lingzhi fungi, he tried to purchase those above 200 years old.

For lingzhi, anything below a thousand years in age would not be considered a spiritual ingredient. Furthermore, a thousand year lingzhi itself was graded as a low grade spiritual ingredient, and wouldn't cost much.

Additionally, he bought a whole pile of dried rations. The worst thing that could happen while refining drugs is interruptions and disruptions in refining. Thus, it would be quite some time before he would actually leave his room.

When he returned to the suite, he did not see Shen Lian. Shen Lian had put his equipment in the living room.

Mo Wuji did not need to know much about Shen Lian to know that she must be from great origins. Naturally, Mo Wuji would not try to find out what she was doing or intended to do.

Returning to his room, Mo Wuji immediately started the concoction of the channel opening solution.

Mo Wuji had concocted tens of batches of channel opening solution before. Thus, it was as simple as flipping his palm to him.

For a few consecutive days, Mo Wuji did not leave his room. Shen Lian could smell herbal smells emanating from Mo Wuji's room and knew that he was refining drugs. As a cultivator, she knew that it was taboo to disturb others whether it was in cultivation or drug refining. Furthermore, she was not familiar with Mo Wuji, so she wasn't really concerned about what went on throughout the night in Mo Wuji's room.

After every three days, Mo Wuji would take a break and go out for a stroll before returning to his work. In such a manner, Mo Wuji spent approximately 20 days to finish all 50 batches of his ingredients.

In these 20 days, he lost a lot of weight. With 50 batches of ingredients, he managed to concoct 46 bottles of channel opening solution.

If he was not doing it in a hurry, he would not have wasted any of the ingredients.

When he came out again, he still did not see Shen Lian. Spring Immortal's Gate was opening in the coming few days. Mo Wuji had to grab all the time he could to find a lightning source to force open his meridians. It was not entirely impossible to find a lightning source here. Chang Luo was near the sea, so he might actually be able to find some Six-footed Lightning Crocodiles.

However, Mo Wuji did not dare to find the lightning crocodiles alone. It took him so much to finally cultivate; he wasn't going to simply send himself to die.

Perhaps he could look around Chang Luo, and maybe find a team to hunt for lightning crocodiles.

...

“Wuji...” As Mo Wuji was about to enter the Chang Luo Union gate, a familiar voice called out to him.

“Zhenyi, why are with Bu’Er?” Mo Wuji was pleasantly surprised, but before he continued, he stopped abruptly and asked, “Bu’Er, who hit you?”

A whole half of Ding Bu’Er’s face was swollen; a red palm mark was still visible on his face.

“This is not the right place to talk. Let's enter the union first,” Yuan Zhenyi said and dragged Ding Bu'Er and Mo Wuji into the union.

“What happened?” Mo Wuji did not even sit down as he stared at Ding Bu'Er and asked.

Ding Bu'Er was not as carefree and generous as Yuan Zhenyi but he was still a good friend. Furthermore, if not for his calls back in the Thunder Fog Forest, Mo Wuji might not end up where he was today.

Ding Bu'Er waved his fist angrily and said, “ It was Cao Hao. If I ever have the ability in the future, I will definitely trample that b*stard’s head right under my feet...”

Ding Bu'Er did not continue; he knew he was merely talking nonsense. Cao Hao was a genius with impressive spiritual roots, unlike him, who only had mortal roots. How could a person without spiritual roots compete against Cao Hao? Talking about trampling Cao Hao was just an attempt to vent his frustrations.

Mo Wuji said calmly, “You can take your time and talk.”

Yuan Zhenyi helped Ding Bu'Er to tell his story, “Ding Bu'Er was always following beside Han Ning. When they reached Chang Luo, Cao Hao brought an immortal master to meet Han Ning, specially for the Two-leaved Fire Grass. The Two-leaved Fire Grass was particularly important to the immortal master. After accepting the grass from Han Ning, he immediately took out a wooden plaque and passed it to Han Ning, accepting her as an outer disciple in his sect.”

At this moment, Mo Wuji finally understood why Han Ning was desperately looking for the Two-leaved Fire Grass. Looks like that woman had already made plans; even if she did not get selected during the Spring Immortal's Gate, she could still be an outer disciple. It was not a bad plan.

“The immortal master's surname was Lu. After he kept the two strains of Two-leaved Fire Grass, it was seemingly not enough, and he continued to ask Han Ning where she found it...”

Yuan Zhenyi stopped here as Ding Bu'Er interrupted and said, "This was when I spoke too much, and blurted that you were the one who found it. When the immortal master asked where you managed to find it, Han Ning told him that you found the grass growing by a lake on the outskirts of the Thunder Fog Forest. The immortal master did not continue speaking and immediately took off. However, I did not expect that Cao Hao would start hitting me the moment he left. He pushed me to the ground and started kicking me..."

"Han Ning did not say anything?" Mo Wuji asked solemnly.

Ding Bu'Er shook his head, "No. After Cao Hao was done with me, Han Ning came over and told me that she no longer needed me. I was not a fool. I know when I have been abandoned. I did not have anywhere to stay so I went to find Brother Zhenyi."

Mo Wuji stood up, patted Ding Bu'Er's shoulder and consoled him, "Don't worry. One day, I will help you take your revenge."

Ding Bu'Er's words had downplayed Han Ning's efforts in finding the Two-leaved Fire Grass. Naturally, she would be unhappy. With her self-serving attitude, it was expected that she chased Dong Bu'Er away.

Yuan Zhenyi also stood up, "Wuji, my matter in Chang Luo has also been settled. I'm not going to be participating in the Spring Immortal's Gate. Instead, I will leave Chang Luo to pursue the path of martial arts. How about you and Ding Bu'Er?"

“Martial arts? Is this because you don't have spiritual roots?” Mo Wuji was actually prepared to share the matter of the channel opening solution with Yuan Zhenyi and Ding Bu'Er.

Yuan Zhenyi shook his head and lifted his head up towards the grand ceiling. “Even if I have spiritual roots, I would still choose to pursue the martial arts. I already had this determination before I reached Chang Luo. Now that I am set on my path, maybe we might meet again someday; maybe we might never meet again. Wuji, Bu'Er, this is where we'll bid farewell. Whether we see each other in the future or not, we will always be friends.”

Finishing his speech, Yuan Zhenyi turned and walked out the Union. Before Mo Wuji could even say anything, he was already a distance away. As Mo Wuji and Ding Bu'Er walked out the Union, they could faintly hear him singing from afar, “... Today we bid farewell. Maybe we'll meet someday. Even if we don't meet. We'll always be friends...”

Chapter 58: Setting out to sea

"Brother Zhenyi is indeed a carefree person..." Ding Bu'Er said as he sighed after the backview of Yuan Zhenyi disappeared.

"Bu'Er, I'm going to hunt for some 6-footed Lightning Crocodiles by the beach. Why don't you stay over at my place and wait for me to return, then we shall head over to the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference together?" Mo Wuji offered his home to Diner Bu'er guessing that he would have no other place to stay after leaving Han Ning.

Ding Bu'Er looked shockingly at Mo Wuji, "Wuji, you do know how strong and powerful those lightning crocodiles are right? Why would you be so eager to die?"

Mo Wuji looked in the direction that Yuan Zhenyi had headed and said in a deep voice, "Zhenyi has his own dreams to chase and so do I. Even without spiritual roots, I have to carve out a path for myself. You should know that I am quite resistant to lightning and have killed two lightning crocodiles previously. I know it's dangerous but it is a choice that I've made. If I do not make it back alive, you are free to do whatever you want."

Ding Bu'Er clenched his fist as he felt more regret instead of shock. How could he just idle around when both Yuan Zhenyi and Mo Wuji had such ambitions of their own?

"Wuji, I will follow you. If you manage to hunt down a Lightning Crocodile, I will even go to the extent of helping you retrieve

valuable material from it," Ding Bu'Er made up his mind very quickly.

Rather than being treated like a dog with no respect, he might as well live a life of danger and die without any regrets. Wait, who could guarantee that they would die anyway?

"Why don't the both of you join us to hunt for lightning crocodiles?" A tall brawny man said with a coarse voice.

This fellow with a huge waist is definitely over two metres tall. Behind this tall brawny man was a much skinnier and shorter man as well as a woman with neat short hair.

"Are the three of you planning to hunt for lightning crocodiles too?" Mo Wuji asked skeptically because he did not believe there was such a coincidence.

The tall brawny man said while laughing, "You do not have to worry. We are not out to hunt for lightning crocodiles. We crossed paths with a lot of lightning crocodiles on the way to our destination so we could be of use to each other."

"May I ask what are you people searching for?" Mo Wuji asked bluntly because he felt that it was important to know each other's intent if they were going to help each other.

"This is nothing worth hiding from you. We are going to search for the eggs of a Winged Sea Leopard. The price of these eggs are

bound to skyrocket as the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference draws closer. If we are fortunate, we could use these eggs to become a service disciple in a sect. In fact, if look around you, you'll notice that most of these teams are out to search for the eggs of a Winged Sea Leopard."

"What kind of sea beast is this?" Mo Wuji was very confused about these demons.

The tall brawny man replied, "Ha, if I did not hear that you managed to kill two lightning crocodiles, I would have doubted your strength. The Winged Sea Leopard is not a sea beast. It is a lesser demon and its greatest ability is flying. Many cultivators choose the Winged Sea Leopard as their mode of transport because as long as you have their eggs, they are very easy to tame. Furthermore, the Winged Sea Leopard can travel on land and water. There are still some wild Winged Sea Leopards hidden along the beach of Chang Luo. The combat effectiveness of the Winged Sea Leopard is not that strong as compared to the lightning crocodiles but the frustrating thing is that these Wing Sea Leopards usually choose to stay in areas with lightning crocodiles around. Lightning crocodiles are very good at long ranged attacks and their lightning attacks are especially hard to block against."

Mo Wuji believed his words but he was still unable to figure out the reason why they wanted to team up with Ding Bu'Er and himself. Even though he mentioned that he managed to kill two lightning crocodiles, who knew what methods he used? How could the three of them be so easily convinced that they were strong enough?

However, Mo Wuji did not think he had anything to lose by teaming up with them hence answered, "Alright, I agree to team up with you under one condition. If we are under attack by too many lightning crocodiles, everyone has to help out. In addition, we would love to have some of the eggs if we managed to collect more."

"I like it, that's a deal. My name is Ji Guang and these are my companions, Gao Juan and Sun Liyan. Do you need time to prepare? We can leave right away if you're ready."

Mo Wuji hurried to reply, "Why don't we leave now? I have nothing much to prepare. How long will the trip be?"

Ji Guang replied, "We will take at most a day to reach the Seven-angled Sea. We should be able to find the eggs in a couple of days if we're lucky. If not, we'll not be able to find it even after the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference starts. However, do not worry because the three of us want to visit the conference as well so we will not waste our time there for too long."

...

There were rumours were Chang Luo City got its name because it is a city located near Chang Luo sea, thus it is also known as Seaside city. Chang Luo sea is vast and boundless with numerous danger sites. The danger site closest to Chang Luo City would be the Seven-angled Sea.

The Seven-angled Sea consists of seven continuous sea canyons

forming a small sea in between. It is the closest to Chang Luo where the Winged Sea Leopards are most commonly spotted. In recent years, the number of Winged Sea Leopards captured have been increasing. Therefore, we do not see many of the Winged Sea Leopards in Seven-angled Sea anymore. To capture a Winged Sea Leopard, we might have to set out to sea for nearly a day.

Mo Wuji and his team left before the sun set and reached the Seven-angled Sea in the morning.

"There are indeed quite a lot of people here," Mo Wuji could notice a large number of beast carriages and even some flying beast carriages parked here.

Ji Guang said cautiously, "Everyone please be careful because most of the people here come for the eggs of the Winged Sea Leopard. We should try our best to avoid getting close to the people here as many of them live off robbing others of the eggs that they managed to collect. It looks like we have to set out to sea to look for these eggs."

"We have to take a boat right? To set out to sea. Will we be heading out on a boat with a lot of people?" A puzzled Ding Bu'Er questioned Ji Guang.

The quiet Gao Juan sneered at Ding Bu'Er and said, "If a lot of us set out to sea together, how would we have the opportunity to capture the eggs?"

Ji Guang added, "Even though there is a boat rental shop nearby,

I did not intent on renting a boat. We brought something of our own."

Ji Guang then took out a big parcel from his bag which Mo Wuji had been wondering what was inside for some time now.

"What is this?" Ding Bu'Er could not help but ask.

Mo Wuji could tell it is an inflatable rubber dinghy. However, he was sure it was not as simple as a normal rubber dinghy.

"This is an inflatable rubber dinghy," Ji Guang pulled out a cap and the rubber dinghy started to inflate itself. In a few seconds, the rubber dinghy stretched out to seven metres long and three metres wide.

"This is very convenient," Ding Bu'Er said surprisingly.

Mo Wuji kept quiet because he knew that this thing could be very risky. Once they set out to sea with this and met any demonic beasts, this thing could sink in one bite. This was not his main worry. His main worry is that there are no motor on board this dinghy. How are we going to move this?

Ji Guang took out four paddles from another bag, "Except for Brother Mo, all four of us take one and with our speed, we should be able to reach our destination before the sun sets. This region should only have lightning crocodiles and not any other demonic beasts."

After he finished his words, his eyes fell on Mo Wuji and said, "Brother Mo, you are capable of resisting against lightning attacks. If we were attacked by the lightning crocodiles, please help block the attacks. If the four of us row at our full might, as long as we go past the region, the lightning crocodiles would not follow us.

Mo Wuji finally understood why he was asked to join their team even though they could tell that both Ding Bu'Er and himself were not strong. By getting Ding Bu'Er and himself in their team, they got themselves a person to help row the dinghy and a person to tank and resists the lightning attacks from the Six-footed Lightning Crocodiles.

Chapter 59: Singlehanded

Ding Bu'Er also understood what was going on; it turned out that they were being used.

“Wuji...” Ding Bu'Er turned to Mo Wuji, his face turned unsightly.

Mo Wuji already had his suspicions when Ji Guang invited Ding Bu'Er and him into the team. Now that things had become clear, he did not panic, but actually calmed down and said, “This means that we have some value. If we didn't have value, Brother Ji probably wouldn't have invited us, right?”

By the time he uttered the last sentence, Mo Wuji had already turned and faced Ji Guang. In truth, he did not mind. Ji Guang was making use of him, at the same time, he was also making use of Ji Guang. If Ji Guang did not lead the way, it would have been extremely difficult to get here. Furthermore, he found himself three additional helpers.

Ji Guang felt that he was making use of Mo Wuji because he didn't know Mo Wuji actually wanted to be attacked by lightning. Lightning was a nightmare for people like Ji Guang. However, it was the highest opportunity for Mo Wuji. If he did not have anything to offer, it would have been as he said; no one would be willing to accept him and Ding Bu'Er into their teams.

“Good, Brother Mo sure is open-minded. Come, let's set off,” Finishing this sentence, Ji Guang hopped on the leather boat.

Seeing Mo Wuji agree, Ding Bu'Er did not speak any further, directly picking up the paddle and hopping on the rubber dinghy together with Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji initially thought that with four men paddling the dinghy, its speed would not be very fast. However, after actually being on the dinghy, his thinking proved to be false.

The design of the rubber dinghy was incredibly ingenious. With just four people paddling, the dinghy was seemingly gliding through the water, with a speed as fast as a motorboat.

Mo Wuji observed that the rubber dinghy was able to minimise the water resistance. However, it had some weak points. With just four people, there weren't any shifts and rest time. Furthermore, the rubber dinghy could be easily torn.

Two hours later, the sky turned dark.

“Everyone, let's take a break. It looks like a storm is brewing,” Mo Wuji suggested after he noticed Ding Bu'Er barely holding on.

Ji Guang nodded and said, “Sure. We will take a break here to rest and eat. After half an hour, we will continue.”

The group did not manage to rest for half an hour.

After 20 minutes, lightning flashed, thunder crashed and raindrops the size of soybeans started to descend down on them. Mo Wuji took this time to check on the rubber dinghy; it had an automatic water draining feature, but it did not have a shelter to protect them from the rain.

“Ka...” Another bolt of lightning descended. This time, however, Ji Guang started to shout alarmingly, “The lightning crocodiles are here. Everyone, don't fight them. We'll let Brother Mo handle them. While he helps us block the attacks, we will need to paddle faster. The faster we paddle, the lower the pressure on Brother Mo...”

Ji Guang did not manage to finish speaking as an enormous lightning crocodile pounced towards them. Before it even landed, a flash of lightning had already approached Mo Wuji, who was standing at the rear of the dinghy.

Mo Wuji had no disapprovals with Ji Guang's plan. These lightning crocodiles easily bore grudges; they would fight to the death when provoked. It was best to avoid directly confronting them.

This time, Mo Wuji brought a saber. He did not need Ji Guang to remind him; he immediately drained a bottle of channel opening solution and used his body to block the lightning. At the same time, he thrust the saber towards the lightning crocodile's throat.

Mo Wuji was already considered a Channel Opening Stage Level 1 cultivator. He was no longer a rookie and he immediately started

on the spiritual energy circulation technique. Previously, he had to rely on great efforts and some luck to draw the lightning into his meridians. Now with the help of the circulation technique, he easily drew the lightning bolt into his meridians. Mo Wuji almost cried tears of joy. He was right in finding a cultivation manual. If he did not have a cultivation technique, how could he have drawn the lightning bolt in so easily?

“Ka...” With another lightning bolt, Mo Wuji felt as though his fourth meridian was almost completely opened. The rubber dinghy rocked heavily. At the rear of the dinghy, Mo Wuji was stabbing the lightning crocodile's throat without stop. Mo Wuji could only get one stab in for every three to four lightning bolt which landed on him.

Despite being struck, Mo Wuji was indescribably happy. After reaching Channel Opening Stage Level 1, he knew how fast his progress could be. Furthermore, with the spiritual energy circulation technique which drew the lightning directly into his meridians, the damage he suffered was reduced.

In the past, ten bolts of lightning would have sent him flying, paralysing him for a long time. Now, he had been hit by more than ten lightning bolts but he was still well and fine.

Furthermore, the opening of his meridians became much easier. What <Basics of Cultivation>? This cultivation technique really deserved to be called the <Immortal Mortal Technique>. With just ten lightning bolts, his fifth meridian got forced open.

If he wanted to, he could have killed this lightning crocodile a

long time ago. However, he was afraid of scaring away the other lightning crocodiles so he stayed his hand.

Ji Guang and Co. saw bolt after bolt land on Mo Wuji. Seeing him hold on valiantly, they all heaved a sigh of relief. It seemed like Mo Wuji wasn't lying; he had the ability to resist the lightning crocodiles, he probably had some special constitution. In the past, when they encountered lightning crocodiles, they could only run and retreat, without any ability to resist. Now with Mo Wuji, they had some means of resisting.

As Mo Wuji forced open his sixth meridian, another two lightning bolts landed on him from the side.

The lightning crocodile finally had some reinforcements. Mo Wuji no longer showed any mercy. The saber in his hand sped up, stabbing the lightning crocodile's throat, sending its dead, inanimate corpse down into the sea.

The lightning crocodile's body had materials which were worth money, but Mo Wuji had no intentions of collecting the corpses. Even though the rubber dinghy was not small, amassing these corpses would cause the dinghy to slow down.

Even though Mo Wuji could use the lightning to open his meridians, he was not able to fully absorb it; a portion of the lightning would land in his body. Soon, his flesh started to tear and his skin charred black.

When Ji Guang and Co. saw the three lightning crocodiles gang

up against Mo Wuji, their blood ran cold. However, they did not expect Mo Wuji to suddenly burst with god-like strength, directly killing one of the lightning crocodile.

Seeing Mo Wuji block bolt after bolt of lightning, Ji Guang started to feel that it was really a wise decision to have invited Mo Wuji.

After killing the lightning crocodile, Mo Wuji continued to use the channel opening solution and accept the blows of the two remaining lightning crocodiles. Very soon, Ji Guang and Co. found that Mo Wuji had relied on luck to kill the previous crocodile. Mo Wuji looked like he was no longer able to kill the lightning crocodiles. He only managed to get one stab in after being struck more than ten times.

The lightning crocodile had incredible vitality; one or two stabs was nothing to it.

Worried that Mo Wuji could no longer bear the lightning crocodiles' relentless assault, Ji Guang and Co. paddled with their lives. Ding Bu'Er wanted to help Mo Wuji, but he knew he wasn't even able to withstand a single lightning bolt. As a result, he could only paddle as hard as he can, to get out of the lightning crocodile's attack zone.

However, the lightning crocodile moves extremely fast in water. How could they be so easily ditched?

Under the crazed storm, the rubber dinghy sped forward. At the

rear, Mo Wuji was fighting the lightning crocodiles in the rain. The constant flashes of lightning let Ji Guang and Co. know that Mo Wuji was not dead, but still fighting on.

Mo Wuji had already lost the initial excitement and agitation in his heart. He no longer showed mercy. Slowly, each movement he made started to get harder. Even though these lightning bolts could help him endlessly open his meridians, he was too weak to exploit it. His physical body, being only at Channel Opening Stage Level 1, was reaching its limits.

“Kaka...” Three consecutive lightning bolts landed on Mo Wuji, two of which were circulated into his clogged meridians, while the last one roasted a large part of his meat.

When the 19th meridian got forced open, Mo Wuji fiercely gritted his teeth and rushed towards the lightning crocodile. He cannot fall, if he falls, he would directly be killed. All his previous efforts would be wasted. He was a mortal with mortal roots. He needed to persevere and push on to succeed.

Half a day passed, even Ji Guang started to grow weak. He did not know how Mo Wuji could last for so long.

The heavy storm made the rear look extremely hazy. Ji Guang and Co. did not even know what was going on back there, and how many crocodiles Mo Wuji faced. Mo Wuji was like a tough nail, singlehandedly holding the rear; he was strong and infallible.

Even Mo Wuji did not know how many lightning crocodiles he

met. If the rubber dinghy was not constantly moving forward, they would have been surrounded a long time ago.

He had killed more than ten lightning crocodiles, but the lightning crocodiles seemed to be coming unceasingly.

The 26th meridian finally opened. Mo Wuji finished another bottle of channel opening solution and discovered that he only had seven bottles left.

At this moment, his entire body felt weak, all the bones in his body felt like they were broken. He was able to stand on sheer willpower alone.

“Ka...” Another lightning crocodile was struck into the sea. At the same time, Mo Wuji's 27th meridian was perforated.

“Ka...” Yet another lightning bolt landed on Mo Wuji's chest. Even though he had opened 27 meridians, his ability was still at the Channel Opening Stage Level 1. After spending so long in the storm and being constantly struck by lightning, Mo Wuji was mentally and physically exhausted. Ultimately, he was made of flesh and blood, and not steel. He could no longer hold on and collapsed heavily.

Chapter 60: Only With Power Comes Respect

Mo Wuji was completely drained, and the four paddling the boat was not really better off. Seeing that Mo Wuji was unable to strike back, Ji Guang and the others paddling with greater fervor.

Even though the rubber dinghy had a certain level of resistance against lightning attacks, but with the sheer number of attacks absorbed, its structure was close to giving way. Moreover the whole fiasco was going on in the rain.

At least after Mo Wuji killed 10 over lightning crocodiles, there were only two to three chasing after them. More importantly, these few crocodiles had serious injuries inflicted by Mo Wuji.

As Mo Wuji stopped his assault, the rubber dinghy quickly accelerated and left the critically injured crocodiles in its wake. Without the boat in sight, the crocodiles soon lost any reason for their rage.

Lightning crocodiles were rather peculiar demons as they bore grudges. The greater the grudge, the greater their vitality, offensive strength, and explosiveness. They would also recognise targets too. Unless faced with overwhelming attacks that left them with no way to fight back, they would not retreat.

Around two hours later, the storm ceased, and they arrived at a small island barely five hundred metres wide. Mo Wuji had recovered some energy, but on the other hand Ji Guang and the

three others were overcome with fatigue.

“Brother Mo, we owe you big time for this. We’ll be going up to rest for awhile, so please drag the boat up and hide it in the reef.” Ji Guang was the first to climb up onto the island, and began to refer to Mo Wuji as Brother Mo out of nowhere.

Despite serious injuries and a tearing sensation all over, Mo Wuji remained the strongest within the group.

“Wuji, I don’t know how you do it.” Ding Bu’Er teetered and tottered but somehow managed to climb up, barely able to lift his arms at all. Both Gao Juan and Sun Liyan looked at Mo Wuji with awe, and any dismissive thoughts had already vanished completely.

While they were totally drained, it was only due to intense physical activity. Mo Wuji actually acted as their shield. If it were not for him blocking all attacks from behind, the lightning crocodiles would surround the rubber dinghy and trap them all.

“Brother Ji, right here?” Mo Wuji saw a rugged island in the distance, but he could only see about a hundred metres out.

Mo Wuji did not elaborate much about how he resisted the lightning crocodile’s attacks. In reality, even if he did not engage those demons, Ji Guang and the others might not necessarily have been stopped by them. But of course there was still the possibility of that happening, so he still played a crucial role in their survival.

“That’s right, this is the place. I’ve been here once before. Not many people know about its existence. Wuji, this time your contribution has been the greatest. However, we did not manage to recover a single lightning crocodile’s body as the boat was moving too quickly. How about this, as long as we find more than two Winged Sea Leopard’s eggs, you’ll get one first.” Ji Guang spoke with sincerity, a 180 degrees change in the way he treated Mo Wuji.

No one disagreed with Ji Guang’s proposal, because power was everything. With the ability to block lightning crocodiles all the way while killing over 10 of them, Mo Wuji appeared to be stronger than Ji Guang himself. This strength won the respect of everyone in the team.

Mo Wuji naturally had no objections. He was here neither to harvest ingredients from lightning crocodile’s bodies, nor to search for Winged Sea Leopard’s eggs, but to utilise the attacks of the lightning crocodiles to burst open his meridians. Now that his primary objective had been achieved, it didn’t hurt to get a few Winged Sea Leopard eggs.

“My suggestion is for us to set up camp for the night, then leave at dawn tomorrow.” Everyone was fatigued with little to no sleep, and Mo Wuji knew that. To search for Winged Sea Leopard’s eggs in this sort of situation would be suicide, even for him. Moreover, he had similarly heavy injuries which required at least a night to recover.

Gao Juan nodded, “I agree with Brother Mo’s plan. Let’s rest here for the night before doing anything else.” Although Ji Guang really wanted to set off earlier, but Mo Wuji had spoken and Gao Juan

agreed to it, so he went along with Mo Wuji's plan

...

The raging storm finally calmed down, and all that was left was the unrelenting waves that beat on the shores of the island continuously. In the team, other than Ding Bu'Er, the other four people were cultivators. Hence, while Ding Bu'Er lay down in a cave to sleep, the rest of the team sat cross legged to circulate their spiritual energy. Now with 27 meridians open, Mo Wuji's cultivation speed increased exponentially. Even without a high density of spiritual energy in the area, there was an invisible stream of spiritual energy around him.

Upon waking from a night's rest, Mo Wuji felt totally refreshed. Not only had the state of his injuries improved, but his strength also increased significantly. "Brother Mo, could it be that you are cultivating with the <Basics of Cultivation>?" Once everyone was awake, Ji Guang was the first to speak. He was a lowly cultivator and could not sense any movement from Mo Wuji as he cultivated. But from his posture, Ji Guang could guess that Mo Wuji was a practitioner of the <Basics of Cultivation>.

"Yes indeed. It's because I can't afford other cultivation techniques." Mo Wuji laughed it off.

Ji Guang replied in a serious tone, "Brother Mo, with your ability, you definitely can obtain a much higher quality cultivation technique. The price of a lightning crocodile is actually very high, so next time you could just find a team, rent a boat, and sail out to sea to hunt Six-footed Lightning Crocodiles. Before you know it,

you'll be able to afford a decent mortal grade cultivation technique. The <Basics of Cultivation> has too slow a cultivation speed, and also requires a large amount of resources for cultivation. It's not worth it to continue using such a technique."

Mo Wuji replied indifferently, "It's a miracle that I can even cultivate at all, as my spirit roots are really lousy. I don't really care how good or bad my cultivation technique is either. Moreover, my cultivation technique has a really bombastic name too, <Immortal Mortal Technique>. How impressive does that sound?"

"Hahaha..." Ji Guang and the others doubled up from laughing, not knowing how to respond to what Mo Wuji just said. It was the first time anyone disregarded his future progression just because the name of a cultivation technique sounded impressive.

"Wuji, you can cultivate now?" Ding Bu'Er asked softly. Mo Wuji patted Ding Bu'Er while replying, "Once we return, you can also start cultivating with the <Immortal Mortal Technique>. My spirit roots are of very low quality, to the extent that they almost do not exist. Since I still managed to cultivate, why don't you give it a try too?" Mo Wuji decided that he would help Ding Bu'Er find a way to open his spirit channels after he had firmed up things on his end.

"I really can cultivate?" Ding Bu'Er eagerly inquired. Immortal Masters were existences that were completely out of his reach. Thus, since Mo Wuji said that he could cultivate too, wouldn't he be overwhelmed by excitement?

Ji Guang smiled and spoke as well, "As long as you have some

spiritual nature in you, even with the poorest quality spirit roots, you can still cultivate. The only difference is how far you can go on the path of cultivation.” Hearing this, Ding Bu’Er’s became invigorated with energy. He might have a wee bit of spirit roots! What’s different about his situation from Mo Wuji’s was that he did not have the chance to take the test properly yet. Nine thousand nine hundred and ninety nine out of 10 thousand people have mortal roots, hence for someone of low status, whose ancestors all have mortal roots, he would most surely have mortal roots too. However his thoughts about this issue differed from Mo Wuji: he did not care. Only when he went to the Royal Capital, where there were large swaths of people who possessed spirit roots, did his burning spirit get ignited. The sight of mortals being bullied strengthened his resolve to become strong.

“Let’s go.” After a night of rest, everyone had recovered to a certain extent. With a wave of his hand, Ji Guang led the team to set out.

On the greatly spacious island, the five men trekked for over two hours, weaving in and out of the oddly shaped reefs and rocks. “Carrying on like this won’t get us anywhere.” Mo Wuji thought. He intended to ask Ji Guang if how he was navigating about, but he suddenly heard a blood-curdling scream.

Mo Wuji was the first to drop to the ground, at the same time scanning around to identify the source of the scream: Sun Liyan, who had been quiet all this while. A large gaping hole which bled profusely could be clearly seen on his right shoulder

“No one move, it’s an Arrow Shooting Beast. The arrows shot

from one has corrosive effects, once you're hit by one, the wound will give you extreme pain. It'll make you suffer." Ji Guang immediately shouted out, simultaneously passing a pill to Sun Liyan.

Other than the scream after getting hit by the arrow, the rugged Sun Liyan did not make a single sound. He swallowed the pill Ji Guang gave him, and took out some medicinal powder to apply on the bleeding area before bandaging it up. The powder was highly effective, stopping the bleeding instantly.

The five of them regrouped , and Ding Bu'Er asked softly, "Where are the Arrow Shooting Beasts? Why have I not seen a single one?" To that Ji Guang solemnly answered, " Arrow shooting beasts are highly skilled in camouflage. Sometimes when it disguises itself as a rock, you can't even differentiate it from an actual rock. Most of those who die here searching for Winged Sea Leopards don't get killed by the Winged Sea Leopards, but by these Arrow Shooting Beasts." Everyone instinctively scrutinised all rocks around them, but another scream sounded out once again. This time the five of them were aware that it did not originate from any of them.

"There's someone else here." Just as Gao Juan's words left his mouth, two shadows were seen dashing out from the corner of the reef ahead. A large black silhouette followed closely behind them with its mouth opened up wide, gobbling up one of the two in one bite.

"That's the Winged Sea Leopard?" Ding Bu'Er asked, shaking in fear. He saw that the black silhouette that swallowed one of the

guys had the head of a leopard. The only difference was that this aquatic animal had a much larger mouth, and had an additional pair of black wings on its back.

Mo Wuji was also paralysed by fear. Who said that the Winged Sea Leopard's offensive strength was low? This one ate a person in one bite, how is it weak?

Chapter 61: Generosity

“Stop talking...” Ji Guang frantically reminded. But it was too late, the Winged Sea Leopard had already heard Ding Bu’Er’s voice. With this, it kicked the other lucky survivor to one side, and pounced in Mo Wuji’s direction.

“Everyone attack!” As the snarling Winged Sea Leopard sprang towards them, Ji Guang instinctively raised his glistening blade, facing his rabid foe with fiery defiance in his eyes. Gao Juan and the injured Sun Liyan followed suit. Although Ding Bu’Er was weaker than the rest, but he had caused this situation to develop, hence he rushed forward without hesitation too.

Out of the five of them, only Mo Wuji hung back. Not only did he hang back, but he stood completely still. He did so not out of the fear of death, but he was observing the surroundings ever since he heard Ji Guang describe the Arrow Shooting Beast. The combined effort of four men should be able to keep the Winged Sea Leopard under control, so it meant little if he did not participate. Instead, Mo Wuji expressed greater concern for the Arrow Shooting Beast that hurt Sun Liyan. Direct attacks are easy to dodge, but it’s much harder to avoid sneak attacks. The presence of a camouflaged Arrow Shooting Beast worried Mo Wuji more.

Indeed the events played out almost exactly as what Mo Wuji predicted it to be: Ji Guang and Co. basically absorbed the attacks of the Winged Sea Leopard. While the Winged Sea Leopard possessed a high level of brute strength, it lacked mobility. Out of the four that surrounded it, three of them, excluding Ding Bu’Er, were battle-hardened with plenty of experience. Taking advantage of this, they fought to a standstill with the Winged Sea Leopard.

However, gaps began to show in their offensive. The Winged Sea Leopard seized the opportunity and leveraged on its size to charge ferociously at them. Sun Liyan's injuries acted up, and within a few minutes Ding Bu'Er's lack of strength started to show. Unable to stand up against the force that hit him, Ding Bu'Er was knocked back and left a gap behind. The Winged Sea Leopard saw this, and snapped at the opportunity, biting at Ding Bu'Er.

Unfortunately, Ding Bu'Er's repetitive moves had no way of adapting to the situation. As he was about to be eaten by the Winged Sea Leopard, Mo Wuji let go of all restraint and was about to leap forward. At that moment, a black shadow shot forth like an arrow, piercing through the air towards Ji Guang.

Once Mo Wuji noticed that Ji Guang was also heading to rescue Ding Bu'Er, he immediately turned around to face the arrow. Now he could focus on blocking the sneak attack.

“Ding!” The jet black arrow deflected off Mo Wuji's drawn blade. Fortunately, he was already at Channel Opening Stage Level One, thus he could dissipate the great force that accompanied the arrow. If he were in his pre-cultivation state, this force would have been sufficient to blow him away.

After successfully shielding Ji Guang from the black arrow, Mo Wuji kicked hard against the ground, directly pouncing at a piece of exposed coral. He observed the jet black arrow originating from this particular piece. Putting one and one together, he inferred that this was the Arrow Shooting Beast. Against such a vile and cunning creature, fighting from a distance would be looking for death.

Being Channel Opening Stage Level 1, coupled with 27 opened meridians, although he had not progressed to the next level, Mo Wuji's explosiveness was off the charts. A distance of over 10m was covered in a second. His long blade tore through the air with a whoosh.

The unexpected attack caught the Arrow Shooting Beast by surprise. Never had it considered the possibility that Mo Wuji could block its arrow. Combined with the fast reaction time of Mo Wuji, the beast could only watch helplessly as the blade cut through its flesh.

While the cut appeared on the coral, but there was the sensation of slashing through flesh. A stream of fresh blood flowed out, and the coral transformed into a shadow once again, disappearing from under the blade.

Other than the slight breeze that followed, Mo Wuji did not sense any trace of the Arrow Shooting Beast anymore. Right below where the piece of coral was, lay a puddle of striking red blood. Guessing that the Arrow Shooting Beast would not emerge again, he swiftly turned to help Ji Guang and Co., and at this instant he heard the Winged Sea Leopard let out a violent roar.

Ji Guang's curved sword had severed off the Winged Sea Leopard's lower jaw, and fresh blood spurted out of the wound. Full of rage, the Winged Sea Leopard lost its composure, with the two blades of Gao Juan and Sun Liyan protruding out of the back of its neck subsequently. The giant carcass of the animal fell, crushing a large piece of coral on the ground.

Ji Guang paid no attention to the slain Winged Sea Leopard, but instead walked in front of Mo Wuji, thanking Mo Wuji with a bow, and said, “Brother Mo, thank you for saving my life again.” He knew that Mo Wuji helped him to deflect the arrow from the Arrow Shooting Beast while he was busy saving Ding Bu’Er’s life. That arrow could have gone through his neck, fatally wounding him.

“Brother Ji, since everyone’s part of the team, it’s natural for us to look out for each other. Moreover, if it weren’t for you, Bu’Er would likely be dead by now.” Mo Wuji replied with a smile. But deep down everyone understood that it was Ji Guang that saved himself. If Ji Guang did not step out to save Ding Bu’Er, then Mo Wuji definitely would not have gone to help Ji Guang block the arrow, instead choosing to go to the aid of Ding Bu’Er.

“Brother Mo, I’ll be your friend from now on.. I previously thought that you were trying to take advantage of us, but it looks like I’ve been too narrow minded. If it were not for you hiding behind, waiting for the Arrow Shooting Beast, Brother Ji would not have survived this ordeal.” The silent Sun Liyan finally took the initiative to speak to Mo Wuji.

“Let’s conclude the niceties here, and focus on searching for the Winged Sea Leopard eggs.” Ji Guang gestured to the team, and took point in the search.

It did not take much effort for them to find a coral cave with a smooth platform. The cave was gigantic, with a height and breadth of over 3.2m. Even before taking a step into the cave, all five of

them could smell a fishy odor. "This is the place!" Ji Guang exclaimed, "This cave should be a temporary nest for Winged Sea Leopards to hatch its eggs. They will abandon the cave and leave within four months." The five entered one by one, and quickly approached the deepest recesses of the cave. A towering nest made of an assortment of beast fur welcomed them in the depths of the cave. Six eggs lay snugly in the centre of the nest.

These should be the eggs of a winged sea leopard, but what puzzled Mo Wuji was that five out of the six egg was around the size of a volleyball, but the sixth was only a third the size of the others. On top of that, the five large eggs had beautiful black and white stripes on them, while the small egg was dirt yellow, with the appearance of a slightly larger chicken egg. "Our luck is quite good time time, each of us gets one large egg. That puny one shouldn't be a Winged Sea Leopard's egg, it might be something the Winged Sea Leopard picked up elsewhere. Does everyone agree if we give that to Brother Mo too?" Ji Guang immediately settled the distribution of the loot.

Ding Bu'Er and Mo Wuji naturally had no objections; Sun Liyan and Gao Juan agreed as well. They were completely aware of Mo Wuji's level of strength. Moreover, they owed a great part to Mo Wuji for them to be able to reach this far safely.

Unexpectedly, Mo Wuji laughed and said, "No need for that, I'll only take this small egg. Bu'Er gets one large egg, while you three split four eggs among yourselves. After all, it was Brother Ji that led us to this location." After completing his sentence, he swiped the small egg and kept it away. His objectives had been met long ago anyway. Without Ji Guang, he wouldn't have been able to find this place, much less open 27 meridians on the way here. If he also

did not have the service disciple token that Qin Xiangyu gave him, Mo Wuji would have not gone against common sense to choose the small egg only, but keep one of each. After all, with a Winged Sea Leopard's egg, he might have been able to become a service disciple. Since he now possessed the token of a service disciple, the Winged Sea Leopard's egg no longer had any value to him. So why not give it to Ji Guang instead. Sometimes being taken advantage of is not necessarily a bad thing; this was a precious life lesson that Mo Wuji had learnt.

Even if he brought the Winged Sea Leopard's egg back with him, he would not bother to hatch it. Killing the Winged Sea Leopard, and hatching its descendents to use as a ride. The whole notion made Mo Wuji feel uncomfortable. Although he did not take part in the killing of the Winged Sea Leopard, he felt the same nonetheless.

“Okay, thank you Brother Mo for your generosity. You'll be my friend from now on, so if there's anything that you need me to help me, please don't hold back.” Ji Guang graciously accepted Mo Wuji's act of generosity, after all a single Winged Sea Leopard's egg was not enough for him. Mo Wuji only got the chance to get a Winged Sea Leopard's egg only because he had made greater contributions than Ji Guang, and as Ji Guang owed his survival to Mo Wuji.

Chapter 62: The Spring Immortal's Gate Conference

The journey back was extremely quiet. They didn't meet with any Six-footed Lightning Crocodiles, which made Mo Wuji a little depressed. He still had seven bottles of channel opening solution. If they met with some lightning crocodiles, he would be able to open up to his 30th meridian or more.

Two days later, Mo Wuji and Ding Bu'Er arrived back at Tian Luo Hotel. When they arrived, Shen Lian still couldn't be found. Knowing that Mo Wuji had to cultivate, and that Shen Lian was an immortal master, Ding Bu'Er decided to stay at the living room.

Mo Wuji did not show Ding Bu'Er around. He had just opened 27 meridians, and he needed to use this time to cultivate.

When Mo Wuji started to absorb spiritual energy and circulate it in his body, he was almost shocked still. No matter how much spiritual energy he absorbed, it was like simply adding drops of water to the sea; there was no obstacles or obstructions in his cultivation. When he first cultivated to Channel Opening Stage Level 1, he could distinctly feel a bottleneck. However, with his 27 open meridians, he felt that even if he continuously cultivated and absorbed spiritual energy, his 27 meridians would have the capacity to hold it in.

As he continuously absorbed spiritual energy, his cultivation constantly rose. Even though Mo Wuji did not see any geniuses cultivating, he could guess that even geniuses could not absorb spiritual energy as fast as he could. His 27 meridians were like a

wide, boundless ocean, free for him to swim and roam.

Mo Wuji suppressed his wild joy. It no longer mattered to him that meridians may not be spirit channels. With his fast cultivation speed, no geniuses with their spirit channels could compare to him.

Two days passed in a flash. Mo Wuji felt like he had reached the peak of Channel Opening Stage Level 1. When he was at the brink of breaking through to Channel Opening Stage Level 2, he suddenly stopped.

This wasn't due to limits in his meridians, but rather his lack of experience. He did not want to break through wrongly and make an irreparable mistake. More importantly, the Spring Immortal's Gate was opening soon. Who knew how long the breakthrough would take?

...

When Mo Wuji walked out of his room, he saw Shen Lian staring at Ding Bu'Er with huge eyes. Noticing that Mo Wuji had come out, Shen Lian immediately frowned and asked, "Mo Wuji, who is he?"

"He's my friend, Ding Bu'Er. Your room was actually meant for him, but since you didn't have anywhere to go, I decided to let you have it first. When Bu'Er came, he insisted that he would not take your room, so he's temporarily staying in the living room."

With Mo Wuji's words, the originally reproachful Shen Lian turned speechless.

Feeling a little guilty, Shen Lian hurriedly said, "The Spring Immortal's Gate is opening. I came to call you to go and try your luck."

Ding Bu'Er was silently praising Mo Wuji's words in his heart. Hearing Shen Lian's words, Ding Bu'Er's gaze then landed on her.

Previously, he wasn't too excited about the Spring Immortal's Gate. However, he now had a Winged Sea Leopard egg. If he used it well, he might actually get accepted into a school or sect. Even being accepted as a service disciple would be incredible.

Moreover, Mo Wuji could cultivate despite having mortal roots. Maybe he could cultivate too.

"Let's go. The reason why I came was for the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference," Mo Wuji hastily said.

He understood his own circumstances. He knew that his cultivation speed was no worse than geniuses, but as a mortal with mortal roots, it would be impossible to be accepted as a formal disciple during the Spring Immortal's Gate.

However, Mo Wuji did not really mind. It was already good enough that he was confirmed a place to be a service disciple at the Formless Blade Sect. His sole purpose of joining a sect, was to

interact with immortal masters. Whenever there were things he did not understand, at least there would be some people he could ask.

...

Mo Wuji did not know how big Chang Luo was. He only knew that it was the capital of Xing Han Empire, and it was also the biggest city in Xing Han. In his month in Chang Luo, he did not explore much of it. He did not even know where the royal palace was.

Following Shen Lian to Chang Luo Square, Mo Wuji finally knew how big and vast Chang Luo was. Chang Luo Square was filled to the brim with people. Mo Wuji and Shen Lian came relatively late, and could only see from the sides.

In the centre of the square, there was an extremely large marble platform. On the centre of the platform, was a 7m tall crystal pillar. Mo Wuji was familiar with it; it was the thing used to test for spiritual roots.

Besides the crystal pillar, there were tens of round altars erected by the sects and schools. The sects' names were annotated at the top of altars. The big sects occupied a relatively bigger space and were built in a grander manner. For example, the Heavenly Temple's altar was extremely eye-catching and multiple times bigger than the other sects.

In Mo Wuji's eyes, this was like a recruitment fair. It was clear

who were the big corporations and who were the small companies.

At the peripherals of the square, there were many sect signs. However, these sects were looking for service disciples. Mo Wuji soon saw a sign from the Formless Blade Sect. From their signs and their altar, Mo Wuji could see that Formless Blade Sect was barely above average.

Shen Lian looked at Mo Wuji and said, "Do you see? This Spring Immortal's Gate is different from the past. In the past, only a few geniuses could participate and be tested. Afterwards, they would be selected by the sects. This time, besides the geniuses, anyone who thinks that they have decent spiritual roots could ask to be tested. Even people like you, who came under the identity of a house attendant, could participate and be selected."

Looking at the dense human crowd, Mo Wuji asked in disbelief, "If everyone here is taking part in the selection, when will the selection end?"

Shen Lian laughed, "You think everyone would get tested by that crystal pillar? Only the main participants get to be tested. For the rest, they need to qualify to be tested on the main stage by passing some preliminary tests"

As she spoke, Shen Lian pointed at a tall building at the side of Chang Luo Square, "That's where the preliminary tests are conducted. These tests are not bad. Firstly, it's quite cheap. Secondly, even if you don't qualify to even be an outer disciple, you can apply to be a service disciple."

"Wuji, let me go there and test for my roots." Ding Bu'Er saw many people going towards the preliminary test hall, and got a little eager.

Mo Wuji had no intentions of testing for his spiritual roots, as he nodded at Ding Bu'Er and said, "Sure, good luck."

"What sect are you from?" Mo Wuji suddenly thought of Shen Lian. She was really knowledgeable, and she was at Channel Opening Stage Level 4 at such a young age. She definitely had some background.

"Even if I told you, you wouldn't know," Shen Lian casually replied, not intending to share anything further.

Mo Wuji did not continue asking. He saw a tall man standing in the middle of the marble platform, right next to the crystal pillar.

The crowd went silent, focusing all their attention on the tall man.

"I represent Xing Han Empire to welcome the various sects to Chang Luo to select their disciples. I also welcome the geniuses throughout Xing Han to this selection..."

The auspicious hour has arrived! Light the cannons..."

At this point, nine ceremonial cannons by the side of the marble platform shot off.

"Who is this man? Is he the Xing Han Empire Emperor?" Mo Wuji whispered into Shen Lian's ear.

"Of course he is the emperor. Who else do you think he is?" Shen Lian rolled her eyes at Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji asked puzzledly, "It's true that the emperor is a very distinguished man. But this is a place for cultivators. He doesn't count for much here, right?"

Shen Lian looked at Mo Wuji speechlessly, "Do you think it's so simple to be the emperor of an Empire? While his personal power might not compare to some figures in certain sects, he is still extremely strong. Furthermore, do you think those peak experts would come for this Spring Immortal's Gate selection? Even if these experts came, there would probably only be one or two of them, and they would only be here to scout for talented mantle disciples. They won't even reveal themselves."

Chapter 63: Worrying Encounter

“...The Spring Immortal's Gate is officially open! I wish the various sects good luck in finding exceptional disciples. And for our participating geniuses, may you ‘spring’ into immortality and transcend mortality.”

With the end of the Xing Han Emperor's speech, the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference officially commenced. A huge queue of people a few metres wide appeared, forming directly at the front of the marble platform in the middle of the square.

As the Xing Han Emperor descended, two officials responsible for recording the test results stood on the two sides of the crystal pillar.

One of them rolled out a long leather scroll and announced, "Chang Luo Prefecture's Ou Zuoce is to take the test. Chang Luo Prefecture's Wei Xi, get ready..."

After the official reported the two names, a youth in golden robes emerged from the queue and hastily walked to the front of the marble platform. With a jump and a somersault, he landed on top of the platform. After landing on the stage, he did not walk towards the crystal pillar but turned to face the crowd.

This youth had an attractive figure. There were even a few girls screaming by the the side.

Shen Lian sneered, "This guy really loves to show off. Unless he

has some heaven defying spiritual roots, many schools and sects wouldn't want him."

The golden robed youth stood in front of the crystal pillar. A stream of khaki light rose from the pillar, reaching the 1.5 metre mark before it stopped.

The official on the other side of the pillar announced, "Chang Luo Prefecture's Ou Zuoce, Earth intermediate grade spiritual roots. Qualification: Medium-Low."

Mo Wuji could see that the golden robed youth had quite a satisfied expression. Obviously, he was clear about the grade of his spiritual roots, and knew that it was enough for him to enter some sects as an outer disciple.

However, the youth's expression soon hardened; no sects were interested in him.

The Xing Han Emperor made it sound easy for those with spiritual roots to enter the sects they wanted. However, the prerequisite was for the sects to be interested in them. If no sect expressed interest, then it was meaningless even if one had great spiritual roots.

The golden robed youth stood rooted to the ground, stupefied. Seeing that Ou Zuoce was still standing on the platform, the assessing official said grumpily, "You have not been chosen. Hurry and get down."

"Yes, yes..." Ou Zuoce finally came to his senses, walking down the platform with a blushed face.

Mo Wuji shook his head; even if this fella got selected by a sect, he wouldn't achieve much. He started showing off even before his results were announced, only to end up defeated and ashamed. This was not the mentality for great people.

At this moment, a 3 metre tall khaki light shone from the crystal pillar.

"...Chang Luo Prefecture's Wei Xi, Earth high-grade spiritual roots. Qualification: Medium-High." The assessing official called out yet again.

At this moment, two of the sects' altars lit up with a golden light. Mo Wuji puzzledly asked Shen Lian, "Shen Lian, those two sects are interested in Wei Xi, right? Why are there only two sects interested in a high-grade spiritual root? Don't tell me the sects are only looking for those with supreme-grade spiritual roots?"

Shen Lian answered, "Naturally, that's not the case. Unless it's for a peak level genius, sects usually won't compete for a disciple. These two sects probably indicated their interest at the same time. Usually, you would only see one light."

"Earth Sects Golden Spear Sect and Fire Phoenix School have selected Wei Xi at the same time. May Wei Xi go over and take his pick. Next, Chang Luo Prefecture's Cheng Fei is to take the test..."

The official continued to call out.

Many eager and envious eyes landed on Wei Xi; not only was he favoured by an Earth Sect, he had the privilege of picking his sect.

As everyone's eyes were on Wei Xi, a towering red light drew their eyes back to the crystal pillar. This light was approximately 4.5 metres tall. If it was a little taller, it would have reached the top. Nonetheless, it was an incredibly dazzling pillar of light.

This reminded Mo Wuji of Yan'Er. When she tested for her spiritual roots, there was also a similar towering pillar of light. Her light wasn't as high as this Chang Fei definitely because her testing crystal pillar was of an inferior grade.

"Chang Luo Prefecture's Cheng Fei, Fire supreme-grade spiritual roots. Qualification: High-High..." the official announced with a trembling voice.

As he announced the results, more than ten altars lit with a golden light. Obviously, this Cheng Fei had attracted more than ten sects to compete for him.

"Quasi-sky Sect Heavenly Temple, Distant Fire Sect, Jade Net Sect, Demonic Sect..."

As the official reported the names of the interested sects, Shen Lian muttered astonishedly, "What a fella! In just a short moment, almost all the quasi-sky sects in Xing Han Empire have entered the

fray."

Mo Wuji clenched his fist; he suddenly thought of that god damned woman who snatched Yan'Er away, and could not help but get infuriated. This was the place Yan'Er should be. She should be here picking her sect, instead of being snatched away soundlessly.

There were so many quasi-sky sects she could choose from. This was exactly the kind of treatment a [Gao Kao](#) scholar would experience. Under the awed and envious eyes of the crowd, Cheng Fei chose the Heavenly Temple.

In the following tests, there weren't anymore supreme-grade spiritual roots. The best were the high-grade spiritual roots. Most of the participants had low-grade spiritual roots, followed by intermediate-grade spiritual roots.

"Wuji, I actually have Earth intermediate-grade spiritual roots! I get to take part in the selection..." Ding Bu'Er's excited voice called over. Mo Wuji turned and saw the jumpy figure of Ding Bu'Er rushing over.

"Bu'Er, congratulations!" Mo Wuji was genuinely happy for Ding Bu'Er.

"Why don't you also go and try your luck?" Shen Lian asked Mo Wuji curiously.

Mo Wuji did not say anything. He only had mortal roots, there

wasn't any luck for him to try.

"Ai, Wen Manzhu is going up the platform..." Ding Bu'Er cut himself off halfway through his sentence, remembering the rumors between Wen Manzhu and Mo Wuji.

A red light beam emerged from the pillar and rose to the 2.5 metre mark. Mo Wuji sighed in his heart; this Wen Manzhu had not bad spiritual roots.

As usual, the official reported, "Cheng Yu State's Wen Manzhu, Fire high-grade spiritual roots. Qualification: Medium-High."

Three golden lights simultaneously lit up, ostensibly interested in Wen Manzhu's fire affinity spiritual roots. Mo Wuji saw the Heavenly Temple's light lighting up, and immediately knew that Wen Manzhu would choose the Heavenly Temple.

"This lady is really lucky," Ding Bu'Er lamented saltily.

Mo Wuji laughed. High-grade spiritual roots? So what? He did not have spiritual roots but he was no less than geniuses with high-grade spiritual roots.

"Get out of here. Why is there a beggar like you here at the Spring Immortal's Gate? This is simply humiliating this grand affair..." A snappy voice resounded somewhere near Mo Wuji. At the same time, Mo Wuji heard a painful muffle.

Mo Wuji turned back and saw a disheveled, emaciated girl being kicked. When she fell, Mo Wuji's heart skipped a beat. At the next moment, Mo Wuji immediately rushed over.

Yan'Er. She must be Yan'Er... He definitely did not see wrongly. But... Why was Yan'Er here? How did she fall to such a sticky situation?

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Chapter 64: Nine Tiers Of Pill Refining

“Young master, young master...” After holding Yan’Er close, Mo Wuji could hear her muttering constantly.

Her eyes were listless, her clothes were tattered and there was a rancid smell coming from her. She was constantly calling out for her young master, but it was not because she had recognised Mo Wuji, but it was because these were the words she had constantly been calling.

“Jing... Fei... Lan!” Mo Wuji uttered those three words one at a time. He only knew that the woman who snatched Yan’Er away was Jing Feilan. After being snatched away by her, Yan’Er ended up on the streets, seemingly a little deranged. If he did not kill that woman, he would be living in vain all his life.

Yan’Er’s body was covered in dirt, and her hair was withered and yellow. As Mo Wuji held her within his arms, he could feel that she was at most 10 to 20kg. It was easy to deduce that she must have suffered a lot.

Due to the fury in his heart, Mo Wuji clenched his fists angrily, his nails piercing into the meat in his palm. Fresh blood flowed but he was seemingly unaware.

“Just now, you kicked Yan’Er?” Holding Yan’Er up, Mo Wuji walked towards the man who kicked Yan’Er.

He previously swore that he would not let Yan’Er go through any

further suffering. However, in just this short period of time, she went through an unfathomable one. Not only did she end up as a homeless nomad, she was even unreasonably bullied. Mo Wuji was willing to take the pain that Yan'Er had been through, so that she would no longer suffer. After all, she had already suffered enough taking care of him.

The man's eyes swept across Mo Wuji, and he said cold, "Yes, this lord here kicked her. What are you going to do to me?"

"Kacha! Ah! (Pa!)..." With a quick motion, Mo Wuji kicked the man's knee, and the sound of breaking bones could be heard. At the same time, Mo Wuji slapped the man's mouth. If all these suffering happened to him, he could tolerate it and wait for the right moment to act. But he was unable to tolerate Yan'Er being bullied. Sometimes, if you really can't tolerate something, why remain patient?

The man's scream of pain was dispersed with Mo Wuji's slap. He sat on the ground paralysed, hugging his knee, spitting out a few teeth and fresh blood.

As there were too many people and Mo Wuji was only at the periphery of the square, his actions only attracted the attention of the few in his immediate surroundings.

The surrounding people could feel Mo Wuji's aggression and immediately dispersed, emptying the space. Mo Wuji no longer cared about that fella as he turned around to leave with Yan'Er.

"Is she your friend?" Shen Lian hurried over and whispered in Mo Wuji's ear.

As Mo Wuji was about to answer, a gloomy voice called over, "Do you think you can just leave after beating someone during the Spring Immortal's Gate?"

The one speaking with a young man with a long face and slitted eyes. On his back, was a long sword. His hair was tied into a bun and he was wearing a pair of light shoes. Mo Wuji had met with a lot of cultivators recently; one look and he knew that this person was a cultivator.

"Wu Jingwu, what is the meaning of this?" Shen Lian, who was by Mo Wuji's side, furiously questioned.

It was then Mo Wuji knew that this long faced, slitted eyes youth was acquainted to Shen Lian. This fella probably came to cause trouble for him because of his relations with Shen Lian.

Wu Jingwu looked at Shen Lian and said, "Junior apprentice sister, can you please not hang around these lowly mortals? It will only lower your status. Master has been unable to find you, and he knew that you would secretly take part in the Spring Immortal's Gate. But there's no need for you to try anything. Do you think that after I reveal your status, any other sects would dare to accept you?"

Having said that, Wu Jingwu turned back, seemingly trying to call people over.

Shen Lian coldly said, "Wu Jingwu, if you do anything which implicates Mo Wuji, I will never let you off. I, Shen Lian, swear: I will do what I say."

Wu Jingwu's expression turned unsightly as he turned to Mo Wuji and asked, "Who is this guy?"

Mo Wuji turned to Shen Lian and said, "Senior Shen, I will be leaving first. We will meet again if fate permits."

With that, Mo Wuji turned and left hurriedly with Yan'Er, totally ignoring Wu Jingwu.

"Wuji, what happened?" Ding Bu'Er ran over.

Mo Wuji looked seriously at Ding Bu'Er and said, "Bu'Er, continue trying your best. It will be good if you get selected by a sect."

"Ok. After my test, I will immediately rush back." Ding Bu'Er did not know who Yan'Er was, but he had his guesses.

...

When Mo Wuji returned to his suite, he immediately helped Yan'Er wash up. He did not know how Yan'Er ended up like this, but looking at her emaciated look, he knew that if he did not coincidentally find her during the Spring Immortal's Gate, he

would never have seen her again.

After Yan'Er lost her self-consciousness, she was constantly calling out "young master". Mo Wuji knew that Yan'Er must have been looking for him. It was this persistence... this persistence had led her here.

Mo Wuji personally cooked some porridge for Yan'Er and fed her. After she had gone to sleep, he went out to buy a whole pile of medicinal herbs, as well as some clothes for Yan'Er.

Even Mo Wuji did not know whether he could treat Yan'Er's current situation.

It was late into the evening but Ding Bu'Er still did not return. On the contrary, it was Shen Lian who returned to the suite.

"Sorry, I dragged you into my problem just now." The moment she returned, Shen Lian immediately apologized to Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji waved it off, "It's okay, I wasn't dragged into anything in the end. That person was your senior?"

Mo Wuji made it sound simple, but he knew that he was in an extremely dangerous situation back during the Spring Immortal's Gate. If any enforcement immortal masters noticed, he would have met his dead end. In front of those immortal masters, his life meant as much as an ant's.

Shen Lian shook her head, not wanting to discuss about Wu Jingwu. Seeing Mo Wuji brewing some medicine, she turned to Mo Wuji's room and asked, "How about I go and take a look at your friend?"

"You understand medicine?" Mo Wuji asked puzzledly.

Shen Lian hesitated, but she still said, "My father is an Earth Pill Refiner."

"What's an Earth Pill Refiner?" Mo Wuji still did not understand.

Shen Lian stared at Mo Wuji with her eyes wide open, speechless. After some time, she asked, "Aren't you a drug refiner? You even spent 370 thousand gold coins to purchase some refining equipment, but you don't know what's an Earth Pill Refiner?"

Mo Wuji said awkwardly, "I'm not actually a certified drug refiner. I merely tried my hand at it after purchasing some medicinal ingredients."

Shen Lian facepalmed, but she continued to explain, "In pill refining, nine tiers of spiritual pills can be concocted. Tier 1 to 3 spiritual pills are classified as Mortal grade spiritual pills. Tier 4 to 6 are Earth grade, while Tier 7 to 9 are Heavenly grade. Above that, are the Immortal grade spiritual pills. Being able to refine a certain tier of spiritual pills would classify you as a pill refiner of the same tier. Thus, there are nine tiers of pill refiners, or you can also see it as three grades of pill refiners."

"So an Earth Pill Refiner can refine Tier 4 spiritual pills at the very least? What tier is your father? Is an Earth Pill Refiner very impressive?" Mo Wuji bombarded Shen Lian with a barrage of questions.

Shen Lian became even more speechless. it was only after a whole 10 seconds did she finally say, "In the entire Xing Han Empire, there isn't even a Heavenly Pill Refiner. Do you think an Earth Pill Refiner is impressive?"

Mo Wuji hurriedly stood up and said to Shen Lian, "Senior Shen, please help me take a look at Yan'Er."

"Her name is Yan'Er? What a nice sounding name," As Shen Lian spoke, she had already started walking towards Mo Wuji's room. She was curious to see the kind of girl Mo Wuji was so concerned over.

She had stayed with Mo Wuji for nearly a month. Even though the two of them did not interact much, she had a basic understanding of Mo Wuji. Her beauty was definitely world class, and her figure would arouse jealousy among 99% of women. However, Mo Wuji did not treat her warmly due to her beauty nor her figure. She was clear that Mo Wuji treated her warmly, and even invited her to his suite, was entirely because of her greater understanding of cultivation. It had nothing to do with her appearance.

Chapter 65: The Wordless Pill Manual

Shen Lian walked to the edge of Yan'Er's bed and took a seat. Dry and sparse blonde hair, a body of skin and bones, and a long slash across her lovely little face. Questions rose within Shen Lian as her eyes lay upon poor Yan'Er. How much suffering had this girl gone through? She actually got tortured to this extent? Also, what's her relationship with Mo Wuji, being able to rile him up that much?

Placing her hand on Yan'Er's wrist, Shen Lian closed her eyes. Ten over seconds later, her eyes suddenly shot open, full of rage, even her hand began to tremble slightly from anger.

“How is she?” Mo Wuji frantically asked. Yan'Er was a stranger to Shen Lian, so this situation made him a little startled.

Shen Lian loosened her grip, taking in a deep breath to calm herself down before asking, “did she have very good quality spirit roots?” Mo Wuji immediately nodded, “yes, Yan'Er has supreme quality wood affinity spirit roots.” The mysterious green glow undoubtedly represented wood affinity. Having been at the Spring Immortal Gate Conference for so long, Mo Wuji gained a certain level of understanding towards the spirit root test.

An empathetic look appeared on Shen Lian's face as she looked toward Mo Wuji and said, “In the world of cultivation, there's a heinous method that some use: spirit roots transfer. Those people covet other's better quality spirit roots and seek to transfer them to their own body to increase their own potential and talent for cultivation...” Before Shen Lian finished her sentence, Mo Wuji's expression changed, and he suddenly stood up, staring at Shen

Lian with a scary gaze, “You’re saying that Yan’Er was...” As though as she could read Mo Wuji’s mind, she nodded in agreement. “You’re right, Yan’Er had her spirit roots transferred away.”

“Those monsters...” a raging fire burned within Mo Wuji’s heart, and with a strike of his palm, Mo Wuji smashed the table into smithereens, yet not feeling any pain. Shen Lian sighed and carried on, “This sort of method is extremely underhanded. Normally someone who carry out the procedure choose mortals with no background or backers, because once news of such an incident spreads, his reputation will go to the dumps. On top of that, such a person would be condemned no matter where he goes.”

Finally Mo Wuji calmed down. His expression changed a few times over, then he asked, “if that’s so, why is Yan’Er still alive? And still be able to make it to the plaza of the Spring Immortal Gate Conference alone?” It was unbelievable that Yan’Er would still be alive after undergoing the spirit root transfer procedure.

Shen Lian furrowed her brows, “I’m puzzled too, logically even if Yan’Er was born a mortal, they wouldn’t leave her alive. Because the person who transferred the spirit roots will definitely not allow anyone to find out that he had done so. Now not only did they leave her alive, but also allowed her to escape. This doesn’t make sense.”

“So were Yan’Er’s spirit roots transferred away?” Mo Wuji suppressed the boiling anger rising within him. He had to remain calm. Rage and rashness won’t help him to exact revenge.

Shen Lian shook her head, “Extensive damage has been done to Yan’Er’s spirit channels, a sign that the transfer process failed. The success rate of this evil procedure is extremely low, usually not even reaching one percent.” Upon hearing this, Mo Wuji clenched his fists again, harshly speaking, “An evil procedure with less than a percent chance of success. There’s actually someone that still wants to do it, without giving a single hoot about the life or death of others.”

To this, Shen Lian replied faintly, “You’re too naive. Without a care about the life or death of others? Let me tell you, in the eyes of cultivators with spirit channels, mortals are just ants that they can crush whenever they will it. No matter how good the spirit root, as long as one does not cultivate, a mortal remains a mortal. Against someone who is only a mortal, even if the procedure had a 0.1 percent chance of success, I’ll bet that there’s still people out there who want to do it.”

At this point in time, Shen Lian seemed to recall something, adding on, “Regardless of how Yan’Er managed to escape, you have to leave this place as early as possible. Better not take part in Spring Immortal Gate Conference’s last stage either. Actually, service disciples and outer disciples have a large gap between them. You’ll find out eventually that being a service disciple has no difference from not joining the sect at all.

Mo Wuji also understood that what Shen Lian said was right, but since Yan’Er was in such a state, where could he go to? Fortunately Chang Luo is a large city, so there was greater hope that he would be able to treat Yan’Er’s injuries. “Senior apprentice sister Shen, can Yan’Er’s damaged spirit channels be repaired? Is it possible to make her healthy again?” Mo Wuji asked curiously. This was the

issue that he cared the most about now. Unfortunately, Shen Ling replied by shaking her head empathetically, “it’s very difficult to treat her considering the severity of her injuries. Spirit channels destroyed, and her body also in shambles. Even if it were my father, it would be impossible. Perhaps...it would be impressive if she could live for another 10 years.”

In reality, based on Shen Lian’s judgement Yan’Er only had another three years to live at most, but since Mo Wuji cared greatly for Yan’Er, she masqueraded it as 10 years to comfort him.

“I must restore Yan’Er to health.” Mo Wuji half spoke to Shen Lian, half spoke to himself. Shen Lian’s father was an Earth Pill Master, if he couldn’t treat Yan’Er, what about a Heaven Pill Master? The Xing He Empire did not have any Heaven Pill Masters, but did that mean that there weren’t any elsewhere? If there were none, then he would learn pill refining himself.

“Senior apprentice sister Shen, I know that this request will put you in a difficult position, but please bring me with you, and ask your father to teach me pill refining...” Mo Wuji immediately stood up and bowed deeply to Shen Lian after making his decision. If it were not for Yan’Er, he would definitely not beg Shen Lian to this extent. He knew that if it was possible for Shen Lian to take him with her, she would have brought it up already. Moreover, her fellow apprentice Mo Jingwu was not a friendly person.

As expected, Shen Lian had an uncomfortable look on her face, and replied, “This might be impossible. My father will not take you in as a disciple, and also won’t teach you pill refining simply because you know me. So, I cannot bring you back with me.” She

felt bitter inside. If it were so easy to convince her father, she wouldn't have sneaked out. Luckily it was her that Mo Wuji asked the question to, if anyone else was in her position, they would laugh their asses off. If Mo Wuji said this to her father, she was a hundred percent sure that he would kill Mo Wuji on the spot. Precisely because of this, she was adamant to not bring Mo Wuji to learn pill refining from her father. That would actually be harming Mo Wuji.

Disappointed, Mo Wuji knew that his request was rather forcing it. The atmosphere turned awkward and silent, and only after some time, did Shen Lian recall something, taking out a thin book to pass to Mo Wuji. She explained, "this should be a manual on pill refining. I randomly bought it from a stall in the market, but when I opened it, there were no words inside. Perhaps the words will appear after soaking the manual in some medicinal solution. I've tried many methods, but to no avail. Why don't you try your luck on it, you might actually succeed. Manuals on pill refining are impossible to purchase, and if this turns out to be a pill refining manual, you must remember never to let others know that you possess such an item." In reality, that book was not bought off a roadside stall, but an item she stole from her father's study before she left home. Even after exhausting all possible means, she could not make any words appear on the manual. Now that Mo Wuji wanted to learn pill refining, she decided to pass on this wordless pill refining manual to him.

"Thank you senior apprentice sister Shen. It doesn't matter if it's a pill refining manual or not, if I, Mo Wuji, make any accomplishments in the future, I'll definitely repay you." Although Mo Wuji didn't know that pill refining manuals could not be bought, he could infer from Shen Lian's tone that they are very valuable.

The thin book that Shen Lian gave him could very well be a pill refining manual, because there was a faded image of a pill furnace on the cover.

“This is as much as I can help you. After the Spring Immortal Gate Conference ends, I will leave Chang Luo to return home. See you next time.” Shen Lian gazed upon the sleeping Yan’Er pitifully, before leaving the room.

Mo Wuji did not answer, only standing up to bow deeply in respect once again. Shen Lian met him by chance, and even though he helped her out, but compared to how much she helped him, his efforts seemed ever so miniscule. Gratitude was not only displayed through words, but through actions. If he could pay her back in the future, he definitely would. If he couldn’t, someone like Shen Lian would probably not care whether a mortal like him returned the favour.

“Wuji...” Right after Shen Lian left, Ding Bu’Er immediately charged into the room.

Chapter 66: Murderer

Mo Wuji could see the irrepressible joy from Ding Bu'Er's eyes despite his worry for Mo Wuji and Yan'Er.

"Were you selected by a sect? Congratulations," Mo Wuji could tell straightaway that Ding Bu'Er was successful in the selections at the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference.

Ding Bu'Er tried his best to contain his excitement as he exclaimed, "Yes, I was selected by the Heavy Earth Sect to be an outer disciple. Wuji, why don't you follow me to the Heavy Earth Sect since your spiritual roots are not that good?"

Mo Wuji shook his hand, "It's okay. I may be heading for the Formless Blade Sect."

He refused to listen to Shen Lian's advice to leave this place. He needed to find a sect to join because he was not like any other person with mortal roots; he can cultivate even with mortal roots.

More importantly, if he were to leave, he might not be able to save Yan'Er.

"Is Yan'Er alright?" Ding Bu'Er knew how Mo Wuji was feeling despite being happy for himself.

Mo Wuji sighed before replying, "She was hurt very badly. I vowed to save her after heading for the Formless Blade Sect. Don't

worry about my issues and concentrate on cultivating after you enter the Heavy Earth Sect. "

"I will certainly concentrate and focus. I believe that the next time we meet, whether it is Brother Zhenyi, Aunt Eleven or you, we will all be very different as compared to now," Ding Bu'Er said energetically.

He cannot promise Mo Wuji that he will certainly save Yan'Er because he was still only a small outer disciple after all. He had already made his decision in his heart to look for Mo Wuji at the Formless Blade Sect if he figured out a way to save Yan'Er.

"Don't worry about us and go," Mo Wuji knew that this was a once in a lifetime opportunity for Ding Bu'Er. It was still not known whether his solution worked for Ding Bu'Er. Regardless of the result, it would be more beneficial for Ding Bu'Er to join a sect to train instead of following him cluelessly. Now, Mo Wuji needed to find a sect for himself to join too.

"Oh yes, Wuji, I've heard that the encampment of the Supreme Sword City was attacked and that many house slaves managed to escape. I've also heard that many disciples of the Supreme Sword City are still looking for their slaves. Was Yan'Er brought away by a disciple of the Supreme Sword City?"

"Supreme Sword City?" Mo Wuji paused before concluding that Ding Bu'Er's guess may be right. Yan'Er could very well have escaped from the encampment of the Supreme Sword City. The intention of the person who attacked Supreme Sword City and released the slaves could be to reveal the evil doings of the

Supreme Sword City.

But why did the Supreme Sword City bring along all these slaves to the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference?

"After you left, there was another guy with supreme grade spiritual roots. In fact, he had golden supreme-grade spiritual roots. He was the young castellan of Supreme Sword City named Dong Lun. The weird thing is that even though he was born in Supreme Sword City, he chose to join the Heavenly Temple instead," Ding Bu'Er whispered to Mo Wuji.

Supreme-grade spiritual roots, transfer of spiritual roots, Supreme Sword City...

Mo Wuji clenched his fist as he was certain that Yan'Er's spirit channels were destroyed by the Supreme Sword City's failure to transfer the spiritual roots.

Why were these slaves brought over to Chang Luo too? This was simply because the castellan of the Supreme Sword City wanted to participate in the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference. However, he never managed to transfer the spiritual roots to himself successfully. Therefore, in order to not delay Spring Immortal's Gate Conference selections, he brought along these supreme-grade spiritual root holders to Chang Luo to continue the transfer.

His golden supreme-grade spiritual roots must have been transferred from some other person.

"Supreme Sword City..." These three words would be engraved at the bottom of Mo Wuji's heart together with Jing Feilan. He swore that the day he rose to the top, he would first destroy the Supreme Sword City and kill Dong Lun and Jing Feilan.

"Wuji, even though we suspect Yan'Er was ruined by the people of the Supreme Sword City, we must not do anything foolish. They could easily get rid of us if we were to offend them," Ding Bu'Er hurried to warn Mo Wuji.

"Do not worry, I know what to do and what not to do. You should return to your sect soon while I have to go over to the Formless Blade Sect too," Even without Ding Bu'Er's warning, he would not be so foolish to look for revenge now.

Ding Bu'Er took a bag out and passed it to Mo Wuji, "Wuji, these are the eggs of the Winged Sea Leopard. Now that I've already been selected by a sect, I have no use for them anymore. Also, given my status only as an outer disciple, I would probably never be able to afford to raise a demonic beast. You should keep them as they might still be of use to you."

"Alright, I shall keep them then," Mo Wuji did not reject his offer because he might need to use this to enter the Formless Blade Sect as he was not officially accepted yet.

...

Spring Immortal's Gate Conference was a massively important event for all mortals because it was a life changing conference like

a fish that leaped over the dragon's gate. For the sects, the Spring Immortal's Gate Conference was just another conference to recruit disciples.

Even if the conference was of such importance to many, it would still only go on for two days.

It was as if Yan'Er still felt attached to Mo Wuji that she did not reject his care and concern. However, she would still subconsciously call out for her "young master" and then lose all her energy again.

The next day, Mo Wuji used some clothes to cover Yan'Er up. He carried her on his back and then left Tian Luo Hotel together with his equipment.

Even if the Formless Blade Sect refused to accept him, he knew he had to leave Chang Luo anyway.

...

The Formless Blade Sect was actually one of the more inferior Earth Sects, which explained why their encampment was located at such a remote place.

"Brother Mo..." Mo Wuji heard Qin Xiangyu's voice the moment he set foot on the encampment.

"Such a coincidence." Mo Wuji was very pleased and relieved to

have met her as he was starting to worry about how he was going to introduce himself with only a single token and expect to enter the sect.

Qin Xiangyu said joyfully, "Yes indeed. I shall bring you in for registration."

Qin Xiangyu was dressed in a beautiful outer disciple outfit showing her thin waist and incredible figure. Her beauty made her looked like a fairy on earth. Looking at her right now, Mo Wuji would never have expected Qin Xiangyu to have been just a house guard a few days ago.

Mo Wuji was not someone with a low EQ, therefore he knew straightaway after Qin Xiangyu spoke that it was no coincidence that they met there. He knew she was waiting for him as it was the last night to register to become a disciple of the Formless Blade Sect before most sects were going to leave Chang Luo that night.

"Thank you so much. You are now an outer disciple and I am at most only a service disciple in the future. Please address me as Wuji or junior apprentice brother," Even though Mo Wuji had not entered a sect, he knew that a service disciple was nothing but a small fry in the sect.

Qin Xiangyu said with a straight face, "No, I refuse. Brother Mo and Brother Zhenyi were great men with honour. The moment I decided to call you Brother Mo, I will not change no matter what our statuses are and will be in the future."

She had to give the necessary respect to the man who stood up for her together with Yuan Zhenyi back on the ship. Furthermore, she witnessed the extraordinary courage of Mo Wuji which had been very rare.

It was because of this that she gave Mo Wuji a token to become a service disciple at the Formless Blade Sect. Other than being thankful for Mo Wuji, she wanted to get on good terms with him as well. An extraordinary person like Mo Wuji was bound to go even further despite possessing slightly poorer spiritual roots.

Chapter 67: Entering a Sect

"Who is she?" Qin Xiangyu had long noticed Yan'Er who was on Mo Wuji's back. Only after greeting Mo Wuji, did she casually ask about Yan'Er.

Mo Wuji answered, "She's my family member. Her body is in a bad condition, so I'm bringing her along with me."

Qin Xiangyu immediately said, "That's okay. Many service disciples bring their family along. After some time, their family members could join as service disciples too."

As the two spoke, they slowly walked within the encampment.

"Junior apprentice sister Qin..."

"Senior apprentice sister Qin..."

As Mo Wuji followed behind Qin Xiangyu, many people greeted her along the way. Ostensibly, Qin Xiangyu was rather popular and well liked here.

Mo Wuji guessed, in addition to Qin Xiangyu's amazing figure, her popularity might also be due to her brother. He was definitely not someone of low status.

"Is your brother here? I think I should thank him," Mo Wuji

asked. He was able to enter the Formless Blade Sect due to that Qin Chen. If Qin Chen was here, he should show some gratitude and thank Qin Chen.

"He's already gone. I heard that something big is happening and he needs to seize all the time he can to cultivate," Qin Xiangyu hurried to explain.

Soon, the two arrived outside a room. Mo Wuji could see the sign "Service Disciple Records Office". This was probably where he would be registering to be a service disciple.

Sure enough, Qin Xiangyu whispered to Mo Wuji, "The person responsible for all the service disciples is Deacon Wu Kai. I've already informed him about you, so don't worry."

Saying that, Qin Xiangyu lightly knocked on the door. It was only after some time did the door finally open. A young girl with tousled hair walked out. Her footsteps were unstable and her face was tinged red.

Mo Wuji cursed in his heart. He was not a fool; one look and he knew that Qin Xiangyu and him had interrupted Wu Kai's fun time.

Wu kai was a middle-aged man with a fierce-looking face. His eyes were like slits, and his lips were protruding. He was simply ugly. When he saw Mo Wuji enter, his expression started to turn a little ugly, and his eyes revealed an expression of impatience. However, when he saw Qin Xiangyu, his impatient expression was

immediately concealed as he laughed and said, "Junior Qin is looking for me?"

Qin Xiangyu smiled and bowed before saying, "Deacon Wu, this is my friend Mo Wuji. In the future, he will be working under you. I hope that Deacon Wu would take good care of him."

Wu Kai smiled enthusiastically, "Of course, of course... The Meals Department is currently lacking people, he can join that then. There, he would be able to eat well and live well. It's a fat job."

Mo Wuji frowned; he was not a pig, he did not need to eat and drink well. Furthermore, he probably won't be eating or drinking much at the Meals Department. He would be the one cooking.

Qin Xiangyu understood a little about Mo Wuji. Naturally, she knew that Mo Wuji did not join the Formless Blade Sect to eat and drink. Mo Wuji was willing to be a service disciple at the Formless Blade Sect because he wanted to have a deeper understanding towards cultivation.

Back at the shared house, Mo Wuji was always inquiring about cultivation. From that, she could roughly guess his interest towards cultivation.

"Deacon Wu, is there another position? Maybe cleaning the Manuals Hall..." Qin Xiangyu also did not have a good understanding towards the Service Department. Since Mo Wuji wanted to know about cultivation, cleaning the Manuals Hall might be a good option for him.

Wu Kai said embarrassedly, "I'm afraid that's a little difficult. That slot is already filled, and I can't just kick that guy away just for him."

If not for Qin Xiangyu's brother, Qin Chen, being one of the Formless Blade Sect's Ten Great Geniuses, he would not have entertained her. Without Qin Chen, an outer disciple like her did not count for much.

Mo Wuji understood Qin Xiangyu's good intentions. However, he did not merely want to be a service disciple; he wanted more privileges.

Mo Wuji could see that Wu Kai was only speaking empty words, he probably would not help Mo Wuji. Furthermore, when they knocked the door, they had disturbed his fun time.

Thinking about this, Mo Wuji directly said to Qin Xiangyu, "Senior apprentice sister Qin, why don't go back to what you were busy with previously? I will talk to Deacon Wu privately."

Qin Xiangyu looked at Mo Wuji in surprise. From Wu Kai's tone, she could hear that Wu Kai did not intend to help Mo Wuji. In reality, she would also be helpless even if Wu Kai did not help her. She could enter the Formless Blade Sect because of her brother, not because of her qualifications.

Wu Kai laughed coldly in his heart, but he remained cordial to Qin Xiangyu and said, "Junior apprentice sister Qin, don't worry.

In the future, he will be one of my men. Of course I will take care of him."

"That's good. Then I will take my leave. Brother Mo, please find me if you need anything." Before she left, Qin Xiangyu did not forget to remind Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji already relied on his relations with Qin Xiangyu to get into the Formless Blade Sect. Furthermore, Qin Xiangyu was also considered a newcomer to the sect, and did not hold much power. Naturally, Mo Wuji would not trouble her regarding this matter.

After Qin Xiangyu left, Wu Kai's smiles immediately disappeared and he said lightly, "Actually, we already have enough service disciples. If not for Junior apprentice sister Qin's help, you would not even be able to enter. Just join the Meals Department."

Mo Wuji smiled. He calmly sat down before pointing to Yan'Er, who was lying on his back, and said, "Deacon Wu, as you can see, I have someone sick with me. Furthermore, I know quite a bit about drug refining, and I even brought my own drug refining equipment. I hope that Deacon Wu can assign me a job at a herb garden. At the same time, I would need somewhere remote and secluded for me to stay. Of course, I want to stay alone."

Wu Kai sneered in his heart. Looks like somebody thinks he was some big shot. A lowly service disciple actually dared to have so many demands. Actually, it was common for service disciples to stay alone, but he even wanted to choose where he wanted to stay? Moreover, he also wanted to choose what job he gets?

Mo Wuji did not wait for Wu Kai to respond. He took out a leather pouch and put it in front of Wu kai and said, "Deacon Wu, this is a Winged Sea Leopard egg. I'm very thankful to Deacon Wu for accepting my requests, so Deacon Wu can just take this Winged Sea Leopard as a show of my appreciation."

Mo Wuji had a tough time saying those words. But in order to have a proper standing, he needed to compromise. When people lack the capabilities, they would need to face all kinds of compromises. Mo Wuji already had deep experiences on this lesson back on Earth.

"Winged Sea Leopard?" Wu Kai was intending to ridicule Mo Wuji but he immediately swallowed his words. He brought the leather pouch over and opened it.

Soon, his eyes revealed an expression of glee. It was really a Winged Sea Leopard egg and he could even sense some life within the egg.

A Winged Sea Leopard egg was extremely valuable. Not only was a Winged Sea Leopard strong, it was also very hard to find. If a Winged Sea Leopard couldn't be found, then what about the egg? A Winged Sea Leopard egg would mean that he would have a flying beast pet. Even if he did not use the flying beast, he could sell it.

This Winged Sea Leopard egg was extremely tempting to Wu Kai.

"Brother, how may I address you?" Until now, Wu Kai did not ask

for Mo Wuji's name.

"Mo Wuji." Mo Wuji did not wish to engage in chatter with Wu Kai, so he gave a short and concise reply.

Holding the leather pouch tight, Wu Kai laughed and said, "A person recommended by Junior apprentice sister Qin would naturally be my friend. There actually is a job at the herb garden. However, I would not recommend Brother Mo to work at the herb garden. You practically won't get any free time there."

"Deacon Wu, my companion here is extremely sick. i would like to learn more about medicine and pills," Mo Wuji said.

Wu Kai smiled and whispered, "Brother Mo, if you want to learn more about medicine, why not work at the pharmacy?"

"Pharmacy?" Mo Wuji asked puzzledly. He really did not understand.

Wu Kai gave a sincere look as he said, "The pharmacy is where some of our sect's pill refiners work. When they need ingredients, they would not get the ingredients themselves, and would call for their runners. More importantly, they would not refine their pills everyday. They only open their pill furnaces once a month. As a runner there, you would have a lot of free time, and you could also learn about medicine."

Mo Wuji was elated; giving the Winged Sea Leopard away was

worth it. This position was simply tailor-made for him.

"Deacon Wu, I'm really thankful. I will go to the pharmacy, and I will need to trouble Deacon Wu to take care of me in the future," Mo Wuji was genuinely thankful when he said those words.

Wu Kai waved it off, "It's nothing. I will help you with your living arrangements, it will definitely be somewhere quiet where you can stay alone. Also, I will arrange for you to be sent to Pharmacy 19. Very few people use that pharmacy."

Chapter 68: Blood Lotus Lake

Both Mo Wuji and Qin Xiangyu were very satisfied with Wu Kai's arrangement for Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji felt extremely relieved as the Formless Blade Sect's flying ship took off on the very same night Mo Wuji came aboard. He was worried that people from the Supreme Sword City would find them before they left Chang Luo.

Mo Wuji was sure that he would be thrown out of the Formless Blade Sect if people from the Supreme Sword City found him.

After just one day of travelling, the flying ship landed. As a service disciple, Mo Wuji followed closely behind Wu Kai down the flying ship.

The flying ship landed on a vast and spacious land where there were about 400 to 500 ladders that formed an extended ladder upwards.

At the end of the ladder were three huge characters carved out by a sword suspending in the air forming up the words "Formless Blade Sect". Even though Mo Wuji was not familiar with swordsmanship, he could feel a very intimidating aura from it.

After arriving, the newly recruited inner and outer disciples were to make their way into the sect and participate in the initiation ceremony. Qin Xiangyu did not have the opportunity to bid goodbye to Mo Wuji as she proceeded to follow the newly recruited

disciples into the sect.

After all the inner and outer disciples had entered, Wu Kai then led hundred over service disciples onto the steps. These service disciples would not be able to participate in the initiation ceremony because they are there to do some chores and not to cultivate.

Behind the 400-500 ladders was another spacious plot of land. In the middle of the land was a wide marble walkway. This walkway would lead directly to the main hall of the Formless Blade Sect. There were nine stone tablets on both sides of the walkway.

Mo Wuji noticed that there was a vague shadow of a person sword dancing on every stone tablet. On a closer look, it was not clear enough for him to tell what it was.

Service disciples were not allowed to walk through the main walkway but had to walk through two smaller walkways by the side to enter the sect before being split into their respective departments from there.

Mo Wuji sighed as he thought to himself. This was only an Earth Sect, how grand would a Heaven Sect be?

"Isn't it very stylish?" A teen dressed in a grey shirt said.

Mo Wuji recognised this teen in a grey shirt. His name was Xian Ziqian and he was different from Mo Wuji as he has spiritual roots

but it was one of the lowest quality. Therefore, he was recruited as a service disciple like Mo Wuji.

"It is indeed very stylish. It has the aura of a really big sect," Mo Wuji nodded as he expressed his thoughts. It seemed like there were clouds inside the hall causing it hard for him to make out what was inside. However, he could already feel the imposing aura of the Formless Blade Sect from outside the hall.

Xian Ziqian whispered, "Do not look down on the Formless Blade Sect just because they are only a Earth Sect. I've heard that even the base of some Quasi-Heaven Sects are not even as intimidating as Formless Blade Sect's."

"Stop gossiping and goofing around. Fatty Guang, bring Mo Wuji to his place and then introduce his future workplace to him. The rest of you, follow me," Wu Kai interrupted all ongoing discussions about this place.

Mo Wuji recognised this Fatty Guang as Wu Kai's loyal subordinate. Although he was a little plump, he still managed to get things done efficiently. Seeing how Wu Kai specially arranged for Fatty Guang to show him around the place made Mo Wuji realised how impactful the Winged Sea Leopard's eggs truly were.

Even though Wu Kai might have had a wretched face and only had eyes for profits, he would get things done properly if he could benefit from it. This was probably how he managed to stay at his job for such a long time.

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"Brother Wuji, our deacon is really taking good care of you. The newly recruited service disciples usually have to go through three days of training, however, the deacon had exempted you from training," Fatty Guang kept emphasizing how grateful Wu Kai was for Mo Wuji as they walked.

Mo Wuji was not interested in this because he knew he had exchanged his benefits using the Winged Sea Leopard's eggs. He was actually more concerned about how he was going to cope here.

After hearing from many people, Mo Wuji had a rough idea about life here in the sect. Service disciples usually have their own activities. Only under special circumstances were they allowed to enter other regions of the sect. If a service disciple was to meet an inner or outer disciple, they were required to stop, bow and pay their respects before letting the authentic disciples proceed on first before the service disciples could carry on with their lives.

Service disciples tend to be given more freedom after they completed their work. They are free to leave the sect for the sect's market or to do their own things given that they do not delay their own work.

The residence that Wu Kai arranged for Mo Wuji was indeed secluded. Other than the lake nearby, the next closest dormitory for service disciples was at least 100metres away.

Even though it was a very simple stone house, everything inside

was arranged very neatly. There were two rooms, a kitchen and even a storage room. Why would Wu Kai not live in such a nice place himself? Could it be that his accommodation is even better than this?

"I've heard that this lake is called the Blood Lotus Lake. This region used to be a good place to grow Treasured Blood Lotus and this house was for those who were growing it to live in," Fatty Guang pointed to Mo Wuji's house and explained.

"Treasured Blood Lotus?" Mo Wuji had not heard of this before. He had not had time to look at the book that Shen Lian gave.

Fatty Guang went on to explain, "Treasured Blood Lotus is both a spiritual medicinal herb and a very delicious food ingredient. Because of its extremely high medicinal value, very few people eat it just like that. I've heard that the Treasured Blood Lotus is capable of being refined to open a spirit channel. Don't you think it is valuable?"

"Why don't they grow that here now?" Mo Wuji questioned.

Fatty Guang laughed, "You wouldn't be able to afford to stay here if they were still growing it here. Even though the Treasured Blood Lotus is a great herb, there is one major drawback. It's ability to absorb spiritual energy was too scary. I've heard that almost all the spiritual energy near this area was absorbed because they grew the Treasured Blood Lotus."

Mo Wuji finally understood why Wu Kai did not choose to live

here and also kept this place empty. Even though Wu Kai has poor spiritual roots, he is still capable of cultivating. Therefore, why would a person who is capable of cultivating choose to live in a place not suitable for cultivation?

There were many service disciples with spiritual roots too. Most of them came with the hope to cultivate and not just do chores. Because of this, they would not want to live in a place that lacked spiritual energy. Moreover, the other service disciples did not have anything valuable enough for Wu Kai to make such arrangement.

Wu Kai was confident that Mo Wuji could not cultivate or rather, did not care whether he was capable of cultivating, hence the arrangement for him to stay there. Wu Kai kept his end of the bargain by providing such a secluded house for him to live in.

Mo Wuji thought through this point before he concluded that he did not mind. He could absorb spiritual energy wherever he cultivated therefore as long as there was still spiritual energy around, it would still be enough for him to cultivate. Furthermore, there was a limit to how fast he could cultivate because the speed at which he could open his meridian was still too slow. Therefore, it did not matter much even if there was more spiritual energy in the air.

"Thank you Fatty Guang, I am very satisfied with this place," Mo Wuji said truthfully.

Fatty Guang was very pleased with Mo Wuji's answer as well because he was afraid that Mo Wuji would be bothered by the lack of spiritual energy and not like it here.

"This is the Pharmacy 19's indicator. When this indicator lights up, it would mean that a pill master has asked for you to go over to prescribe a drug. You have to get to Pharmacy 19 as soon as possible. Remember it well!"

Fatty Guang handed Mo Wuji a jade-like indicator as well as a map, "These are the areas in the sect which you can go to and these are those you cannot. I have already indicated where the Pharmacy 19 is on the map. If Brother Mo has nothing else for me, I will take my leave first."

Fatty Guang explained in such detail that it left Mo Wuji with no further questions. After sending Fatty Guang off, he immediately tidied up the place for Yan'Er to settle down.

Chapter 69: The Mysterious Book

After settling in, the first thing Mo Wuji did was to take out the thin book that Shen Lian gave to him. The book felt as light as a feather as he held it in his hands.

As he flipped the book open, he discovered that the pages were made from a material unknown to him, each page was even thinner than expected. Due to the sheer thinness of the pages, Mo Wuji estimated that the book had at least over a hundred pages.

On the first page, he saw words smaller than ants squeezed together in countless lines. It read, “The way of the pill is the true way. To become a pill refiner one must first delve into the way of drugs...” This made Mo Wuji rather confused. Since the way of the pill is the true way, shouldn’t a pill refiner naturally explore the way of pills? What did the way of drugs have to do with this? The way of drugs was for drug refiners, and the way of pills was for pill refiners.

“... All spiritual and mortal ingredients under the heavens have their own separate paths. There are no two herbs with identical paths. If one goes down the path of drugs, the path of pills is to be expected. Once one moves from the path of drugs to the path of pills, even roadside grass can be refined into immortal pills...”

Mo Wuji sucked in a breath of cold air. This pill manual made such extravagant claims. According to it, even two identical stalks of medicinal herbs needed to be processed differently during pill refining. How difficult was that? On top of that, the manual claimed that if one really became a pill refiner through drug

refining, he would be able to refine a stalk of Dog-tailed Grass into an immortal pill.

Something's not right, didn't Shen Lian say that this book was a wordless pill manual? He still hadn't used any methods to process the book yet, so how could he read the words in it? At this point in time, he flipped the pages back to re-read the parts that he had read before. To his surprise, only blank pages remained. Rubbing his eyes, Mo Wuji wondered if there was something wrong with his eyes.

This pill manual was very impressive. It must have been fate which brought it to him, but only to give him one chance to read it. Once he forgets the manual's contents, he would never be able to recall or re-read them again. Realising this, Mo Wuji rushed to take out a set of paper and pen to copy down everything in the manual. Suddenly, a bright flash of fire affinity spiritual energy burst out of the wordless pill manual and enveloped the paper that he was taking notes on. The piece of paper burnt and turned to ashes instantly. Mo Wuji's level of cultivation was too low, hence he could not see nor feel the fire affinity spiritual energy.

The pen Mo Wuji held fell to the floor with a clank. Things of the unknown often scared people the most.

From his perspective, even though he could cultivate here, possibly to the level of an immortal master, this could still be one of the mysteries of the universe presenting itself.

It was possible for technology to develop into a very advanced form, and similarly, other areas could also reach a level that one

could never imagine. Thus he never felt that it was weird for someone to cultivate until the level of an immortal master, or to waltz through the sky freely after that. It would be like watching a trained professional sportsman who had physical prowess far beyond any normal person. However, the present situation before him had was something that was simply too freaky for him to accept. Without any movement or fire starters, the paper he was just writing on burst into flames. Could it be a message from the heavens? Were they telling him that the contents of the manual should remain a secret?

Regardless, Mo Wuji quickly calmed down, tossing these thoughts to the back of his mind. What mattered now was to focus on studying the manual, not some message or intent from anyone. His ultimate goal was becoming a top-notch pill refiner and treating Yan'Er's injuries, so there was no point in sweating these small details and wasting time on them. Even though he did not understand the how his notes spontaneously immolated, he could slowly figure it out in the future.

“Pill refining chapter one, drug theory...” As Mo Wuji immersed himself in the pill manual, a day passed by without him noticing. It was only until night when the cover of darkness prevented him from reading any further. He finally rose from his seat and headed to the kitchen, where he prepared a meal for Yan'Er and himself. Only after feeding Yan'Er and ensuring that she had fallen asleep, did he start to cultivate, placing his studies on hold.

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Five days passed in the blink of an eye, and Mo Wuji began to

realise that Wu Kai did not lie, Pharmacy 19 indeed had no taskings. In all of the five days that he stayed here, not once did he receive an order from Pharmacy 19. Disturbed by this fact, he felt that it was necessary to make a special trip to Pharmacy 19 to take a look, only to discover that it was really quite empty.

Other surrounding pharmacies were a sight to behold, full of energy and noise, with a constant stream of service disciples going between them and the spiritual ingredients warehouse, but only he was left without anything to do. Mo Wuji originally intended to get to know more spiritual ingredients, and spy on how pill refiners refine pills. After all, to be able to see other pill refiners at work might be better than studying all the theory in the world. However, since he had nothing going on at all, his plan obviously had fell through. The only thing he had going for him was that Yan'Er's condition began to stabilise under his meticulous care. Even though it had only been a few days, her face had started to have a pinkish healthy look, and her body was slowly recovering. Despite the great progress made so far, Mo Wuji knew deep down that without repairing the Yan'Er's spirit channels, it would be near impossible for her to regain consciousness no matter how healthy her body became.

The long hours of free time that Pharmacy 19 provided him was just what he needed. He would spend the day analysing the contents of the pill manual, and spend the night cultivating. The concentration of spiritual energy in this area was indeed very low, but Mo Wuji could draw in spiritual energy from a large radius when cultivating, and his need for spiritual energy was also not that high due to his low cultivation level. Hence, despite training in such a harsh environment, he still enjoyed a fast pace of improvement. But at the same time, as the radius he drew spiritual energy in from was too large, he was afraid that it would attract

other's attention, thus he chose to cultivate after dark.

Another two weeks passed by quickly, and Yan'Er gradually regained her original appearance. She now had a full head of luscious and silky hair which flowed down like a waterfall. Colour returned to her face, and her once sunken cheeks regained their shape. However, she was still unable to do anything. While Mo Wuji studied every day, she only stared blankly at him or at the lake in the distance. Very occasionally, she would take a stroll by the lakeside. While Mo Wuji cultivated, she slept. Despite how dire the situation seemed, he did not give up. Every time he completed his reading for the day, he would converse with Yan'Er. As day after day came and gone, Yan'Er eventually started to understand the words that Mo Wuji spoke.

One fateful day, after Mo Wuji finished one last major circulation, he felt all of the meridians in his body tremble, followed by a dense energy filling him up. This feeling gave him an urge to let out a ferocious roar. He leapt out of the house, and with a casual punch, a rock burst into countless shards flying in all directions, while he did not even feel a thing.

I'm at Channel Opening Stage Level 2 now, Mo Wuji took a deep breath, looking into the distance on top of the broken pieces of rock. Although he neither had a master, nor the chance to learn from an immortal master, Mo Wuji still managed to advance to Channel Opening Stage Level Two in such a short amount of time. Based on what he had heard before, a genius would still require at least a month or so to advance from Channel Opening Stage Level One to Level Two even with the richest of spiritual energy around. But now against all odds, he managed to do it in only two weeks, no, or should I say, only in two weeks' worth of nights. Which

genius in the world could match up to his speed of cultivation?

However, due to his lack of spirit roots, he did not dare to share his progress with anyone. Otherwise, he would definitely be able to join any heaven level sect that he desired.

Mo Wuji only managed to gradually calm himself down after some time. Turning around, he saw Yan'Er watching him from a distance. "Yan'Er, one day I'll help you repair your spirit channels, and cure you. One day, I'll also massacre my way into Supreme Sword City to get revenge for what they did to you." Walking in front of Yan'Er, he held her hand, and sincerely said every word. He actually thought that he had a chance, as he could now cultivate and start to pick up pill refining.

Throughout the whole conversation, Yan'Er's face remained emotionless, seeming as though she would not care about anything else in the world, as long as she could stay by Mo Wuji's side.

Now that he had reached Channel Opening Stage Level 2, other than cultivating, it would have been best for Mo Wuji to find a secluded location to open more meridians. Otherwise, who knew when he would face his next bottleneck? On top of that, he also had to find some way to obtain a pill furnace to further his pill refining skills. After all, he required some hands on practice to complement all the studying. Only reading the pill manual wasn't the way to go. There were many obstacles that Mo Wuji faced, but it was not the time for him to give up.

"Beep Beep..." Just as Mo Wuji was contemplating whether to consult Fatty Guang, the jade token for Pharmacy 19 that had never

made a single sound started beeping.

With his fast reflexes, Mo Wuji dashed into the room in a flash, grabbed the jade token, then informing Yan'Er, "I'll be going out for awhile. Wait here and don't move around."

After his short brief to Yan'Er, Mo Wuji sped towards Pharmacy 19. What kind of pill refiner was this? He was actually refining pills in the middle of the night.

Chapter 70: In the Dark

Pharmacy 19 was located pretty far away from Mo Wuji's residence. He spent three minutes trying to get to the entrance of Pharmacy 19 even though he sprinted all the way here.

Each of the pharmacies had an accompanying pill lab and therefore, Pharmacy 19's corresponding pill lab was Pill Lab 19. Mo Wuji also found out why Pharmacy 19 had the least number of pill refiners who came here to refine pills.

The answer he got was that the success rate of refining a pill was very low in this particular pharmacy. It did not matter who came here to refine pills, the rate of failure was just way higher than any other pharmacy and the difference was not simply a matter of a few percentage points. As more people heard about this, they stopped trying to refine pills at Pharmacy 19.

It appeared that Wu Kai's arrangement for Mo Wuji to work there helped him to focus and Mo Wuji would always be grateful for this. Concurrently, this arrangement was limiting Mo Wuji's potential development in the future. After all, Mo Wuji's intention to learn more about pills was made known to Wu Kai from the very beginning.

How could I learn if no one will be here to refine pills?

The truth was that it was Wu Kai's wish that Mo Wuji would not learn more about pharmacology. Logically speaking, Mo Wuji could spend 100 years learning and still not be able to achieve

anything. However, Wu Kai did not want to rule out the possibility that Mo Wuji could indeed be a talented pill refiner and end up being accepted by a pill master as a disciple.

Wu Kai could not imagine himself bowing and paying respects to Mo Wuji if he were to really become a pill master's disciple.

"Don't you know the rules? Why are you so late?"

Mo Wuji barely stepped into the pharmacy when he heard an enraged voice from within.

Mo Wuji took two steps back as his eardrums were nearly about to burst. This was when he had a clear look at the man who shouted at him. It was an old man with a messy beard and equally messy hair. Furthermore, he had traces of drug stains on his body.

Mo Wuji did not dare to stare as he hurried to bow, "I had to change before meeting a pill master like you. This was why I was late."

In fact, Mo Wuji did not even sleep. Mo Wuji was worried that he would be at the receiving end of a lashing if his excuse of being late was that his residence was too far away.

The old man's tone and attitude towards Mo Wuji changed after listening to Mo Wuji's explanation. Moreover, when he summoned for Mo Wuji, there was barely any light in the sky.

"Take my slip to purchase some ingredients from the spiritual herbs warehouse. Do it quickly because you can forget about working here if you waste just a single second," The old man then handed Mo Wuji a jade slip as well as a beast-skinned paper before turning and heading back into the pharmacy.

Mo Wuji was afraid to offend him, and hence, he sprinted towards the spiritual herbs warehouse.

The Formless Blade Sect's spiritual herbs warehouse was located inside the Hall of Affairs in which Mo Wuji had previously inquired about. The Hall of Affairs was where disciples came to collect resources for cultivation, missions and quests as well as to claim their contribution points. Furthermore, one could purchase anything and everything here as long as he had contribution points. In short, this is the most eventful place in the entire Formless Blade Sect.

Mo Wuji was only a service disciple who was unable to collect contribution points. He had to serve for at least a year to be able to qualify for the collection of contribution points.

Mo Wuji took a glance at the beast-skinned paper before guessing that it might be a pill formula.

There were over ten herbs written on the paper in which Mo Wuji knew of. These included Iron Spot Flower, Grey Hemp, Green Fire Fruit etc. Based on the characteristics of the herbs, Mo Wuji's guess was that it was a formula for quenching. It could very likely be for quenching spiritual channels.

Mo Wuji could sense there was something wrong with this formula even though he had never seen it before. It was not because his drug refining ability was way above the old man but because of his knowledge of the characteristics of these herbs as well as his recent research on the pill manual. He strongly believed that the mixing of the Iron Spot Flower together with the Ring Cloud Bamboo Buds will lead to the unstable medicinal effects of the Green Fire Fruit.

Mo Wuji believed that even the highest tier spiritual ingredients came from a plant. A spiritual ingredient will never be able to escape from its biological nature.

According to the manual's description of both the Iron Spot Flower and Ring Cloud Bamboo Buds, the mixture of these two herbs would result in the Green Fire Fruit losing its wood properties. Most of the pill refiners chose to use the Green Fire Fruit because of its wood properties therefore it would be pointless to use the Green Fire Fruit if it's wood properties were affected.

This was of course true unless a very strong pill refiner is capable of controlling all three herbs. However, Mo Wuji did not believe that old man was that capable of a pill refiner.

Mo Wuji had no idea how important or crucial the Green Fire Fruit was to the success of this pill.

Who knew whether Pill Master Shi's intent was indeed to reduce the wood properties of the Green Fire Fruit? Mo Wuji could not

bother any more because he was only at the stage of understanding the characteristics of each spiritual ingredients. He had absolutely no knowledge of pill formulas.

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There was already a lot of movement in the Hall of Affairs early in the morning. Mo Wuji rushed over to the spiritual herb warehouse and handed the jade slip as well as the beast-skinned paper over saying, "Pharmacy 19."

The one in charge of preparing the spiritual ingredients laughed and actually managed to get what Mo Wuji needed very swiftly.

"Pharmacy 19 does seem to be very idle," the man in charge handed Mo Wuji the spiritual ingredients before adding this statement.

Mo Wuji could not sense his sarcasm as he laughed together with him before replying, "Indeed. This is the first time in half a month that I've been ordered to collect ingredients."

The one in charge suddenly whispered, "Brother, hurry get ready to change a place."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you have any idea what formula you are collecting the ingredients for? This formula is called the Channel Solidifying Pill

in which Pill Master Shi recently acquired. I've heard that this could solidify the tenacity of the spiritual channels, ascending the potential of a cultivator. This belonged in the category of the Tier 3 spiritual pill. Pill Master Shi is only a Tier 2 pill refiner therefore this would be too difficult a task for him. Let me warn you, Pill Master Shi had already changed 7 pill labs and every time his refinement failed, he will change a lab along with the service disciple that was working with him..."

Mo Wuji heard this and became furious. How dare he do this to his service disciple when it was his own incapability to blame. If this was really to be true, he would be fraught with grim possibilities. If Mo Wuji were to be chased away by Pill Master Shi, he highly doubted that Wu Kai could help persuade Pill Master Shi to let Mo Wuji continue staying in the residence at the Blood Lotus Lake.

Mo Wuji had finally established himself, found a great place to cultivate and was awaiting more opportunities to learn even more about cultivation. He really did not want to leave now.

As he noticed Mo Wuji's dumbfounded look, the man comforted him and said, "Brother, I suggest you hurry and hand him the ingredients, then find Deacon Wu to think of a quick solution."

He believed that Deacon Wu must be the reason why Mo Wuji was placed at Pharmacy 19.

"Thank you senior apprentice brother. May I ask if you happen to have any Water Velvet Vine here?" Mo Wuji knew he had to ask for it himself. It seemed evident that it was not intentional to place

both Iron Spot Flower and Ring Cloud Bamboo Buds instead it was Pill Master Shi's poor judgement.

The man nodded his head, "Yes, however, this was not in the list that Pill Master Shi wrote down. If you wish to buy this personally, you have to exchange it with your contribution points."

Mo Wuji said with a little embarrassment, "I only have gold coins as I am not yet qualified to collect contribution points. How about I offer you 1000 gold coins to help me exchange a stalk of the Water Velvet Vine?"

The man took out the Water Velvet Vine almost immediately, "Water Velvet Vines are very common. 100 gold coins will suffice."

"Thank you senior apprentice brother, my name is Mo Wuji," Mo Wuji replied gratefully as he appreciated the good nature of this man for not making use of this chance to earn more gold coins.

"My name is Fei Bingzhu. Hurry back because Pill Master Shi's temper isn't exactly very good," the man reminded Mo Wuji once again.

Mo Wuji bid farewell and hurried off. He wanted the Water Velvet Vine because he knew it was capable of keeping the wood properties of the Green Fire Fruit therefore increasing the success rate of the concoction of this drug.

According to the introduction of the manual, the combination of

Iron Spot Flower and Ring Cloud Bamboo Buds could result in the release of a large amount of golden energy. A capable pill refiner would be able to use the golden energy to further increase the quality of the pill. However, a incapable drug refiner could lead to the misuse of the golden energy and hence ruin the wood properties of the Green Fire Fruit. The rich water energy of the Water Velvet Vine could help moisturise the wood energy hence reducing the consumption of the wood energy.

Mo Wuji did not dare to try controlling and utilising the golden energy as he was worried it might affect the effectiveness of the final product. However, now that he found out that the wood properties of the Green Fire Fruit are still needed, he had to add in the Water Velvet Vine. In other words, a third tier pill could be concocted by a second tier pill refiner if Water Velvet Vine was added. The only drawback would be that the quality of the pill may be reduced slightly.

Mo Wuji would not bring the Water Velvet Vine just like that. He would tinker the Water Velvet Vine into a concoction and then spread this concoction onto the epidermis of the Green Fire Fruit.

The success of this approach could rely on luck because if the fire was not well controlled, the water properties of the Water Velvet Vine could disappear, rendering it useless after all. Mo Wuji had to try his luck because the worst possible scenario would just be for him to leave.

Chapter 71: Pill Master Shi's Doggie Paddle

“Why did you take so long to fetch my ingredients? What exactly were you doing?” When Mo Wuji returned to Pharmacy 19, he was immediately scolded.

Mo Wuji felt extremely helpless and could only suffer patiently and silently as he said, “The ingredients I got at first wasn't very fresh. I was afraid that it might affect the results so I specially went back to switch for a fresher batch of ingredients. As the saying goes: Give me six hours to chop a tree and I will spend the first four sharpening the axe. Even though I'm merely a service disciple, I will still try my best to make sure that you can start your task well.”

Pill Master Shi grabbed the ingredients in Mo Wuji's hands. He did not even bother to examine their freshness as he casually said, “Not bad, you did put in a bit of thought. But if my refinement fails, you will still get chased out.”

This b*stard... He really liked to push the blame onto others; attributing his failure to the service disciple. He's really a peculiar person.

“Pill Master Shi, when you are concocting pills, can I watch by the side?” Knowing that he was powerless in front of Pill Master Shi, Mo Wuji did not mind Pill Master Shi's words. Since he was going to get kicked out if the concoction failed, he might as well be a little thick skinned and watch while it happens. That would make it worth it.

However, Mo Wuji did not know that his request to watch a pill refiner concoct pills was a taboo in the pill refinement world.

Initially, Pill Master Shi was in a hurry to start concocting pills but he suddenly stopped in his tracks. He sized Mo Wuji up before saying in disbelief, “A mere service disciple wants to watch me concoct pills?”

This fella was so sloppy and he’s a mere Tier 2 Pill Refiner, yet he actually looked down on Mo Wuji. Mo Wuji felt rather dissatisfied in his heart. But little did Mo Wuji know, a Tier 2 Pill Refiner was highly valued within the sect.

Mo Wuji laughed in his heart and started to boast, “Pill Master Shi, back in my village, I have another nickname: Lucky Star. Whenever I'm around, people's success rates in whatever they did would be a lot higher. My neighbour was a drug refiner, and he would always call me over when he was concocting drugs.”

Pill Master Shi laughed out loud and said suddenly, “I have never seen a service disciple with balls as big as yours. Very good... Today, I will let you have the honour of seeing me work. But if I fail, you can just go throw yourself off the Hanging Sword Cliff.”

Mo Wuji shivered; he had heard about the Hanging Sword Cliff before. Within the Formless Blade Sect, there was a steep cliff and there was a huge broken sword hung by the side of the cliff. It was rumoured that the sect's evil and criminal disciples would be thrown down the Hanging Sword Cliff.

“Er... I think I won't go in with you then.” Even though he had added the Water Velvet Vine, this Tier 2 Pill Refiner still might not be able to concoct the Channel Solidifying Pill. One look at Pill Master Shi, and you could see that he was an incapable fella.

Pill Master Shi did not wait for Mo Wuji to finish speaking and put his hand on Mo Wuji's shoulder. A powerful force swept up like a vacuum, pulling Mo Wuji over.

In any case, Mo Wuji was a Channel Opening Stage Level 2 cultivator. The moment Pill Master Shi moved his hand, he immediately circulated his spiritual energy and extricated himself from Pill Master Shi's suction force. With a few swift movements, he landed a few metres away from Pill Master Shi.

“Ai... You're actually in Channel Opening Stage Level 3... No, that's not right. Level 2?” Pill Master Shi looked at Mo Wuji in shock.

It was not as though there wasn't any Channel Opening Stage Level 2 cultivators among the service disciples. There were even Channel Opening Stage Level 4 service disciples. But it was rare to see someone as young as Mo Wuji being at Channel Opening Stage Level 2. But that wasn't the main point. With Mo Wuji's reaction speed and abilities, he could rival Channel Opening Stage Level 3 cultivators.

Pill Master Shi was a Tier 2 Pill Master, and at the same time, he was a Spirit Building Stage Level 2 cultivator. Even though he used less than 10% of his power with that grab, it was not an easy feat for Mo Wuji to escape in that split moment.

Mo Wuji laughed awkwardly, “My spiritual roots are of low grade. I cultivated for 4 to 5 years to get to this level.”

Pill Master Shi accepted Mo Wuji's explanation.

He nodded, “That's not bad. Since you managed to avoid my grab, I will spare you from jumping off the Hanging Sword Cliff. Come in “

With that, Pill Master Shi entered the pill lab.

Mo Wuji heaved a sigh of relief and followed Pill Master Shi into the pill lab.

This was Mo Wuji's first time entering the pill lab. When he entered, the first thing he saw was a pill furnace.

The furnace was 1 metre tall and approximately 60 centimetres wide.

There was a shelf beside the pill furnace. Mo Wuji saw Pill Master Shi put the ingredients on top of that shelf.

Besides that, there was also a stone seat in the lab. On top of the furnace, was an opening.

After entering the pill lab, Pill Master Shi did not speak. He

inserted a jade slip into a groove beside the pill furnace before forcefully pulling a handle on the pill furnace's side.

With a “Peng!”, a dazzling blue flame sprang from the ground.

Mo Wuji was not totally unknowledgable towards pill fires. There were myriad forms of pill fires; Earth Fire was one of them.

Clearly, Pill Master Shi was using Earth Fire.

Mo Wuji did not ask any questions; he knew that he did not even have the qualifications to ask questions. It was already a whopping fortune for Pill Master Shi to allow him to observe the process.

Pill Master Shi used the fire to burn under the furnace for a few minutes. All of a sudden, he used his palms to continuously slap the sides of the furnace. The furnace lid flew up, and with Pill Master Shi's slapping, the dirt and dust within the furnace flew up and landed outside the pill furnace.

Pill Master Shi took a gourd from his bosom and faced it into the furnace. Some unknown liquid flowed into the furnace

Mo Wuji was extremely curious on what's that liquid. In the pill manual that he was reading, he had not read about adding any sort of liquid into the pill furnace. However, he held back his curiosity. He was worried that the moment the question left his mouth, Pill Master Shi would immediately kick him out of the lab.

After adding the solution, Pill Master Shi let the pill furnace burn for a few minutes before throwing in the ingredients one by one.

Standing by the side, Mo Wuji could not see what was happening within the pill furnace. He could only see Pill Master Shi adjusting the size of the fire and continuously using a spatula to flip the ingredients within the furnace.

Mo Wuji did not feel any sense of admiration or appreciation to Pill Master Shi's pill concoction. He only saw an old fella stir frying vegetables.

With Pill Master Shi's constant 'stir-frying', Mo Wuji started to smell an overflowing herbal smell. Mo Wuji had researched on plants and herbs for many years. He could recognize the smell of the Water Velvet Vine. The smell of the Water Velvet Vine was mixing with the smell of the Green Fire Fruit. Clearly, the Water Velvet Vine was working its effects.

Pill Master Shi's eyes never left the pill furnace as he intently flipped the ingredients and controlled the fire intensity. With his look of intense concentration, Mo Wuji knew that he did not notice the Water Velvet Vine smell.

Time slowly passed. Mo Wuji could see a drop of sweat flowing down Pill Master Shi's forehead, dripping onto the ground. However, Pill Master Shi did not seem to notice this as all his concentration was on the ingredients.

Mo Wuji sighed. The reason why Pill Master Shi managed to be a

Tier 2 Pill Refiner probably wasn't his intelligence or his talent. It was because of his concentration and focus when concocting pills.

That was when Pill Master Shi started to slap the side of the pill furnace continuously with both his hands.

Even though Mo Wuji had not seen other pill refiners, he really could not feel any form of admiration for Pill Master Shi. There was a huge disparity between his concentration and his actions. He looked like he was swimming, and it wasn't any cool sort of swimming, but the doggie paddle.

A whole hour passed. Suddenly, Pill Master Shi slapped the side of the furnace and a murky black thing emerged from the furnace.

This should be the herb dregs. With a sniff, Mo Wuji knew that the herbs dregs contained quite a bit of the spiritual ingredient essence. This showed that Pill Master Shi was far from extracting all the essence from within the ingredients.

Chapter 72: Rejection

Even though Mo Wuji could see that Pill Master Shi did not extract the ingredients cleanly, he was not qualified to judge. He, himself, did not even know how to purify a pill. Purifying a pill was a cumbersome and complicated process. Mo Wuji was still in the elementary stage of learning the features and compatibility of the various spiritual ingredients; he had not touched on purifying spiritual ingredients.

Furthermore, purifying spiritual ingredients was a practiced skill. With his current position, it was practically impossible for him to learn the skill.

Another hour passed and Mo Wuji could gradually smell a faint pill fragrance. The look of excitement on Pill Master Shi's face became more and more animated. He could feel that his luck today was better than usual.

At this moment, Pill Master Shi threw down the spatula in his hands and reduced the fire within the pill furnace. However, his two hands were still constantly patting the exterior of the pill furnace. Mo Wuji could seemingly see a few pills rolling within the furnace.

“Kacha!” Mo Wuji saw Pill Master Shi push the handle beside the pill furnace with one hand and slap the pill furnace with his other. Six green pills with a red tinge emerged and flew into a jade vase.

“Hahahaha...” Seeing the six pills fly out, Pill Master Shi laughed

out heartily. The excitement and satisfaction in his eyes could not be concealed.

To be honest, Mo Wuji felt a little disappointed. Even though he was not able to do what Pill Master Shi just did, he really could not feel any sort of admiration from Pill Master Shi's technique and process. Besides the initial action where Pill Master Shi expelled the dust and dirt from the pill furnace which looked a little handsome, the rest of the process really did not call for admiration.

He did not see the fabled hand and pill techniques; he only saw a spatula. He did not see the fabled pill fires; he only saw the Earth Fire. He did not see the fabled pill harvesting; he only saw some pills being slapped out of the furnace.

“Tier 3 spiritual pill... I finally concocted a Tier 3 spiritual pill, and it's a Channel Solidifying Pill. I, Shi Jun, am finally a Tier 3 Pill Refiner. Master, you said that I'm not talented enough to advance to be a Tier 3 Pill Refiner, but today, I did it...” Pill Master Shi grasped the jade vase agitatedly.

Mo Wuji sighed; must he be so excited?

This fella's master wasn't wrong. With his pill refining techniques and qualifications, it was indeed very difficult for him to advance to a Tier 3 Pill Refiner. Mo Wuji was not an actual pill refiner but he could tell that this Pill Master Shi's potential was limited.

Diligence could make up for several innate inadequacies. But for some professions, painstaking diligence without talent would not result in success. For example, botanist research back on Earth was one such profession. It was a profession which required some intuition.

“You were right. You really are a lucky star. To concoct this Channel Solidifying Pill, I went through 11 failures. It was really a good decision to allow you into the pill lab. I really succeeded and became a Tier 3 Pill Refiner,” Shi Jun spoke with great fervor and excitement, using 'really' a total of three times.

Mo Wuji sneered in his heart, Look at your appearance... [Not only is your name inappropriate](#), your own evaluation of your pill concocting standard is also crappy. I don't believe that you would be able to concoct the same batch of Channel Solidifying Pill again. Just be honest and remain as a Tier 2 Pill Refiner. Tier 3 Pill Refiner? You really think too much of yourself.

Previously, Mo Wuji thought that this Pill Master Shi only failed seven times; he did not expect this fella to actually fail 11 times. If he did not help this fella, this 12th attempt would also have resulted in a failure.

“Congratulations Pill Master Shi. Junior will now take his leave.” Mo Wuji was not interested on staying and listening to this fella boast.

Shi Jun suddenly called out, “There's no hurry to leave. What's your name?”

“Junior's name is Mo Wuji,” Mo Wuji hurried to reply even though he felt that this Shi Jun would not have a bright future. He was clear that, in the sect, the difference between Shi Jun and him was like the difference between the bright moon in the sky and a tiny firefly. Shi Jun was not a person he could offend.

Shi Jun nodded his head in satisfaction, “You're not bad. In the future, you can follow me and deliver ingredients to me.”

Mo Wuji cursed in his heart. Shi Jun might as well as him to kill himself. With Shi Jun's pill concocting ability, he would fail 11 times for every ten attempts just to concoct a Tier 3 spiritual pill.

“Senior, junior is Pharmacy 19's service disciple. It would not be convenient for me to follow you. I hope that you can understand,” Mo Wuji did not hesitate to reject Shi Jun.

Shi Jun stared at Mo Wuji in disbelief. How rare was this opportunity? If it was some other service disciple, he would have long knelt on the ground and kowtowed in gratitude. However, not only wasn't Mo Wuji thankful for the opportunity, he even rejected it.

“Did I hear it wrongly? Do you know what you just said? Do you know what you will miss out on?” Shi Jun recovered from his daze and asked puzzledly.

Mo Wuji clearly knew the reason. Following a mediocre refiner like Shi Jun, it would be abnormal for him to actually have a

future. He would rather stay here and dispense medicinal ingredients and learn the methods of other pill refiners. Follow Shi Jun and learn how to stir fry vegetables? Mo Wuji really wasn't interested.

After confirming that Mo Wuji was not willing to be his personal runner, Shi Jun snorted and threw Mo Wuji a jade vase before leaving angrily. A service disciple rejecting him had thoroughly infuriated him. However, he did promise Mo Wuji some rewards and there was no point losing his reputation over a small service disciple.

Naturally, Mo Wuji would not reject Shi Jun's rewards. After all, he deserved it. He was the one who purchased the Water Velvet Vine with his own money, and if not for the Water Velvet Vine, Shi Jun attempt would probably have ended in another failure.

Looking at the vase in his hands, Mo Wuji was satisfied. Even if the pill inside was worthless, at least the jade vase had some value. Even his treasured channel opening solution wasn't stored in a jade vase but a typical glass bottle.

The jade vase was labeled 'Energy Condensing Pill'. This pill was useful for cultivators at the initial levels of the Channel Opening Stage; it would help increase their cultivation speed. However, Mo Wuji did not feel that this pill would be useful to him. It was enough for him to absorb the Heaven and Earth's spiritual energy, there was no need for this Energy Condensing Pill.

Mo Wuji really did not mind Shi Jun's anger. After keeping his pills, he went back to research on his wordless pill manual.

Even though Shi Jun's technique looked cr*ppy in Mo Wuji's eyes, Mo Wuji still learnt several things from him. Mo Wuji's next stage would be learning how to purify spiritual ingredients. Purifying spiritual ingredients and learning the characteristics of spiritual ingredients are different; purifying spiritual ingredients required actual practice. Mo Wuji would need to purchase some low grade spiritual ingredients and learn through practice.

However, he did not have much gold coins on him. The cheapest spiritual ingredients would already cost at least 10 gold coins. The better ones could cost 10 to even 100 thousand gold coins. The even better ones couldn't even be bought with gold coins, but had to be purchased with spirit stones.

Mo Wuji had only heard of spirit stones as a currency. He had never seen one before, much less use it. He even heard that spirit stones had uses beyond currency; it could act as an energy source for cultivation. It contained denser and purer spiritual energy compared to the spiritual energy from the surroundings, and it was easier to absorb this spiritual energy.

To purify ingredients, besides a practiced hand, one would also require a high grade pill furnace. Mo Wuji couldn't even afford to buy spiritual ingredients, much less pill furnaces.

Looking at the sleeping Yan'Er, Mo Wuji decided to look for Wu Kai for help. He needed to find someone to take care of Yan'Er. Then, he could go and search for spiritual ingredients instead of purchasing them.

The Jun (俊) in Shi Jun's name means handsome.

Chapter 73: Last Minute Arrangements

“Deacon Wu...” Mo Wuji arrived at Wu Kai’s lodgings, only to discover that compared to the place that Wu Kai lived at, his little room really didn’t count for much. Although the area around Wu Kai’s apartment was not as spacious as his, but the spiritual energy here was many times greater than at his own area. As such, Mo Wuji suspected that there was some sort of method being used to gather the spiritual energy, to increase its concentration to exceptional levels. An Earth Sect’s service disciple could actually get treated so well. What about those core disciples in the top sects, what insane level of privilege would they experience?

“Haha Brother Mo, how did you find the time to come visit me?” Wu Kai saw Mo Wuji approaching from afar, regretting that he did not leave earlier, unfortunately bumping into him.

As the deacon of service disciples, he was aware that Pharmacy 19, which Mo Wuji was under, was occupied by Pill Master Shi in the morning. It was the same Pill Master Shi that changed pill labs seven times consecutively, and chased away all service disciples of those seven pill labs in the process. Now that Mo Wuji was here, it must have meant that Pill Master Shi had failed again and chased Mo Wuji out. Needless to say, He was here to request for a relaxed job from Wu Kai. However, as he had already repaid the Mo Wuji’s goodwill in the form of a Winged Sea Leopard egg, Wu Kai was much less willing to make favourable arrangements once again. “Deacon Wu, I’m sorry for not coming by sooner. My sincerest apologies for troubling you again on my second visit,” Mo Wuji bowed respectfully with a smile from a distance.

This much Wu Kai still had expected, but just as he was finding

an excuse to turn down Mo Wuji, he heard the following proposition, “Deacon Wu, I have six Energy Condensing Pills here. Since I have poor quality spirit roots, it will be a waste for me to keep these pills. Why don’t you take them instead?” Out of the 12 pills that Shi Jun gave him, Mo Wuji planned to keep only six.

“Energy Condensing Pills?” With a single glance, Wu Kai recognised the contents of the glass bottle that Mo Wuji passed to him. Even if he were a deacon of the service disciples, Energy Condensing Pills were hard to come by. To mortals, the price of one of those pills would scare them sh*tless, so what about six Energy Condensing Pills? With these six pills, he would be able to advance his cultivation level another step forward.

Gripping the Energy Condensing Pills in hand, Wu Kai hurriedly asked, “Where did you get these pills from?” While it was possible to buy those pills from the Pill Market, but their prices were staggering, often not even measurable in gold coins. He did not mind the high price, as sourcing for gold coins was not an issue for him, but he would be helpless if alternative payments were required. The pills sold by the sect always required one to exchange contribution points for them, however Wu Kai did not have many points anyway, and could not invest them all in Energy Condensing Pills either.

After receiving the gift of six Energy Condensing Pills, Wu Kai decided to help Mo Wuji one more time, in accordance with his principle of helping others as long as they helped him. How he handled such situations was crucial, as it would determine whether others would give him further benefits in the future. However, his exchange rate was one favour for one instance of assistance. If anyone wanted his help a second time, they would

have to pay him again.

Seeing that Wu Kai did not want to give up the Energy Condensing Pills, Mo Wuji knew that he was about to succeed, “This was my reward after helping Pill Master Shi successfully refine pills. His intention was to have me follow him to obtain ingredients for pill refining from now on, but as you know, I have someone to take care of, hence I can’t follow him everywhere. So I rejected his offer.”

“What?” Wu Kai’s eyes bulged open as he stared at Mo Wuji. A few deep breaths later, he calmed down and asked, “Brother Mo, you’re saying that Pill Master Shi succeeded in refining pills at Pharmacy 19’s pill lab, and rewarded you with Energy Condensing Pills? On top of that, he wants you to fetch ingredients for him from now on, and you reject him?” Wu Kai did not believe a word that Mo Wuji said, but there was all this evidence presented before him. If it wasn’t Pill Master Shi that rewarded him with the Energy Condensing Pills, where could Mo Wuji have obtained them? This sort of pill wasn’t something that you could just pick off the street. But for Mo Wuji’s appointment as ingredients boy, Wu Kai did not doubt him at all. Some things like this would get you killed if you lied about it.

Mo Wuji intentionally mentioned that Pill Master Shi values him greatly, in order to let Wu Kai know that he has some backing. With Wu Kai stunned by his words, Mo Wuji felt rather satisfied, calmly saying, “It is indeed like that, so I’ll have to trouble Deacon Wu today,” Hearing this, Wu Kai immediately reacted. He was now aware that Mo Wuji was not here to change jobs and also how much Pill Master Shi valued him. Thus Mo Wuji immediately became a much more important figure to him.

“Brother Mo, since we are such good friends, it’s no trouble at all. Just tell me what you need, as long as I, Wu Kai, have the ability to do it, I will not turn your request down,” Wu Kai thumped his chest while saying.

“Brother Wu, the b*tchy mother of Tao Ao refuses to leave, claiming that she has to take care of Tao Ao, and they can’t do without that job. It isn’t that good for me to force her out either, after all, in the past...” Fatty Guang huffed and puffed as he ran over, but in the middle of his sentence, he noticed that Mo Wuji stood just at the side, hence he cut instinctively cut himself off. “So Brother Mo is also here,” Fatty Guang casually acknowledged Mo Wuji’s presence.

Mo Wuji frowned, even though he never heard anything about what Fatty Guang just said, but he could roughly guess what was going on from the limited information that was mentioned. It must have been that Tao Ao and his wife gave Wu Kai some benefits in exchange for his current job. Now Tao Ao’s body became plagued with some ailment, so his wife was forced to both work and take care of him at the same time. But Wu Kai did not care about the situation they were in, and added insult to injury by giving the job away to someone else. Yet Tao Ao’s wife refused to leave.

Indeed, Wu Kai had no moral baseline. If he continued to stay at his position, eventually he would fall to the state of the Tao Ao couple. Wu Kai reached the position of the service disciple’s deacon through his situational awareness, thus Mo Wuji’s frown was instantly captured by his eagle-like eyes. With a chuckle, he immediately began explaining to Mo Wuji, “That Tao Ao couple

was originally posted to go to the Meals Department to work, but Tao Ao offended someone and had his legs broken. So now his b*tch wife has to take care of him, and as a result is unable to continue fulfilling his job scope. I was planning to give him an easier job to do instead.”

I’ll be damned if I believed you, Mo Wuji thought to himself. His face however, showed a different expression, wearing a wide smile and replying, “Deacon Wu sure is kind, I’ll have to thank you on the Tao Ao couple’s behalf...” At this juncture, Mo Wuji asked himself: wasn’t he here to find someone to take care of Yan’Er?

“Deacon Wu, I’m begging you, please don’t chase me out. If I leave the current job and bring Tao Ao along, it would be simply waiting for death...” A wailing voice echoed out, and soon enough, Mo Wuji could see a young woman in plain and rugged clothing stumbling towards them. This must be Tao Ao’s wife. Her hands are calloused, so she should be involved in physical work, but yet she exuded an aura of kindness. Once sighting her, Fatty Guang swiftly moved in front of her, and stopped her from continuing her advance.

“That’s right, Deacon Wu, you also know the situation that I’m in. I intend to go for a trip, so I’m looking for someone to take care of Yan’Er. How about we let this b*tch do that?” Mo Wuji followed up. Before he set his eyes on Tao Ao’s wife, his impression was that she was fiercely loyal woman, refusing to leave her husband behind. But now that he saw firsthand what she was like, Mo Wuji was even surer that this was a good candidate to take care of Yan’Er. Ideally, he was looking for someone who was meticulous, caring, and most importantly, kind.

“That’s the best arrangement, Brother Mo you really helped me out this time, rather than the other way around,” Wu Kai quickly mentioned. Once he was finished, Wu Kai shouted at the woman, “Xiong Xiuzhu, Brother Mo is willing to take in you two. Quickly come over to thank him.” Xiong Xiuzhu was momentarily stunned, and stared at Mo Wuji, unable to process what had happened in time.

If Mo Wuji really took in the Tao Ao couple, it would indeed be doing a favour for Wu Kai. Being the deacon of the service disciples, Wu Kai had many people to make arrangements for, especially for those disciples who had relatives with significant positions. Each one of them that were poorly arranged for, would be another superior that he offended. His original plan was to chase away the Tao Ao couple, as these two people, who had neither spirit roots nor influence, could be handled however he deemed fit without any repercussions. Since Mo Wuji wanted to take over them, he would naturally facilitate this transfer.

Mo Wuji gave out a short laugh, “This is not the only thing that I’ve come to visit Deacon Wu about. Now that there’s the Tao Ao couple taking care of Yan’Er while I go out for a trip, I’m no longer as worried anymore. But another issue would be regarding the service disciples attached to Pharmacy 19. If I have any ingredient retrieval jobs while I’m not around, I hope that Deacon Wu can help me arrange for someone to cover for me temporarily.”

Chapter 74: Five Elements Desolate Domain

“This is just a small matter. Brother Mo, feel free to go out and roam; I will arrange for help. I will also help you build a residence for Xiong Xiuzhu and Tao Ao,” Wu Kai guaranteed.

Mo Wuji gave him six Energy Condensing Pills for a small favour. Thus, he took the initiative to build a house for Tao Ao and Xiong Xiuzhu to stay in.

Xiong Xiuzhu, who was standing by the side, finally reacted. She understood that Mo Wuji could give her a job. She finally found some hope; if not for this, Tao Ao and her would not be able to survive.

Unlike the city life of mortals, the workshops and cities in the Formless Blade Sect were catered for cultivators. There were also a few mortals who couldn't cultivate, but they had their means to form a small social circle among themselves. However, for a mortal like Xiong Xiuzhu who even had to take care of Tao Ao, she was simply powerless and could not join in that circle.

If she wanted to leave the Formless Blade Sect and depart for the nearest mortal city, she would have to travel thousands of miles. More importantly, these thousands of miles were barren and unpopulated lands. It was simply impossible for a mortal like her.

“Thank you benefactor for your saving grace.” Xiong Xiuzhu did not care what Mo Wuji wanted her to do. As long as she had a job, that would be enough.

Mo Wuji nodded his head, "Go back and pack up. Later, go over to my place; I live by the Blood Lotus Lake. I just need you to help take care of my sister, Yan'Er. Yan'Er suffered from some trauma and she might behave like a child. So I would need you to be careful and patient with her."

Hearing that she only needed to take care of a girl, Xiong Xiuzhu was even more thankful. At least her life wouldn't be tougher than it was now.

Xiong Xiuzhu moved really fast. After explaining the situation to Yan'Er, Mo Wuji was about to leave his house but Xiong Xiuzhu had already arrived at his doorstep with her disabled husband.

Xiong Xiuzhu's husband, Tao Ao, had an average build, and he looked quite handsome. However, both his legs were broken and he was huddled up on a wheelchair. He did not look like a person who would find trouble, so Mo Wuji guessed that he was probably being bullied when his legs got broken.

However, Mo Wuji was barely sustaining himself. Naturally, he would not ask Tao Ao about what happened his legs. It was difficult for mortals to live among cultivators. Mo Wuji had also briefly examined the degree of Tao Ao's injury. With his current methods, he would not be able to cure Tao Ao.

The couple also did not request Mo Wuji to treat Tao Ao's legs. They were already immensely grateful to Mo Wuji for accepting them and giving them this carefree life.

Over the next three days, Yan'Er gradually got used to the patient Xiong Xiuzhu. Also, with Wu Kai's help, Tao Ao and Xiong Xiuzhu's residence was also completed.

Mo Wuji could finally be at ease with leaving his place. In this sort of environment, Mo Wuji could not relax for a single day. He needed to work hard to improve his personal power so that he could take care of Yan'Er and protect himself.

...

The Formless Blade Sect Hall of Affairs.

When Mo Wuji arrived, the hall was already filled with people. Mo Wuji knew that a service disciple was not qualified to accept any missions or quests. He wanted to see if any of the disciples who accepted quests would require help.

This was not the first time that Mo Wuji came to the Hall of Affairs. Not long ago, he came to gather ingredients for Pill Master Shi.

However, the Hall of Affairs today felt different from the past. Previously, the disciples were always rushing around, albeit to form groups, accept quests or to purchase items using the sect's contribution points. However, what Mo Wuji currently saw was different. Many disciples were congregating together and seemed to be discussing something.

“Junior apprentice brother Mo, congratulations!” Mo Wuji was intending to listen in on the discussions when someone called out to him.

The one who called him was an acquaintance: the Spiritual Herbs Warehouse’s Fei Bingzhu. It was due to Fei Bingzhu's help that Mo Wuji could buy the Water Velvet Vine. Furthermore, Fei Bingzhu did not take advantage of him, but sold Mo Wuji the Water Velvet Vine at a reasonable price.

Ostensibly, Fei Bingzhu must have heard of Pill Master Shi's success.

“I was lucky. Pill Master Shi’s skill was too impressive.” Mo Wuji laughed and walked over.

As he was approaching Fei Bingzhu, Mo Wuji whispered, “Senior apprentice brother Fei, what's going on today? Why is everyone gathering together? What are they discussing?”

“Our Formless Blade Sect's Formless Blade Mountain is opening. Do you know about the Formless Blade Mountain? Even the Heavenly Temple's Heavenly Herb Mountain cannot compare to our Formless Blade Mountain. The Formless Blade Mountain has not opened for close to a thousand years. What good things do you think will be inside? Too bad it has nothing to do with us,” Fei Bingzhu sighed.

Mo Wuji finally knew the topic of people's intense discussion.

Well, that's normal. If he had the qualifications to enter the Formless Blade Mountain which had not been opened for a millennium, he would have joined them in their discussions.

“Senior apprentice brother Fei, since the Formless Blade Mountain had not been opened for a thousand years, why is it suddenly opening now?” Mo Wuji was clear that he did not qualify to enter the Formless Blade Mountain but he could not help but want to inquire more.

Fei Bingzhu pointed to the sky and spoke softly, “ Ten years ago, the first level of the Five Elements Desolate Domain opened. To maximize their benefits which they could reap, the five empires went into war. All parties suffered heavy losses. Ultimately, the five empires decided to host a competition to compete for the resources in the first level of the Five Elements Desolate Domain.”

“What's the Five Elements Desolate Domain?” Mo Wuji got more and more puzzled.

Fei Bingzhu maintained his patience and explained, “You're a new service disciple, so it's natural that you don't know. Do you know that in all five empires, very few cultivators actually advance into the Heaven Realm? And there isn't even a single Heaven Sect?”

Mo Wuji nodded, “I did hear of that. Is this related to the Five Elements Desolate Domain?”

Fei Bingzhu replied, “Of course they're related. I heard that the

Five Elements Desolate Domain cut off the five empires' source of spiritual energy. Without this source of spiritual energy, it is an extremely difficult affair to advance into the Heaven Realm. In these countless years, the few experts who advanced into the Heaven Realm were all the empires' peak geniuses. Even still they could only stagnate within the 1st of the 3 Heavens in the Heaven Realm. On the other hand, in the Five Elements Desolate Domain, while Heaven Realm experts were not extremely common, there were still a lot more of them than within the five empires."

"If that's the case, why can't everyone enter the Five Elements Desolate Domain together?" Mo Wuji asked puzzledly.

Fei Bingzhu snickered, "Your words sound as sweet as a song. Enter the Five Elements Desolate Domain together? Do you think it's so easy to enter the Five Elements Desolate Domain? Moreover, only the first level is open. Even if you pass through the first level, you wouldn't be able to advance without knowing where the second level is. There were several experts from the five empires who tried to find the second level but they were never seen again. I heard that there was even a Heaven Realm expert who went in. Of course, we won't know whether they perished or advanced to the next level.

After everyone knew that the Five Elements Desolate Domain could not be forcefully opened, the first thing everyone did was to fight for the cultivation resources on the first level. Countless cultivators died over these years. This was also why many sects are taking in large amounts of disciples."

"Isn't it enough to send in their experts? What's the use in

recruiting so many disciples?” The more Mo Wuji listened, the more confused he got.

“The Five Elements Desolate Domain is not like ordinary places. I heard that it's restricted by Heaven's Laws. Only Channel Opening and Spirit Building cultivators can freely enter the first level. More powerful cultivators will be pressured by the Heaven's Laws, and could not leave for a long time. It's rumored that several Heaven Realm experts immediately disappeared after entering the Five Elements Desolate Domain, and it was exactly due to these Heaven's Laws.” Fei Bingzhu spoke with a mysterious expression.

Mo Wuji still found it difficult to understand. What Heaven's Laws pressure? Mo Wuji wanted to continue asking Fei Bingzhu but as Fei Bingzhu also heard all these from someone else, he did not fully understand either.

“Aren't the empires controlled by the supreme sects? Why was the war between empires and not sects?” Mo Wuji no longer asked anymore deep questions for he knew that Fei Bingzhu probably would not be able to answer him.

Fei Bingzhu laughed, “Aren't they the same thing? The sects only borrow the name of the empires to split their territories. During the actual wars, it will still be the sects' cultivators undergoing battle. Our Formless Blade Sect also participates in the battles. Eventually, the big sects felt the losses in war was too much, and decided to compete in a more refined manner.

The spiritual ingredients and resources from the Five Elements Desolate Domain are all top grade. Each one of them is simple

priceless. Many of these ingredients can help cultivators at the peak of the Earth Realm advance into the Heaven Realm. Thus, the five empires compete in pill concoction and this competition takes place once every three years. There is a quota to the number of people who can enter, so the empires will compete for these places.”

“Is it because our Formless Blade Sect wasn't performing well in the competitions? So we're opening the Formless Blade Mountain to nurture more pill refiners?” Mo Wuji could roughly guess the reason behind the opening of the Formless Blade Mountain.

Fei Bingzhu nodded, “That's the case. Not only does the sect want to nurture more pill refiners, it also wants to raise the levels of the existing ones. All this is so that the Formless Blade Sect can achieve more places within the Five Elements Desolate Domain quota. There are many people who died in the Five Elements Desolate Domain, but even if countless more die, the Five Elements Desolate Domain remains extremely attractive to cultivators. The spiritual ingredients and treasured grasses within are truly heaven defying. Imagine if you find a spiritual fruit which allows an Earth Realm expert to advance into the Heaven Realm? Your sect will immediately rise to become a Quasi-Heaven sect.”

“Formless Blade Sect represents Xing Han Empire, right? As long as Xing Han Empire gets some places, won't the Formless Blade Sect be allocated some places? Unless there is some internal competition within the empire to distribute the places?”

“No, it's not like that. With the new form of competition, sects will represent themselves. It is no longer a matter of empires. Xing

Han Empire's guardian west is the Heavenly Temple, but this does not mean that they will get more places? If our Formless Blade Sect performs better in the pill concoction competition, we might be able to get more places to enter the Five Elements Desolate Domain.”

Through this question and answer session, Mo Wuji completely understood what was going on. No wonder why the long unopened Formless Blade Mountain was being opened. This was the best time for sects to improve themselves and compete for places to enter the Five Elements Desolate Domain. If the Formless Blade Sect gets more places to enter the Five Elements Desolate Domain and finds some prized treasure from within, it may just be catapulted straight from a flailing Earth sect to a Quasi-Heaven sect.

Chapter 75: Pill Master Shi's Panic

“Don't think too much,” Fei Bingzhu patted Mo Wuji's shoulders and pointed towards the discussing groups in the hall, “Even those people can covet the opportunity from afar; the opening of the Formless Blade Mountain has nothing to do with them. This time, only pill refiners are allowed to enter the Formless Blade Mountain, and our pill refiners get the most benefits. Do you know why Pill Master Shi was so desperate to concoct the Channel Solidifying Pill? The Channel Solidifying Pill is a Tier 3 pill, and successfully concocting it would make you a Tier 3 pill refiner. When the Formless Blade Mountain opens, only Tier 3 pill refiners have the qualifications to enter.”

Mo Wuji finally understood why Shi Jun wanted to concoct the Channel Solidifying Pill, and why he was so ecstatic when he succeeded. It seemed like that fella would be able to enter the Formless Blade Mountain. I looks like Mo Wuji had really helped him out ah.

"Let me tell you ah, every Tier 3 pill refiner can each bring in one ingredient boy. Ai, now that Pill Master Shi succeeded in your pill lab, I wonder who will be the lucky guy he brings along," Fei Bingzhu said emotionally. He did not actually think that Mo Wuji could be selected. After all, Mo Wuji was a new service disciple the Formless Blade Sect and he would not be fancied by a Tier 3 pill refiner.

Mo Wuji suddenly felt a tinge of regret. If he knew that following Shi Jun would give him the opportunity to enter the Formless Blade Sect, he definitely wouldn't have rejected Shi Jun.

Unfortunately, it was too late. Even if he went to find Shi Jun, he might not actually get to see Shi Jun. A Tier 3 pill refiner was a noble and high existence; how could a small ingredient boy casually get to meet him?

Fei Bingzhu did not know what was in Mo Wuji's mind as he said, "Our Formless Blade Sect's most impressive pill refiner is Pill Master Yan; she's a Tier 4 pill refiner and the only Earth Pill Refiner in our sect. Not only is Senior apprentice sister Yan an extremely young Earth Pill Refiner, she is an existence with a status as high as our Sect Head."

What Senior apprentice sister Yan? Mo Wuji could only feel upset and vexed. Only after a long while, Mo Wuji put aside his unhappiness and asked Fei Bingzhu, "Senior apprentice brother Fei, do you know anywhere near our sect where I can find Six-footed Lightning Crocodiles?"

"Six-footed Lightning Crocodiles?" Fei Bingzhu looked at Mo Wuji blankly. "Junior apprentice brother Mo, why do you ask that? That beast is hard to kill and its materials aren't worth much. Furthermore, it lives in the sea, and our Formless Blade Sect is far from any seas. So it's practically impossible to find Six-footed Lightning Crocodiles around."

Mo Wuji could not help but feel disappointed. He was just about to inquire about any other places he could cultivate at but a hoarse voice cried out, "You kid... You actually hid here to chat. Hurry and fetch me my ingredients..."

Mo Wuji turned to see Shi Jun rushing over. At his back, was the grey-haired and ugly Wu Kai. At this moment, the Hall of Affairs quietened down. With Pill Master Shi here, no one dared to speak any further. The 'Doggie' Shi Jun who used the 'Doggie Paddle' pill refining technique did not have a low position in the sect. As a Tier 3 pill refiner, he was one of the higher existences.

Mo Wuji did not need to ask to know the reason why Shi Jun was here. Shi Jun probably failed in concocting the Channel Solidifying Pill again and wanted Mo Wuji to prepare ingredients again and make use his luck. However, he had already left Pharmacy 19, and Wu Kai found someone to take over his work, resulting in this predicament.

Compared to the previous meeting, Shi Jun was dirtier and his hair was messier; his entire body was covered with medicinal dregs. He did not wait for Mo Wuji to come over. Instead, he directly raised his hand to grab Wu Kai.

Mo Wuji hurriedly said, "Wait, Pill Master Shi. This matter has nothing to do with Deacon Wu, how about you let Deacon Wu go first."

Even though Mo Wuji was leaving, Yan'Er was still staying by Blood Lotus Lake. In any case, he cannot afford to offend Wu Kai.

Listening to Mo Wuji's words, Shi Jun waved his hand towards Wu Kai, "Go. Since you helped me find this kid, I will not pursue this matter."

Wu Kai hurried to express his gratitude before nodding towards Mo Wuji gratefully. Mo Wuji really wasn't talking nonsense previously. Not only that, he was overly modest. Who knew that a service disciple like Mo Wuji could actually have such a high position in Pill Master Shi's heart. With a simple sentence, Wu Kai was released.

Previously, when he was carried away by Pill Master Shi, his entire soul was scared off. There was nothing wrong with finding a replacement for Mo Wuji, but even if it was right, Pill Master Shi could still kill him with a single slap without facing any responsibilities. Even worse, Pill Master Shi could remove his position as a deacon with a few simple words.

When Wu Kai left, his determination was reinforced; he would definitely help Mo Wuji take care of Yan'Er. Mo Wuji had a promising future, so he needed to maintain good relations with Mo Wuji. To do that, he just needed to take care of Mo Wuji's darling, that lady called Yan'Er.

"Greetings Pill Master Shi. Is Pill Master Shi finding me just for the ingredients?" Mo Wuji waited for Wu Kai to leave before bowing and greeting.

"Nonsense. You're the Pharmacy 19 service disciple. Do you think I'm looking for ingredients or looking to catch up with you?" Shi Jun stared firmly.

Mo Wuji said helplessly, "If that's the case, may Pill Master Shi return to Pill Lab 19 first? I will come over with the ingredients."

Mo Wuji needed to add the Water Velvet Vine into the ingredients, if not his 'Lucky Star' nickname would not actually result in success.

Shi Jun grabbed Mo Wuji's arms, "There's no need. Today, we will concoct the pill in the sect's main hall. The sect head, elders and the other pill refiners would be there to observe. You will use the ingredients there instead."

Shi Jun just wanted Mo Wuji to have his hands on the ingredients to take advantage of his luck.

Mo Wuji lamented in his heart. He wanted Shi Jun to leave so that he can rub the Water Velvet Vine juice onto the Green Fire Fruit. If it was at the main hall, how could he help under the full view of everyone?

Actually, he could also guess why Shi Jun wanted to concoct the pill at the main hall. He had just risen to a Tier 3 pill refiner. Naturally, he had to verify his abilities as a Tier 3 pill refiner in front of everyone. In actual fact, he never had the ability to be a Tier 3 pill refiner. As a result, this fella panicked and wanted to drag Mo Wuji over.

Seeing Shi Jun dragging him away, Mo Wuji hurried to say, "Pill Master Shi, I'm really a lucky person who can increase people's success rates. But after I help others, I need to take a shower and change my clothes. If not, it won't work."

"Why are you being so long-winded? Hurry up and bathe then," Shi Jun shouted.

Mo Wuji calmly responded, "Pill Master Shi, pill concoction stresses importance on a peace of mind. Even you have my luck, something wrong might still happen. If Pill Master Shi trusts me, you should calm your mind and wait at the sect's main hall. On the other hand, I will need to calm down and shower first before heading off to the main hall."

When the jumpy Shi Jun heard the words 'peace of mind', he forcefully suppressed his emotions and threw a jade slip to Mo Wuji, "Hurry."

With that, he turned and left.

Mo Wuji heaved a sigh of relief. The fella is finally gone.

"Senior apprentice brother Mo, you're really impressive! Now that you have obtained the favour of Pill Master Shi, you must not forget about this little brother here," In that short moment, Fei Bingzhu exchanged his seniority with Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji laughed and patted Fei Bingzhu, "Why would I do that. We are friends after all. Oh right, Brother Fei, I came to buy five stalks of Water Velvet Vine. I wanted to borrow Brother Fei's contribution points. I will definitely return them in the future."

Fei Bingzhu waved his hands exaggeratedly, "It's just a few stalks

of Water Velvet Vine, they aren't worth many contribution points. You don't need to return them to me. Senior apprentice brother Mo has such a bright future! Next time, please call me junior apprentice brother. I am willing to be your junior."

As he spoke, Fei Bingzhu passed five Water Velvet Vine to Mo Wuji.

"Thank you then. I need to rush to help Pill Master Shi. We can continue talking when I'm free." After Mo Wuji received the Water Velvet Vine, he rushed to bid his farewells to Fei Bingzhu.

He had to rush to convert these vines into juice in the shortest time possible. That Pill Master Shi might just unexpectedly come and drag him away.

Chapter 76: Character Defines

The Formless Blade Sect Hall.

This was the place where all sect meetings were held, and also the grandest hall in the whole Formless Blade Sect. Only those with certain status within the sect were granted permission to enter it. Mo Wuji had only gazed upon it from afar before, never setting foot within the hall itself. After he processed the five stalks of Water Velvet Vine into a juice, Mo Wuji rushed back as fast as possible. Fortunately Pill Master Shi's jade slip was useable, otherwise he would not have gotten anywhere close to the door of the hall.

“Service Disciple Mo Wuji pays his respects to all elders of the sect. “ Mo Wuji loudly roared out at the entrance to the hall. All who sat here were those elders with the greatest powers in the sect. Each of them were extremely strong immortal masters who were far more advanced in cultivation, hence he, a lowly service disciple, dared not show any form of disrespect.

“Sect head, Elders, this service disciple's name is Mo Wuji. He's my ingredient boy. The pills made from the ingredients that he fetched were exceptionally easy to refine.” The already frantic Shi Jun scrambled to report as he saw Mo Wuji approaching.

A middle aged man sat at the highest position in the hall. His cheeks were slightly sunken, with a short beard on his chin, and he sat up completely straight in his seat, like a sharp blade that was barely concealed by its scabbard.

Mo Wuji could guess that this was the Formless Blade Sect's sect head. Indeed, right after Shi Jun finished speaking, the middle aged man nodded his head and said, "Since he is Pill Master Shi's ingredient boy and also a disciple of the Formless Blade Sect, please let him enter."

Mo Wuji noticed how mindful the sect head was when he was speaking; firstly, he did not address Mo Wuji as a service disciple, secondly, he used the word "please" when giving Mo Wuji permission to enter.

"Thank you sect head." Without waiting for Pill Master Shi to thank the sect head, Mo Wuji took the initiative and bowed respectfully.

The various elders and pill masters were sizing Mo Wuji up, still suspicious of him. He barely looked even 20 years old. Also, for a service disciple entering such a solemn and grand sect hall, facing a large group of immortal masters, one would be expected to be rather tense, and overwhelmed by it all. How could there be someone like Mo Wuji, who would boldly strut into the hall, and calmly thank the sect head?

However, for Mo Wuji, he had already got used to mingling with the heads of states during his past experiences at global pharmaceutical conferences of Earth.

"Wuji, come sit beside me." Shi Jun gestured to Mo Wuji by patting the seat next to him. He could not even afford to put on airs around Mo Wuji, a mere service disciple. After all, beggars can't be choosers. Ever since he started to ask others to be his

ingredient boy, not a single person took up his offer. So despite his status as a pill refiner, and Mo Wuji as a service disciple, he still had to depend greatly on Mo Wuji.

“Thank you Pill Master Shi.” Mo Wuji thanked Shi Jun respectfully, before going over to sit down beside him. Once seated, Mo Wuji whispered, “Pill Master Shi, if the pill refining succeeds, I want to enter the Formless Blade Mountain too.” With a wave of his hand, Shi Jun replied, “No problem. Every pill refiner that enters the Formless Blade Mountain can bring a ingredient boy with them. As long as you can help me successfully refine these pills, you will go in with me.”

“Isn’t it quite illogical for a service disciple to sit with us here? His presence really degrades the dignity of our sect’s great hall.” A booming voice with a tinge of anger suddenly rang out through the hall. Immediately turning around towards the source of the voice, Mo Wuji saw a young man. The youth was wearing a robe, exuding the aura of a master from every corner of his body.

In his heart, Mo Wuji was rather unhappy. Who was this guy, and so what if I’m sitting here? Why should I stand while everyone is sitting down?

Although he had these thoughts, Mo Wuji knew that he was powerless to influence anything that happened here, and could only gaze at Shi Jun, hoping for him to make a move. If Shi Jun could not speak up either, he would just have to suck it up.

With a light chuckle, Shi Jun replied, “Pill Master Ju, since everyone is seated here, it wouldn’t be very nice to let Wuji stand

by himself.” To this, Pill Master Ju coldly answered, “None of the pill masters that are gathered here today need the help of ingredient boys. Only, you brought an ingredient boy. Then again, Pill Master Shi’s abilities are outstanding. What better way to stand out from the crowd than to bring an ingredient boy?” Even though Shi Jun knew that his position was not as high up as this robed youth, but upon hearing these words come out, he couldn’t help but become furious.

Although Mo Wuji felt dissatisfied inside too, he was not willing to implicate Shi Jun. He was about to stand up, and signal to Shi Jun to avoid arguing over such a small matter, when Pill Master Ju spoke coldly again, “You puny little ingredient boy, how dare you sit here.”

These words had the complete opposite effect than they were intended for, as Mo Wuji intentionally sat still, not budging a single inch. If he did not have to keep in mind that Yan’Er was still with him, Mo Wuji would have given a sarcastic retort. So what if he was an ingredient boy? It was Pill Master Shi’s instruction for him to sit down. He was Pill Master Shi’s ingredient boy, not Pill Master Ju’s. Pill Master Shi did not seem to be of a lower rank than him, what problem did this guy have, to bring up such a trivial issue?

“Mo Wuji, as an ingredient boy, how dare you just sit there as two pill masters are arguing?” The elder who was first from the left asked out of the blue, seemingly siding with Pill Master Ju. Mo Wuji knew that someone who sat at the first position on the left definitely was someone with a high rank, possibly the First Elder. When under the roof of another you can’t afford not to defer to him, hence Mo Wuji stood up, bowed respectfully to the elder, and

said, “Elder, please understand, if I had stood up earlier, perhaps Pill Master Shi and Pill Master Ju would not have argued over my actions. But with sect head’s guidance, I came to understand something, hence my inaction throughout the whole incident.”

Sect head’s guidance? Everyone turned to look at Gu Ran who sat at the top. As the Formless Blade Sect’s sect head, Gu Ran had never taken in a disciple, so how could he have guided a service disciple? Equally confused, Gu Ran looked to Mo Wuji, unsure when he had taught Mo Wuji before. Mo Wuji calmly explained himself, “In the eyes of experts, a lowly service disciple naturally has no status or position. This can be clearly seen when Pill Master Ju asked me to stand up. But when I entered the great hall, our sect head did not specially refer to me as a service disciple. Indeed in the eyes of our sect head, it doesn’t matter if it’s a formal, inner, outer, or service disciple. As long as he is part of the Formless Blade Sect, he would be considered Formless Blade Sect’s disciple.”

When Mo Wuji entered, the sect head really did not intentionally call Mo Wuji a service disciple, but no one would think that this small detail would be used by him as the sect head’s personal guidance. Without waiting for a response, Mo Wuji continued, “The sect head also used the word “please” for a lowly disciple such as myself. In his eyes, everyone is equal.”

“So these are the lessons you learnt from our sect head?” The first elder from the left asked again. To this, Mo Wuji firmly answered, “Yes, in our sect head’s eyes, people have no rank or status, but are defined by their character. This is sect head’s lesson to me.”

“Good. There are no high or low class people, only people with good or bad character. Thanks for the lesson.” The woman sitting first from the right gave Mo Wuji a standing ovation, obviously in agreement with what he had said. Only then did Mo Wuji notice this woman. She appeared rather young, definitely not more than a few years older than him. Her facial features were rather average too, possibly considered to be kind of ugly by some, but this young woman actually sat at a position close to the sect head. She likely held a high position within the sect.

In reality, everyone could read the intention behind Mo Wuji’s words, which was that the sect head was a person of good character, while Pill Master Ju was only as good as an average person. The sect head nodded his head in agreement, warmly telling Mo Wuji, “Why don’t you just sit down.”

“Thank you sect head.” Mo Wuji gave another word of thanks before sitting down for good. Shi Jun’s impression of Mo Wuji improved further as he saw how Mo Wuji turned the situation around single handedly. He softly whispered to Mo Wuji, “The person that just spoke up for you is the Formless Blade Sect’s number one pill master, Tier 4 Earth Pill Refiner Yan Qianyin. She’s the leader of the team that’s representing the Formless Blade Sect at the Five Elements Desolate Domain Pill Competition.”

Mo Wuji had already heard from Fei Bingzhu that Pill Master Yan was an Earth Pill Master previously. However, he did not expect that her name to also have the word “yin” in it. It reminded him of his experience with Xia Ruoyin.

“All right, since all the pill refiners are here, let’s begin.” Gu Ran

cut to the chase, without the intention of mulling on what Mo Wuji had said. As he finished his sentence, five gigantic pill furnaces were carried into the centre of the hall.

Chapter 77: Blade Mountain Elimination Competition

Shi Jun said slightly nervously, "Wuji, ever since that time where you were by my side, I have never succeeded in concocting the Channel Solidifying Pill. Your luck must help me this time ah. If I cannot concoct the Channel Solidifying Pill, I'm finished."

Shi Jun had a lot of trust in Mo Wuji. In the cultivation world, luck was not an illusory thing; some people were able to rise above others because they had greater luck.

However, Mo Wuji did not understand how luck was involved. He was also a little nervous as he whispered to Shi Jun, "Pill Master Shi, I actually have another method, it's called Lucky Contact. We just need a bucket of water. I will wash the ingredients with my hands, and that would help to spread the luck. Your success rate would definitely be at least two times more than usual."

"No problem, I will get someone to bring a bucket of water." With that, Shi Jun muttered a few words to the disciples who were carrying in the pill furnace. Sure enough, the disciples brought in a bucket of water in less than a minute.

"Pill Master Shi, what are you doing exactly?" someone immediately asked.

Shi Jun replied calmly, "I intend to wash each of my ingredients to increase my success rate. Wuji, I will be concocting the pill soon, so I will leave this washing job to you."

Seeing Shi Jun call Mo Wuji over to wash the ingredients, the people in the hall started to have an understanding on why Shi Jun wanted an ingredient boy in the first place. After all, this was a job for the ingredient boy and not the pill refiner. At the same time, they also didn't question about washing the ingredients. Every pill refiner had their own methods, so there was nothing wrong with that.

Shi Jun's pill furnace was the second from the right while Pill Master Ju's pill furnace was the third from the right; coincidentally, they were neighbours. When Mo Wuji saw that, he couldn't help but curse his bad luck.

The fact was, Shi Jun called Mo Wuji here so that Mo Wuji could help him. On the other hand, Mo Wuji had come here to observe how the other pill refiners concoct pills.

The person Mo Wuji hoped to see the most was Yan Qianyin. After all, she was a Tier 4 pill refiner. As an Earth Pill Refiner, her methods must definitely be above the rest. Unfortunately, it wasn't Yan Qianyin beside him. It was only after three other pill refiners got into position that Mo Wuji discover that Yan Qianyin did not even come down at all.

Mo Wuji quickly discovered the reason: As a Earth Pill Refiner, Yan Qianyin did not need to personally come down.

"My Formless Blade Mountain has not been opened for a thousand years. To raise the capabilities of our pill refiners, we

will be specially opening it. As the resources in the mountain are limited, only seven people are allowed in. Initially, our Formless Blade Sect only had four Tier 3 pill refiners and one Tier 4 pill refiner, who will not be participating in our sect's internal pill concocting competition. The ones competing in this elimination competition are the five newly advanced Tier 3 pill refiners. Out of the five, only two can enter the Formless Blade Mountain. Everyone will have two tries to concoct a Tier 3 pill. Let the competition begin," Seeing the five pill refiners get into position, the sect head announced loudly.

Mo Wuji only just discovered that only seven people can enter the Formless Blade. If you were to include the ingredient boys, there would only be 14 people entering. Previously, when he saw the crowds discussing in the Hall of Affairs, he thought that many people could enter the mountain.

Shi Jun promised him a chance to enter the Formless Blade Mountain if the pill concoction succeeded. In light of the numbers, this was really a huge favour.

Mo Wuji noticed that all the pill refiners had a red firestone underneath their pill furnaces. A huge flame burned below the furnace, and this red firestone seemed to be able to adjust the strength of the fire.

Shi Jun also ignited the flame as he prepared to clean his furnace.

Mo Wuji started immersing the ingredients into the bucket of water, washing each and everyone of them. Only the Green Fire Fruit wasn't added to the water. Instead, it was coated with the

Water Velvet Vine juice which he kept in his sleeves.

After washing two batches of ingredients, Mo Wuji left them to the side to dry.

At the same time, Shi Jun had also finished cleaning his furnace, and was starting to concoct the Channel Solidifying Pill.

Mo Wuji had seen Shi Jun concoct pills before, and in all honesty, it wasn't really nice to look at. His eyes then landed on Pill Master Ju and he discovered that this Ju fella was the most capable one among the five competitors.

Mo Wuji wasn't clear what pill Pill Master Ju was concocting. However, his techniques were more natural than Shi Jun, and his actions were far more elegant.

Mo Wuji discovered that this Ju fella did not use any spatula whatsoever. He solely used the pill furnace to refine the ingredients within.

Towards the end, Pill Master Ju even inserted his hand into the hot and steaming pill furnace to move the ingredients. His hand did not even look like it was affected by the heat. With this, Mo Wuji was sure that Pill Master Ju was better than the other four, and his methods were far superior to Shi Jun's 'Doggie Paddle'.

Not even an hour passed before Mo Wuji heard a loud 'Bang!'. He saw that the pill refiner who was first from the left had a face

covered with ash and grime. Ostensibly, he failed in his concoction, and his pill furnace exploded.

At this moment, Mo Wuji heard another 'Bang!'. A wave of hot air rushed towards him, causing him to subconsciously take a few steps back. When he regained his bearings, he discovered that it was Shi Jun's furnace which exploded.

It looked like this Pill Master Shi's mentality was not focused; he was affected by the failure of the other pill refiner.

Seeing Shi Jun's dispirited expression, Mo Wuji hurried to say, "Pill Master Shi, you still have one batch of ingredients, there's still an opportunity to succeed. Think about it, if not for that other guy's failure affecting you, you would definitely have succeeded. Furthermore, no one would have a 100% success rate when concocting pills."

Listening to Mo Wuji's words, Shi Jun's spirit was lifted. That's right! Which pill refiner would have a 100% success rate?

Mo Wuji heaved a sigh of relief as he saw Shi Jun regain his spirits. Shi Jun's success or failure would affect his chances to enter the Formless Blade Mountain. If he could enter the Formless Blade Mountain, he could obtain large amounts of spiritual ingredients to practice purification. That would help him to advance to the next milestone in pill refining.

He was a mere service disciple. It was almost impossible for him to obtain large amounts of spiritual ingredients to practise

purification. His future success would be tied onto Shi Jun. If Shi Jun succeeded, he would have a chance of succeeding in the future.

When Shi Jun started on his second batch of Channel Solidifying Pills, Mo Wuji noticed that Pill Master Ju had already finished purifying the ingredients, and was expelling the medicinal dregs.

Just now, there were two consecutive explosions. Furthermore, Shi Jun's explosion was right beside Pill Master Ju. However, he did not seem to be a half bit affected and continued with his work. Even if his concoction ends up failing, Mo Wuji could not help but be impressed with him.

Another half an hour passed. Shi Jun had finished purifying his ingredients while Pill Master Ju's pill furnace was emitting a faint pill aroma. Mo Wuji signed in his heart; Pill Master Ju was indeed capable. Unless Mo Wuji hurls the bucket of water at his pill furnace, Pill Master Ju's first batch of pills was definitely going to succeed. One of the two places was definitely his. Shi Jun could only fight for the last place with the other three pill refiners.

Fortunately, the other three pill refiners had all failed in their first batch of ingredients. This time around, Shi Jun wasn't affected by the other two's pill explosion. At this moment, Shi Jun had already expelled the medicinal dregs and fused the medicinal essences. He was starting to condense the pill itself.

Just as Mo Wuji was retracting his gaze from Pill Master Ju, he felt a pair of eyes landing on him. He subconsciously lifted his head up to see the Tier 4 pill refiner, Yan Qianyin, staring at him. When their eyes met, she even nodded at Mo Wuji.

However, Mo Wuji wasn't worried. He had borrowed the wooden bucket to coat the Water Velvet Vine juice onto the Green Fire Fruit. He was sure that no one else saw what he was doing.

At this moment, a strong pill aroma wafted over. Mo Wuji turned to look at Pill Master Ju. Sure enough, he was extracting a few pills from his furnace, directly sending them into a prepared jade vase.

This fella was really the first to finishing concocting a batch of pills. Even though Mo Wuji was dissatisfied, there was nothing much he could do. He could only focus on Shi Jun and pray that his current batch must not fail.

Chapter 78: The Story Changes

“Bang!” Another explosion during the pill condensing step occurred, which made Mo Wuji jump up in shock. Thankfully it wasn’t Shi Jun’s pills that exploded this time, but the guy who was seated first from the left previously. With the two consecutive failures, he was disqualified.

At this rate, it seemed as though the only one who was not half assed was Pill Master Ju, who he did not get along with. Most probably, they were trying very hard to mimic a Tier 3 pill refiner in order to gain entry to the Formless Blade Mountain. But now their ruse was seen through when placed in front of a pill furnace and asked to refine Tier 3 pills.

Shi Jun’s second attempt at refining carried on smoothly even as explosions from other’s failures rang out one by one around him. Could it be that Mo Wuji’s words helped? Another half an hour passed, and Shi Jun began the condensing process just as the fragrance of pills wafted out of his furnace. At this moment, another person’s pills blew up in his face, leaving only one other pill refiner..

The outline, followed by the solid shape of reddish-green pills slowly formed within the blazing furnace. Minutes later, Shi Jun slapped both hands on the pill furnace, causing six pills to fly out of it and into the jade vase that was waiting in place.

Once Shi Jun succeeded in creating his pills, the last pill refiner got affected by the commotion, and could only resign to failure. Out of the five pill refiners that started out, only Pill Master Ju and

Shi Jun managed to successfully refine their pills. Without any further evaluation, the results of the selections were clear.

“Pill Master Ju and Pill Master Shi are hereby promoted to Tier 3 Mortal Pill Master, congratulations.” The elder at the top left corner was the first to give a standing ovation. The sect head followed suit, revealing a big smile on his face while clapping for them, “with Pill Master Ju and Pill Master Shi, the Formless Blade Sect will definitely get a better placing in the Five Elements Desolate Domain Pill Competition.”

After completing this sentence, Gu Ran’s smile disappeared and he took a more serious tone, “The people present today are the foundations of our Formless Blade Sect: Our 10 elders and our pill refiners. The Formless Blade Mountain of our sect has not been opened before in a thousand years. Talking about it, perhaps our Formless Blade Mountain may not have spiritual herbs as valuable as those found in the Five Elements Desolate Domain. We definitely do not have any top tier treasures that can help one cross into the Heaven Realm. But out of all the secret dimensions of the sects in the five great empires, our Formless Blade Mountain is undoubtedly one of the top ranking secret dimensions.

When we open the largely untouched Formless Blade Mountain, I hope that the seven pill refiners will treasure this opportunity. Do not to waste a single stalk of spiritual herb, and raise your pill refining ability as much as possible. This is all so that we may obtain a better placing in the Five Elements Desolate Domain Pill Competition.”

“Don't worry sect head, we will live up to your expectations” Mo

Wuji observed Shi Jun, Pill Master Ju, and the rest of the six Tier 3 pill refiners standing up and bowing respectfully.

Yan Qianyin did not move upon hearing this statement, so Mu Wuji knew that these six pill refiners were simply bragging.

Although other people could not see through his ruse, but Mo Wuji completely understood the abilities of Pill Master Shi. Even though he had never seen how good the other sects' pill refiners that were taking part in the Five Elements Desolate Domain Pill Competition, it was pretty clear that someone of Pill Master Shi's level would not be able to get any significant position. Pill Master Ju might be more capable than Shi Jun, but Mo Wuji still did not think he amounted to much. Rather, it was the Tier 4 Earth Pill Master Yan Qianyin, did not speak nor make any movements, who Mo Wuji had his eyes on, .

“Good, now I officially declare the Formless Blade Mountain open, every pill refiner who enters is allowed to bring one ingredient boy with him. The Formless Blade Mountain will remain open for a duration of one month, after which, it will close again. All elders and the pill refiners entering the Formless Blade Mountain, please follow me.” Gu Ran cut to the chase, and rose right after speaking.

Since the time Mo Wuji joined the Formless Blade Sect, his activities were restricted to the most outer circle. If it were not for Shi Jun's help, the deepest he would be able to delve into the sect would only be the Hall of Affairs. At the moment, he followed behind the sect head and the elders into the deepest regions of the Formless Blade Sect. Only then did he realise how enormous the

Formless Blade Sect was. Chain after chain of blades stretched on for kilometres, leaving one thinking just how many experts passed through this place in the past.

At the centre of the blades, there was a round pavilion with a hilt-less and scabbard-less blade floating right at the top. Who knew how long this blade had been there for? As Mo Wuji curiously gazed towards it, he could still feel a chill run down his spine.

Tiny figures and words describing sword styles littered the exterior of the pavilion, seemingly random, but also seemingly having a certain order.

An old one-armed man held a broom in hand, sweeping the grounds before the pavilion. Gu Ran gave him a small bow as he passed by the pavilion, leading the rest of the group into the circular structure.

On the other hand, Mo Wuji took a second look at this old one-armed man thinking. Was this the sweeping monk of the legends? No, it should be the sweeping old man.

Soon after Mo Wuji took his first step into the round pavilion, he laid eyes on the circular altar at the centre. Mysterious symbols covered the entirety of the altar, and beside it were many potholes. Other than that, there was nothing else in the pavilion.

“The thirteen going to the Formless Blade Mountain, please proceed into the Formless Blade Mountain Transfer Formation.”

Formless Blade Sect Head Gu Ran's words echoed out as he pointed at the altar. So this was the legendary transfer formation. Mo Wuji had heard that immortal masters could set up various types of formations, and the transfer formation was one of them.

Even though Yan Qianyin was the most qualified to have an ingredient boy help her carry stuff, she was the only one who did not bring one along. This piqued Mo Wuji's interest. How would she refine pills without a pill furnace?

Like the other ingredient boys, a large furnace was carefully balanced on the back of Mo Wuji as he stood behind Shi Jun. There was no helping it, as an ingredient boy, he would have to do this sort of manual labor for pill refiners. Otherwise, going into the Formless Blade Mountain would just be a dream.

Once all thirteen people stepped onto the transfer formation, Gu Ran threw a handful of shiny transparent jade rocks. A dazzling white glow erupted as the jade rocks accurately fell into the potholes, causing everyone to look away for a moment. This was definitely not normal jade rocks, but the spirit stones that he had heard of before. As much as Mo Wuji tried to catch a glimpse of the appearance of spirit stones, his line of sight was blocked by the white light. He was unable to see anything, but could still feel the rich and dense spiritual energy that resided in those rocks.

A sense of giddiness overcame him, making Mo Wuji wonder if this was the teleportation part of the transfer process. It felt as though his surroundings were shaking violently, like he was about to get torn apart.

“RIIIPPPP...” Following that sound, bursts of blood stench bombs exploded all over him. Mo Wuji was in shock. Although he could not see anything, he knew that some people were really torn apart by the energy released by space-time fluctuations.

Could one transfer be so scary, to the extent that people have to give up their lives?

“Everyone take note, something’s wrong with the transfer. Once you’ve reached the Formless Blade Mountain, don’t roam around recklessly, try to gather as a group first...” Yan Qianyin’s voice made it in the nick of time, but only half of the message reached Mo Wuji before her voice faded away.

Another wave of searing pain hit him, and Mo Wuji could clearly feel and hear his bones breaking. Just as he thought that he would end up like the few other unlucky buggers, to be torn up by the energy of space-time fluctuations, he landed on the ground with a heavy thud.

It took a good 10 over minutes of resting before Mo Wuji slowly struggled his way up. Pain invaded every crevice of his body, and his bones had cracked under the stress of the space-time energy. What’s more scary was that there was not a single person around him. Indeed as what Yan Qianyin had said, some issue had arose with the transfer formation.

The stench of blood that he had smelt before must have been the few other ingredient boys being ripped apart. He managed to survive as he was not an ordinary ingredient boy. Not only was he a Channel Opening Level 2 cultivator, but after enduring countless

strikes of lightning, his body's durability became much greater than those around the same level of cultivation as him.

Gritting his teeth, Mo Wuji fought the pain throughout his body to stand up, before taking in a breath of cold air. According to Gu Ran, Formless Blade Mountain should have spiritual herbs aplenty; fields of different colours stretching out beyond one's field of vision like a utopia for pill refiners. But now what lay before him was a barren wasteland of crumbling rocks and dried, cracked soil. Where were the spiritual herbs? Where were the grass?

Mo Wuji could not believe that the Formless Blade Sect's Leader would lie about such a thing. With such a great discrepancy, it must have meant that something had happened back at the sect. Connecting this with the problem in the transfer formation, he was even more sure that the story was not as simple as it seemed.

Chapter 79: Advancement: Tier 1 Mortal Pill Refiner

After resting for half an hour, Mo Wuji felt a lot better as stood up to find a safer place to rest and make sense of the situation.

Mo Wuji struggled to carry the pill furnace, trekking for less than one kilometre. That was when he saw a dead corpse. He recognised that corpse; it belonged to one of the seven pill refiners.

Theoretically, Tier 3 pill refiners were cultivators who had already advanced past the Channel Opening Stage. When Mo Wuji encountered this pill refiner's corpse, he really thanked his lucky stars. It was really a stroke of luck that he managed to survive the failure during the transfer.

Mo Wuji started to search the pill refiner's body and collected all the useful items; he even found some spirit stones. These stones rich in spiritual energy were items Mo Wuji only dreamed of obtaining. However, he really couldn't lift his spirits even as he kept the stones. He also found some healing pills which he ate to recover himself.

After thoroughly searching the pill refiner's body, Mo Wuji dug a pit and buried the pill refiner.

A Tier 3 pill refiner was an illustrious existence in the mortal world. However, one of them just died silently in some unknown place. This fragility and vulnerability of life really struck Mo Wuji.

After consuming the pills, Mo Wuji felt the cracks in his bones healing rapidly. He could not help but sigh in his heart; the pills concocted by pill refiners were really heaven defying even when compared to a modern drug like penicillin. Even though penicillin was impressive, it still required time for recovery. However, the effects of these pills were immediate.

If anyone were to tell Mo Wuji that the effects of Western medicine are faster than Chinese medicine, Mo Wuji would definitely spit on his face. These pills are concocted with herbs. Even though they did not originate from China, Mo Wuji still considered them Chinese medicine.

Afterwards, Mo Wuji no longer saw anyone, not even an ant.

Two more days passed and Mo Wuji's injuries gradually recovered. Just when Mo Wuji was thinking that this was the end and that there was no more hope, he saw an abundance of green in the distance.

He literally dashed over, ignoring the weight of the heavy pill furnace.

Ten minutes later, Mo Wuji was standing in a lush green valley. Gu Ran was right, this place was filled with spiritual herbs!

In his study of pill refining, Mo Wuji read up on the introductions of many spiritual herbs, and knew a thing or two about a myriad of spiritual herbs. However, he was unable to even

name a single one of the herbs here. The vibrancy and variety of herbs satisfied and excited him.

Not bad... It's extremely vibrant and fresh here.

As Mo Wuji was thinking of the three words 'vibrant and fresh', he was reminded of the place he just came from. If this place was described as 'vibrant and fresh', then that would definitely be 'barren and death'.

It's the same mountain, but why were there places abundant with spiritual herbs but also places where not even a single weed can grow?

As he started thinking, Mo Wuji realised that something wasn't right; these two worlds were too different.

As he observed further, Mo Wuji could see that the spiritual herbs at the borders seemed to be withering. In that instant, Mo Wuji finally made sense of the situation: the loom of death from where he came from did not spread over yet. However, in time, this lush valley would also cease to exist.

Even though Mo Wuji did not want the Formless Blade Mountain to turn into a barren land, he did not know what to do. He was a mere service disciple, he did not have any means of stopping this. Furthermore, he did not even know whether he would survive this situation.

With so many spiritual herbs, he needed to collect all of them before finding some place where he could try his hand at purifying.

Large patches of spiritual herbs were collected by Mo Wuji. It was only until the evening when Mo Wuji's back finally gave up. That was when he found a natural cave in the valley and rested inside.

After resting for a night, Mo Wuji retrieved the firestone he found on that pill refiner's body and installed it under the furnace. He was going to practice purifying.

Even though he was surrounded by spiritual herbs, Mo Wuji remained careful during the purification. He knew that spiritual herbs were extremely valuable; if not for this journey to the blade mountain, he would never have had the chance to have a whole valley of herbs for him to practice purification on.

The days passed; Mo Wuji cherished this opportunity and made use of the days to purify different spiritual herbs. Initially, his purification resulted in failures. However, by the end of three days, he could retain 80% of the herbal essence. After another eight days, this number increased to 90%.

Afterwards, he no longer saw any improvements. It was simply too hard to exceed 90%.

Mo Wuji purified the spiritual herbs following the methods from the wordless pill manual. He was cognizant that he was unable to progress any further due to the limits of his cultivation level, and not due to some unforeseen reasons. As long as his cultivation

advances, he would be able to improve his purification of spiritual herbs.

Being able to purify 90% of the essence, Mo Wuji was already much better than that Pill Master Shi. From Mo Wuji's observations, that Shi Jun could only purify 60 to 70%.

When he was spectating Shi Jun's pill concocting, the medicinal dregs he expelled contained far too much of the herbal essence. It was simply a waste.

Not only was it a waste, a higher purity would also make the pill condensation process easier and the pill concocted would also be of higher quality

For Shi Jun, if his purification methods did not improve, he would find it hard to improve on his pill refining.

Mo Wuji knew that it would be a long and arduous process to improve on his purification. Thus, he no longer practised his purification but started learning pill refining as he practised cultivation. The spiritual energy here was rich, and he did not need to worry about people discovering the mad absorption of spiritual energy. Mo Wuji finally could be unrestrained and cultivated as he wished.

The pill refining methods illustrated on this manual were completely different from Shi Jun's methods. This manual emphasized on the pill and hand techniques.

There were different kinds of hand techniques; from the cleaning of the pill furnace to the pill condensation to the final pill collection.

Furthermore, the manual taught that the pill and hand techniques were not fixed and unchanging, but they changed and adapted according to the characteristics of the spiritual herbs. This required much of the pill refiner. Some pill refiners were unable to adapt and could only use mechanical methods.

When Mo Wuji was researching on the various ingredients, he became aware of this fact. Anything that wasn't flexible and adaptable would only be doomed to deteriorate.

This was true for many ancient Chinese civilizations. How many of them got lost in the visages of time? This was primarily because they were too fixed in their ways.

When a master passes down knowledge onto his disciple, even if the master didn't hide anything, it would be difficult for the disciple to surpass the master. There would definitely be some lost knowledge. When this disciple passes on to his own disciple, more would be lost. Green originated from blue and is superior to blue; this phrase only applied to a few people. Furthermore, majority of masters do not reveal everything to their disciples.

Even the best of things would ultimately end up as part of history if it continued to degrade in this manner.

Mo Wuji knew how precious this opportunity was. Even though

he didn't know how he was going to get out a month later, he did not have the time to worry about it. Since the sect head said one month, then it should not be wrong.

Once he leaves, he would not have such a fertile and abundant cultivation environment, nor would he find such a blessed place for pill refining. Even at the expense of sleep, Mo Wuji spent his days crazily refining pills or madly cultivating. The moment he was tired of pill refining, he would immediately start on cultivation.

During cultivation, he was constantly absorbing spiritual energy from the heaven and earth. This allowed him to only require minimal sleep just to maintain his vigor.

There weren't many pill formulas on the pill manual, but each of the pills were easy to condense. The formulas were extremely suitable for learning pill refining and incredibly useful for low leveled cultivators.

On the 20th day, Mo Wuji successfully concocted a batch of Tier 1 Energy Gathering Pill. This pill was for Channel Opening Stage cultivators and its effects were better than the Energy Condensing Pill.

On the 21th day, Mo Wuji was successful with a batch of Tier 1 Vitality Replenishing Pills. This pill allowed cultivators to replenish their vigor and vitality and was extremely useful to Mo Wuji right now.

As Mo Wuji wildly cultivated and practised pill refining, he seemed to forget the flow of time. He continued to go through this cycle until all his meridians simultaneously trembled. A strong surge of energy poured down from the top of his head and permeated into his entire body. His spirit cleared and this feeling awoke Mo Wuji from his crazed state.

Unknowingly, he stepped into Channel Opening Stage Level 3. Ever since he started cultivating, in less than 2 months, he advanced from a mere mortal to a Channel Opening Stage Level 3 cultivator.

What made him even more contented was that the time he spent on cultivation itself was little, especially since he was also practising pill refining. Today, he was also truly a true Tier 1 Mortal pill refiner.

Using the wordless pill manual and the resources from the Formless Blade Mountain, he took a month to enter a stage which many would never touch in their entire lives.

Unfortunately, no matter what he did, Mo Wuji was not able to concoct Tier 2 pills.

Chapter 80: The Devastated Yan Qianyin

Mo Wuji calculated; from the time he entered the Formless Blade Mountain, if it was not a month, it was not far from it. It might even have already exceeded a month; there might have been some problems with the transfer formation and he could not be transferred out.

In this month, he did not move out from the valley. The spiritual herbs in the valley have practically been plucked dry. He had already concocted one to two hundred Energy Gathering Pill and Vitality Replenishing Pill. However, he was worried that once he goes out, his pills might be snatched away.

Having his pills snatched away was a small matter. What's worse was if the experts from the Formless Blade Sect questioned him about the origins of his pills. What would he say then? He concocted them himself? Would he be able to keep his wordless pill manual? Mo Wuji's origins was too simple to investigate; the Formless Blade Sect could even casually send a few people to investigate and they could easily find out how many times he visited the toilet. What if they discover that he didn't have the chance to learn pill refining, or that he even bought some drug refining equipment in Chang Luo. They would definitely ask: Who taught him to concoct pills? It would be impossible to hide the existence of the wordless pill manual.

However, he was also unwilling to leave these pills behind. After all, these were the efforts of tireless days and nights.

As Mo Wuji was deep in contemplation, he saw an old person

with a head full of white hair staggering over.

No, that's not right. Mo Wuji soon discovered that this white haired person wasn't an old person but a lady with a graceful figure.

As she lifted her head, Mo Wuji was able to recognize her. She was Yan Qianyin, the Tier 4 Earth Pill Refiner who entered the Formless Blade Mountain with him.

A month ago, when they were being transferred to the Formless Blade Mountain, Yan Qianyin still had a head full of black hair. A month did not even pass and her hair was entirely bleached. If not for her face and figure, Mo Wuji would not have been able to recognize her.

How exactly did she age so much over this short period of time, yet her face remained unchanged?

When Yan Qianyin saw Mo Wuji, her body gave in and she collapsed.

Mo Wuji did not think about anything else as he rushed forward to pick Yan Qianyin up. He found that Yan Qianyin's skin was all shriveled up, dearth of blood energy. It was as though she had spent tens of years here and her longevity was running out.

Mo Wuji did not hesitate to retrieve the pills he concocted and put some Vitality Replenishing Pills and Smooth Blood Pills in her

mouth.

The Smooth Blood Pill was also a Tier 1 pill. Mo Wuji concocted it for Yan'Er to use. Due to her poor nutrition, Yan'Er's body had very poor foundations. The Smooth Blood Pill was filled with spiritual ingredients which were nourishing and nutritious; it was very suitable for Yan'Er to use.

As the pills entered Yan Qianyin's mouth, there was no change on her face but there seemed to be some blood flowing through her shriveled skin.

Mo Wuji hastily put Yan Qianyin on his back and brought her into his cave. Yan Qianyin was a Tier 4 Earth Pill Refiner with an impressive cultivation. Even with this level of cultivation, she was almost robbed of her life. His cultivation wasn't even worth looking at.

Mo Wuji had a good impression of Yan Qianyin. Not only was her pill refining standards the best in the sect, she also helped him when Pill Master Ju was bent against him.

Mo Wuji placed Yan Qianyin on the stone bed which he usually used; she simply lay there unmoving and with her eyes closed. However, Mo Wuji knew that his Smooth Blood Pill and Vitality Replenishing Pill were working and that she was gradually recovering. Her aura was richer and her blood energy became stronger.

Looking at the gradually recovering Yan Qianyin, Mo Wuji was

reminded of the barren land which he passed. At the border between life and death, the plants were gradually withering.

Didn't this Yan Qianyin look like she was also withering as she instantly grew older?

Thinking about this, Mo Wuji felt goosebumps all over his body. Besides stealing this life force from the herbs and the land, this place was also robbing the life force of cultivators?

“Thanks for saving me,” Yan Qianyin’s voice sounded out weakly, interrupting Mo Wuji's wild imagination.

Mo Wuji hastily said, “Luckily I met you. What happened?”

Yan Qianyin did not immediately answer Mo Wuji. Her hand lightly slapped her waist and a jade vase appeared in her hand.

She opened the jade vase, took out a pill and put it into her mouth.

Mo Wuji looked at Yan Qianyin in shock; was this magic? Yan Qianyin's waist clearly did not have any pocket, how did she take out a jade vase? No, there is a small cloth bag, but that cloth bag is a little too small right...

He quickly dismissed his misunderstanding and looked at Yan Qianyin in greater shock. She merely ingested one pill but Yan Qianyin's skin moisturised in an instant, and her white hair slowly

turned black.

Mo Wuji inhaled deeply; he might have invented the channel opening solution, but he had never thought of such a magical pill. Could this be a pill which renews youth?

He also administered the Smooth Blood Pill and Vitality Replenishing Pill, but those only served to improve her complexion and help her blood flow. How could they have as astounding effects as Yan Qianyin's pill?

In less than half an incense's time, Yan Qianyin regained her original appearance. She took in a deep breath and sat upright.

Looking at Mo Wuji's looking of astonishment, Yan Qianyin took the initiative to explain, "I just took a Tier 7 Heaven Pill, the Elementary Life Pill."

"Heaven Pill? Wouldn't you need a Heavenly Pill Refiner to concoct it? Xing Han Empire has a Tier 7 Heavenly Pill Refiner?" Mo Wuji reacted in shock. Previously, Shen Lian had told him that weren't any Heavenly Pill Refiners in all five empires.

Yan Qianyin shook her head, "My master gave me this pill..."

"Your master is a Heavenly Pill Refiner?" Mo Wuji asked reverently, he now knew how impressive a Heavenly Pill Refiner was.

“No, my master is a Tier 6 Earth Pill Refiner. This pill wasn't concocted by my master but my grandmaster. After I advanced to a Tier 3 pill refiner, my master left me to find my grandmaster. My grandmaster is not within the five empires...” Yan Qianyin seemed to recall her master and an expression of longing could be seen in her eyes.

Mo Wuji knew that there was more beyond the five empires, “Pill Master Yan, don't tell me your master entered the Five Elements Desolate Domain? Isn't the Five Elements Desolate Domain uncrossable?”

Yan Qianyin faintly looked at Mo Wuji, “No one actually saw that the Five Elements Desolate Domain is uncrossable. In reality, many experts did not fail within the Five Elements Desolate Domain. Where do you think they went?”

With that, Yan Qianyin seemed unwilling to dwell on that topic further, and she asked, “Junior apprentice brother Mo, you are a service disciple who has never cultivated. After meeting with the problem during the transfer, how did you safely end up here? And even survive for close to a month?”

As she was speaking, her eyes were on the pill furnace by the side.

Yan Qianyin was Formless Blade Sect's first Earth Pill Refiner; she was giving Mo Wuji a lot of face by addressing him as her junior apprentice brother.

Mo Wuji chuckled, "I'm not someone who has never cultivated. My spiritual roots might be bad and I need to cultivate for a very long period of time but my physique is not bad. After the transformation met with a problem, my luck was better as my body only suffered a few injuries and I did not meet with any life-threatening dangers."

Yan Qianyin did not answer immediately but looked at Mo Wuji for a good while before speaking, "I'm sure this is not merely due to luck. It's also because your understanding towards ingredients and pills is superior to Shi Jun, right?"

Mo Wuji immediately overruled her words, "I can't live up to Pill Master Yan's words. Because of my work at the pharmacy, I have a shallow understanding towards ingredients. Moreover, I'm a jack of all trades, master of none. How can I compare to Shi Jun? I'm far too inferior."

"Is that so?" The corner of Yan Qianyin's lips arced into a smile, "Junior apprentice brother Mo, you don't have to be so worried. If I wanted to expose you, I could have done so back at the main hall. When you coated the Green Fire Fruit with Water Velvet Vine juice, I could have leaked your secret, I didn't need to wait till now."

Mo Wuji's mouth gaped wide, and he stumbled awkwardly, "You saw everything?"

"What do you think?" Yan Qianyin laughed gently. "To be honest, I didn't see anything; I smelt it."

Chapter 81: Let's Try Our Luck

Mo Wuji thought to himself, how sensitive was this woman's nose?

“The pills you just fed me were refined by you, weren't they? Since you are a pill refiner, why did you become a service disciple? If you wanted to hide your abilities and be a service disciple, why did you help Pill Master Shi?” Yan Qianyin rattled on with questions directed at Mo Wuji.

It was not unusual for him to think of adding Water Velvet Vine into the Energy Condensing Pill to reduce the level of difficulty of refining it and increase the chances of success. This was because there were a few different pill recipes for refining Energy Condensing Pill, and one of them indeed used Water Velvet Vine. The pill made from this method had a slightly milder effect, but the refining process would become much simpler. Perhaps Mo Wuji had seen this pill recipe before, but Shi Jun had not.

As for what Mo Wuji wanted to obtain from Shi Jun by setting up this ruse, Yan Qianyin did not care. Not giving up the pill recipes one had, and to use any methods possible to obtain other benefits. This was completely normal. But since Mo Wuji could refine pills by himself, it can't be that he found a different pill recipe for the Energy Condensing Pill. Instead, this showed that Mo Wuji had learnt pill refining before. If he had learnt pill refining, and could refine pills successfully, there was no reason for him to hide in the Formless Blade Sect as a service disciple.

Mo Wuji began to develop a headache, doubting if he should have

rescued Yan Qianyin in the first place. No one knew [the story of the farmer and the snake](#) better than him. Yan Qianyin can't be a snake right? At this point, Mo Wuji boldly replied, "My pill refining skills were passed down through the generations in my clan. My clan was once the clan of a prefecture lord. But when the position of prefecture lord was snatched away, my family's status soon degraded to nothing. Even though I had learnt much about pill refining, but I never got the chance to prove myself, hence I wanted to use the opportunity of entering the Formless Blade Mountain with Pill Master Shi, to practice my skills and prove that they are legit."

To say this much, Mo Wuji had to consider many factors. Firstly, in the clan of a prefecture lord, it wouldn't be impossible for him to learn pill refining. Secondly, any traces of the Mo Clan had essentially been wiped out by then, so even if she wanted to check on his background, nothing would likely come up. However, Mo Wuji did not know that his grandfather was indeed a pill refiner, otherwise, he would not be so afraid. Facing Yan Qianyin's questioning, he would just tell her that his grandfather was a pill refiner, and that he learnt his skills from him. As for the fact that his grandfather, Mo Tiancheng, leaving before he was born, who cared about that? Couldn't there be an ancestral pill manual that was passed down?

Yan Qianyin asked in shock, "So you're saying that you only learnt pill refining theory previously, and upon seeing all these spiritual herbs here, you tried your hand at pill refining, succeeding to refine a Tier 1 Mortal Pill in a month?" It wasn't that Yan Qianyin did not believe what Mo Wuji just said, but it was simply preposterous. Even for a genius with years of research into various theoretical aspects of pill refining, it would be hard to refine a Tier 1 Mortal Pill within a month.

There were few pill refiners in the world precisely because a large amount of talent and repeated practice over and over again. This was also why it's difficult to train a pill refiner. First, you would not know if you had the talent. Then you would also require large amounts of spiritual herbs. Lastly, you would require the guidance of a master. It was hard to achieve any one of the above conditions. Moreover, the Tier 1 Mortal Pill that Mo Wuji refined was of high quality, a bit more and he would be able to make Tier 2 Mortal Pills.

After hearing Yan Qianyin's words, he suddenly remembered that he had pill techniques and hand techniques. He owed his rapid success not only to the detailed analysis of various herbs' characteristics in the wordless pill manual, but also to the pill and hand techniques. On top of that, there was his experience as a top notch drug refiner. While drug refining was comparatively easier than pill refining, but normal herbs instead of spiritual ingredients were used. Drug refiners were ordinary people who did not cultivate too, hence they were unable to use any spiritual energy to help them. On the other hand, pill refining largely used spiritual ingredients, and worked on the principle of preserving the unique properties of these ingredients. For non-cultivators, it was almost an impossible task. But for experts who cultivate, there was little difference in executing this process as compared to drug refiners refining normal herbs.

“The situation is really as such, and before I actually started to refine pills, I studied pill refining theory for over 10 years.” Mo Wuji could keep this under wraps no long, as his true background and abilities could really be uncovered. As long as he did not reveal the existence of the wordless pill manual, he would not be affected much.

“Wow, you’re very talented in pill refining. For someone as talented as yourself, if you can become a pill refiner of our sect and obtain even more resources for pill refining, your future achievements will definitely be off the charts...” Yan Qianyin suddenly stopped in the middle of her sentence. She thought of an obstacle that Mo Wuji would have great difficulty overcoming in the future: his poor quality spirit roots. According to Mo Wuji, he had low grade spirit roots.

Other than talent in pill refining, one’s talent in cultivation was equally important for a pill refiner. As the tier of the pills being refined increases, the demands towards the pill refiner’s cultivation increases commensurately. If a pill refiner’s cultivation is too low, it would be difficult for him to refine higher tier pills.

However, Mo Wuji never thought that his talent for cultivation was a problem, as his rate of cultivation was simply too fast. The thing that was on his mind was Yan Qianyin’s words. If he really joined the sect and became their pill master, he would gain access to the library. Who knew, maybe he would get the chance to join the lessons of the Sect Technique Master. At this point, Mo Wuji quickly replied, “If I can become a pill master of the sect, I’ll definitely agree, but it can’t be this easy right?”

Yan Qianyin sighed, and answered him confidently, “As a Tier 1 Pill Master, you’ll be very useful to the sect. I can recommend you to join the sect, and become one of the sect’s pill masters. Just that your talent for cultivation is very limited, so I cannot guarantee that you’ll get sufficient resources for pill refining.”

What resources for pill refining, Mo Wuji did not care at all. Since he arrived at the Formless Blade Mountain a month ago, he had already enjoyed many benefits from the sect already. “Senior apprentice sister Yan, I will be satisfied as long as I am able to enter the library to study, and listen to some elders’ lessons. As for the resources for cultivation and pill refining, I don’t really mind.” Mo Wuji said.

Yan Qianyin did not have any of the arrogance that other Tier 4 Earth Pill Refiner had, hence once Mo Wuji changed his tone, the relationship between them improved.

Hearing that Mo Wuji had little requests, Yan Qianyin lightly chuckled, “Don’t worry, as a pill master of the sect, regardless of whether you’re a Tier 1 Pill Refiner, your position in the sect will be already much higher than most ordinary disciples. These requests of yours are all something that disciples would ask for, so there naturally won’t be any problems meeting them.”

“Senior apprentice sister Yan, what happened to you previously? It seemed as though all life was sucked out of you?” With Yan Qianyin’s assurance, Mo Wuji could relax a little, and his mind moved onto the scene before him not that long ago. Yan Qianyin’s mood took a sudden change for the worse. Her peaceful demeanor quickly switched to become very serious, and at the same time, she stood up.

After mulling over something for a few minutes, she took a look at Mo Wuji and asked, “Junior apprentice brother Mo, there is a great treasure out here. But there is equally great danger associated with it. If you’re not careful, you’ll end up like me previously,

drained of life energy. Would you dare to try your luck at it with me?”

“Oh, so you nearly lost all of your life energy for the treasure?” Mo Wuji finally understood what was going on. Yan Qianyin nodded her head and replied, “You’re right, I suspect that the place I was at had the Peerless Blade Technique and Skill that one of the past sect heads had left behind, or even more than that. However, you can’t get close to that location at all, once you move nearer to it, your life energy will get sucked away.”

“Do you still have any more of those Elementary Life Pills?” Mo Wuji thought of Yan Qianyin’s previous situation and a lightbulb lit up above his head. However, Yan Qianyin shook her head, “No, I do not. Since you have chosen the path of cultivation, if you don’t struggle through such adversity, how could you ever achieve anything?” After all this, Mo Wuji still did not want to go. There were many other ways for him to improve his cultivation. It wasn’t that he was afraid of dying. If he was, then he wouldn’t have staked his life to use lightning energy to train his meridians. The true reason behind his reluctance to follow Yan Qianyin was that there was simply too much risk involved, and there was nothing that really attracted his attention. To put his life on the line like that would be plain stupid.

It’s a story where a farmer finds a freezing snake, and puts it into his warm embrace to save it. But once the snake warms up, its primal instincts take over and the snake bites the farmer, its savior

Chapter 82: Deciding to Cooperate

Mo Wuji remained silent. However, Yan Qianyin was not a simple pill refiner. After all, she was able to attain the highest seat as a pill refiner in the Formless Blade Sect at such a young age, and her status within the sect was comparable to the sect head himself. She only needed one look at Mo Wuji's expression to know that he was unwilling to take this risk.

“Junior apprentice brother Mo, perhaps you feel that this venture is not practical. However, I am not exaggerating when I tell you this: In the world of cultivators, there are no experts who have not faced dangers. Many of them face close encounters with death. It is impossible for you to be an expert if your journey is smooth sailing. Even if your cultivation goes smoothly, you will not truly be an expert without some life and death experiences.” Yan Qianyin seemed to see something in Mo Wuji and started to advise him.

Mo Wuji smiled but did not say a word. He knew things clearly in his heart; he did not need people to advise him. Even though he was only in this world for a short period of time, the number of life and death experiences he faced might even be more than this lady in front of him.

If it was worth it, he would not need anyone to persuade him. If it wasn't, he simply wouldn't treat his life as a joke.

“Junior apprentice brother Mo, your cultivation is still low, you don't understand how important a good sword technique is to our Formless Blade Sect...”

Mo Wuji no longer remained silent and directly interrupted Yan Qianyin's words, "Senior apprentice sister Yan, I'm just a service disciple."

Yan Qianyin stopped abruptly. Oh right... Mo Wuji was just a service disciple. A service disciple in the Formless Blade Sect could not actually be said to be related to the sect. Using sword techniques to entice him was simply [playing a harp to a cow](#).

However, Yan Qianyin knew that anyone who wanted to come to a sect definitely wouldn't be indifferent towards his cultivation, even if he was a service disciple.

"Junior apprentice brother Mo, what is your current cultivation technique?" Yan Qianyin decided to analyze this from the perspectives of cultivation techniques. She wanted him to understand the difference between an outstanding and inferior cultivation technique.

Mo Wuji's expression suddenly turned solemn as he clasped his knuckles and said, "Senior apprentice sister Yan, I'm cultivating with the <Immortal Mortal Technique>."

When Yan Qianyin heard Mo Wuji's words, her mouth gaped wide and she almost spit out all her saliva.

This was the first time she heard someone talk about the <Immortal Mortal Technique> with such solemnity and seriousness. Furthermore, this was the kind of seriousness which

arose from genuine admiration from the technique. If not for the fact that she was not a fan of laughing, she would definitely have laughed till she's out of breath.

It felt like half a day had passed before she continued, “Junior apprentice brother Mo, <Immortal Mortal Technique> is just the name that peddlers call it. It sounds very impressive but it's simply a book called <Basics of Cultivation>. Next time when you go out, you shouldn't call it <Immortal Mortal Technique> anymore.”

She was afraid Mo Wuji would throw his own face away.

Mo Wuji nodded but he still said, “Senior apprentice sister Yan, thanks for your reminder. But the manual I'm using is indeed the <Immortal Mortal Technique>. If anyone were to ask me, I would give the same answer. It's nothing to be embarrassed about.”

Mo Wuji sincerely revered this technique manual. He felt that this book truly deserved its name.

Others might feel that it's trash which only resulted in slow cultivation. But to Mo Wuji, it was truly godly. This was the only technique which allowed a mortal to cultivate and become immortal. As a mortal with mortal roots, he was clear that there were no untruths in its name.

Seeing Mo Wuji acting so stubbornly, Yan Qianyin could only rub her temples and say, “OK then. Even if you are cultivating this Immortal Mortal Technique, you would still need some abilities and skills to be an expert. When you advance into the Spirit

Building Stage, these skills would be trump cards for strong cultivators...”

This time, Yan Qianyin did not continue any further. Mo Wuji was a service disciple. It was already amazing that he had such talent with pill refining. However, his cultivation was lacking, and he probably couldn't successfully build his spirits. Using Spirit Building Stage skills to entice him, that's simply...

Yan Qianyin sighed deeply and stopped talking. She understood the reason why Mo Wuji didn't want to go. If she was in Mo Wuji's position, she would not have wanted to go too. To use Spirit Building Stage skills to tempt a person who was destined never to reach that stage; it would be weird if he actually got tempted.

Skills?

Mo Wuji's eyes lit up. Techniques were not tempting to him but skills were. Following Yan Qianyin's words, skills would be very important when he reaches Spirit Building Stage. Actually, he had already previously known about the idea of skills, but it was already extremely hard for him to obtain this simple <Basics of Cultivation>. It was simply quixotic to even think about getting some skill manuals.

“Senior apprentice sister Yan, are you sure there are skill manuals?” Mo Wuji's eyes shone brightly as he asked that question.

Yan Qianyin looked at Mo Wuji doubtfully as she casually

replied, “How can I be sure about these kinds of things. But I believe that the place was left behind by a senior of the Formless Blade Sect, and it wouldn't be out of the blue to find some skill manuals there.”

“Senior apprentice sister Yan, I'm in. Tell me, what do I need to do?” Mo Wuji did not hesitate to say.

Yan Qianyin looked at Mo Wuji with greater shock. Previously, she wasted so much energy to persuade him, but he didn't look a half bit interested. But when she wanted to give up, he actually agreed to go with her.

“You want skills?” Yan Qianyin could guess that Mo Wuji definitely wanted some skill manuals.

Mo Wuji nodded, “That's right. I do want some skills to protect myself. It's just that my cultivation is low, how can I help?”

Yan Qianyin ecstatically said, “Not only can you help, you can help a lot! Have you heard of the Life Sucking Beast?”

She was too lazy to explain how skills would be useless to Mo Wuji.

Mo Wuji shook his head; he could be considered a novice towards spiritual ingredients but he was a total noob towards beasts and demonic beasts.

Yan Qianyin did not find it weird that Mo Wuji didn't know about the Life Sucking Beast, and she explained carefully, "The Life Sucking Beast is an extremely valuable demonic beast. Countless people want to obtain this beast to no avail. This demonic beast has one ability, that is to suck and steal life force. It didn't matter whether the life force is from spiritual herbs or from cultivators; as long as there is life force, it can suck it up."

"Senior apprentice sister Yan, you're saying that there is a Life Sucking Beast here, and the life force of all these herbs have been devoured by it?"

Yan Qianyin answered, "There is indeed a Life Sucking Beast here. However, I'm not too sure if the life force of these herbs have been devoured by it. It might have been the works the beast's owner. Don't assume that the Life Sucking Beast magically appeared here. If not for someone bringing it in, do you think that a Life Sucking Beast can enter the Formless Blade Mountain?"

Mo Wuji's face flashed a serious expression. He had never seen a Life Sucking Beast before, but from the devastated looks of Yan Qianyin, he knew that it was far more powerful than him. If he also had to deal with its owner, he would simply be finding death.

Seemingly seeing through Mo Wuji's thoughts, Yan Qianyin smiled and said, "You don't have to be so worried. I guess that the Life Sucking Beast's owner is already gone, if not this young beast wouldn't be let loose like this. Moreover, when I was escaping, I saw that the Life Sucking Beast was at most a Level 3 Demonic Beast, which is only equivalent to our Transcending Mortality Stage. If not for that Life Sucking Beast attacking me suddenly, I

would not have had such a terrible outcome.”

It was considered young despite being at the Transcending Mortality Stage? Another step further and it would be in the Yuan Dan Stage, and that is one of the stages of the illustrious Earth Realm.

“Then what stage is senior apprentice sister Yan?” Mo Wuji knew that it was rude to ask others about their cultivation level, but this matter involved his little life, so he had to ask.

“I'm at full completion of Transcending Mortality Stage. If what I met was not this Life Sucking Beast which can devour life force, I wouldn't have required help to enter that place,” Yan Qianyin answered flatly.

Mo Wuji lamented in his heart; she's at the same stage as the Life Sucking Beast, how could she be so sure that she could deal with it? Moreover, his cultivation was so low, how could he help?

“Junior apprentice brother Mo, I have a pill formula for the Ephemeral Life Pill, it's a Tier 2 pill. This pill can recover your life energy, and prevent it from dispersing. But it has a flaw, it has a short lifespan. It needs to be concocted and eaten together...”

Without waiting for Yan Qianyin to complete her sentence, Mo Wuji already understood his purpose, “Senior apprentice sister Yan, you're saying you want me to follow behind you and help you concoct the Ephemeral Life Pill?”

Yan Qianyin nodded, “Yes. I will help you block the Life Sucking Beast's attacks. You just need to concoct the Ephemeral Life Pill. When I'm battling the Life Sucking Beast, you will help put those pills in my mouth.”

No wonder why she needed his help, she needed him to help concoct pills. Listening to her plan, Mo Wuji awkwardly said, “But senior apprentice sister Yan, I'm just a Tier 1 Mortal Pill Refiner.”

Playing to a wrong audience

Chapter 83: Yan Qianyin's Surprise

“I’ve consumed the pills that you refined, and I can safely assure you that out of all the Tier 1 Pill Refiners in the Formless Blade Sect, there isn’t a single person that can create Tier 1 Mortal Pills at the same level as you. I believe that you will soon break through the barrier separating Tier 1 and Tier 2 Mortal Pill Refiners, and with a little nudge forward, you’ll be able to become a fully fledged Tier 2 Pill Refiner.” Yan Qianyin said with a serious tone, staring at Mo Wuji.

In response, Mo Wuji had to admit, “Actually I’ve tried to refine Tier 2 Mortal Pills before, but never once did I succeed.” Surrounded by such bountiful fields of spiritual ingredients, how could Mo Wuji have stopped at refining Tier 1 Mortal Pills? Not only did he attempt to refine Tier 2 Mortal Pills a couple of times, but he tried to do so for nearly 60 to 70 batches, and without fail, every attempt did not succeed.

Luckily spiritual ingredients were present by the truckload here, otherwise, even the sects with the deepest pockets could not accommodate such wasteful actions.

Eventually, Mo Wuji realised that he was still not at the level where he could refine Tier 2 Mortal Pills mainly because he had accumulated insufficient experience. Hence he stopped his futile attempts to refine Tier 2 Mortal Pills, and refined a whole lot of Energy Condensing Pills, Vitality Replenishing Pills, and Smooth Blood Pills.

Yan Qianyin lightly laughed, “Why you have not broken through

to become a Tier 2 Mortal Pill Refiner boils down to two simple reasons. First, you've always thought that being a pill refiner was insanely difficult, thus you're already satisfied with becoming a Tier 1 Mortal Pill Refiner in such a short period of time. As a result, your subconscious is holding you back, thinking that you cannot become a Tier 2 Mortal Pill Refiner so quickly. This essentially is a lack of confidence. Second, when you were refining Tier 2 Mortal Pills, your control over the ingredients in the pill furnace remained at the level required for Tier 1 Mortal Pills. For this point, you will automatically fix it with time. But for now with me around, I will correct your mistakes in the as soon as possible, so that you can properly refine Tier 2 Mortal Pills."

Mo Wuji went into a daze. Yan Qianyin was completely right about the first point. He really thought that it would be impossible to reach the level of a Tier 2 Mortal Pill Refiner in such a short period of time. However, as for the second point, he could not really confirm it through his experiences.

"Don't ask me how I know about all this, because I've been in your shoes before. Also, don't assume that it is not possible to become a Tier 2 Mortal Pill Refiner so expeditiously. My master once told me, my grandmaster took only half a year to go from starting to learn pill refining to becoming an Earth Pill Refiner. To be able to become a Tier 1 Mortal Pill Refiner within half a month with years of only theoretical study in pill refining, you can already be considered a genius."

Upon hearing that Yan Qianyin's grandmaster became an Earth Pill Refiner in only half a year, even though he knew that she was intentionally trying to boost his confidence, Mo Wuji couldn't help but feel that her words had some effect. To him, pill refining did

not seem as difficult as others made it out to be. He definitely was affected by the rumors, causing him to neglect his own strengths.

His strength was in his extensive knowledge about various plants and their characteristics back on Earth, and building on this with the information within the wordless pill manual, his understanding towards spiritual ingredients greatly surpassed ordinary pill refiners. Adding on his hand and pill techniques, he might actually have a chance at advancing a tier.

Yan Qianyin carried on, “On top of that, another way of evaluating a pill refiner is to look at how pure he can refine spiritual ingredients to be. In terms of refining normal spiritual herbs, what level of purity can you reach currently?”

Mo Wuji honestly answered, “About 80% I guess.”

Although he felt that he could reach 90% purity, but Mo Wuji did not reveal this, as he was unsure if his assessment was correct or not, or if there were any other benchmarks for measuring purity. Hence he rounded down the figures.

When Yan Qianyin heard Mo Wuji’s reply, she secretly shook her head in disappointment, and at the same time her impression of Mo Wuji became worse. Even at her current level, she could barely reach 80% purity when refining spiritual ingredients. For ordinary pill refiners, to be able to reach 60% or 70% would be considered quite good. The higher the purity, the harder it was to progress. Someone who reached 89% purity when refining spiritual ingredients might even take decades to improve it to 90% purity, and this would not be a guaranteed thing.

Precisely because of this fact, Yan Qianyin thought that Mo Wuji was simply bragging about his abilities because he assumed that she would now know the truth. However, what Mo Wuji didn't know was that at her level of skills, as long as he started refining in front of her, she would be able to discern how pure his ingredients became.

“Senior apprentice sister Yan, why don't I refine a batch of Tier 2 Mortal Pills now, and you can point out any mistakes that I make in the process.” Mo Wuji observed Yan Qianyin's silence, and took the initiative to ask in a humble manner. With a nod, she agreed, “Sure, you can start refining now.”

She did not expose his ruse immediately, and even if Mo Wuji's spiritual ingredient purity did not hit anywhere close to 80%, she wouldn't either.

Mo Wuji's pill of choice was the Poison Cleansing Pill, a legitimate Tier 2 Mortal Pill which could be used as an antidote for a variety of poisons. Out of his tens of attempts at refining Tier 2 Mortal Pills, about half of them were with the Poison Cleansing Pill.

Seeing that Mo Wuji chose to make the Poison Cleansing Pill, Yan Qianyin seemed to understand why he did not agree to join her to face the Life Sucking Beast. Obviously he valued his life greatly. Deep inside, Yan Qianyin sighed, luckily Mo Wuji's spirit root quality was poor, otherwise, he might have really squandered his talent in cultivation and pill refining. From her perspective, for one who valued his life too highly and feared death like a coward,

it would be difficult to achieve much on their journey in cultivation. Ha, a cultivator having a smooth sailing life? There would always be life and death situations. Despite all that, it was good that Mo Wuji picked the Poison Cleansing Pill. As long as he could refine a batch of it, he should be able to refine the Ephemeral Life Pill.

Naturally, Mo Wuji was unaware of Yan Qianyin's thoughts, and even if he knew, he wouldn't care. While he valued his life, he wasn't a coward who feared death. Pointlessly risking his life wasn't his style.

If he saw that what he faced was more important than his own life, even if it meant dying immediately, he would not back off by a single step. Refining the Poison Cleansing Pill was only a backup measure.

Back when he was in Rao Zhou, he nearly got hit by a poisoned arrow. And although he had already begun cultivating, all the people that he had interacted with were immortal masters, hence once he gets poisoned by one of them, whether he would be able to detect the poison would be another thing altogether.

Since he had become a pill refiner, why not refine some antidotes to keep as a safety net?

Mo Wuji started by using the firestone to light up the pill furnace, then he began to clean it. Following that, he placed the spiritual ingredients into the furnace one by one, and began the refining process.

Yan Qianyin got the shock of her life while observing how Mo Wuji cleaned the pill furnace. Once again when she observed him integrating spiritual energy into his hand techniques to refine the spiritual ingredients, she was so surprised that she stood up on the spot. Based on her preliminary observations, she could confirm that the pill refining techniques that Mo Wuji inherited were not of simple background. As far as she knew, there was no one else other than her that could use spiritual energy in their hand technique to refine ingredients. The reason she could do so was because she had inherited an impressive set of techniques, but it still took her till the Tier 3 Mortal Pill Refiner stage before she could execute such a technique.

Unbelievably before her eyes, Mo Wuji was doing the same only at the Tier 1 Mortal Pill Refiner level. She could not accept what she was seeing, but the truth was right in front of her. In fact, Mo Wuji had already restrained himself after seeing Shi Jun use a tool like a scoop to refine ingredients, as he knew that his hand and pill techniques were rather good. And precisely because they were rather good, he intentionally hid his pill techniques, purely relying on the hand techniques when doing pill refining.

Based on his premonition, something like pill techniques should not be freely used in the presence of others. Moreover, at his current level of cultivation, it would be a stretch to control the pill refining process with pill techniques. The crux of the pill techniques was to use your spiritual will to control the process, but as he did not know what spiritual will was, he could only use his willpower to forcibly take control. Pills refined through this method would have variable results, sometimes good and sometimes bad. When it was good, the pills made had higher quality than those made using hand techniques. But when it was

bad, there was immediate failure.

Using willpower to take control was a skill that Mo Wuji learnt initially when he was guiding the lightning to strike his meridians. Now that he had a cultivation technique, he no longer had to do so, but instead he utilised this method when refining pills.

One by one the stalks of spiritual herbs were cleaned of impurities, and the residue that was left behind Mo Wuji threw out of the pill furnace. Yan Qianyin's level of shock became greater as time went by, she discovered that Mo Wuji was not simply bragging just now, but instead he was being too modest. The purity of his refined ingredients definitely was 80%...

No, this was not only 80%. Yan Qianyin gasped uncontrollably when Mo Wuji removed the residue from the furnace a second time...

Chapter 84: The Life Sucking Beast

Once Mo Wuji finished refining the ingredients and began fusing the medicinal essences together, Yan Qianyin was sure that his skill at refining ingredients was not any lower than hers. The purity of the refined product definitely hit around 85%. What's more, Mo Wuji was only a Tier 1 Mortal Pill Refiner. Someone with such terrifying potential definitely could become an Earth Pill Refiner.

Thinking of Mo Wuji's talent in cultivation, Yan Qianyin sighed once again. He was fated to waste his talent in pill refining, because no Earth Pill Refiner could reach that level just by talent in pill refining alone; talent in cultivation was equally important. This was also why there were so few pill refiners.

Perhaps her words really had some effect on him, because after listening to Yan Qianyin's speech, Mo Wuji's movements became more fluid than ever. There were zero problems up to the point when the medicinal essences were about to completely fuse together.

Minutes later, the fusing was finished. Mo Wuji breathed a sigh of relief. In the past tens of attempts, not once had he been able to even start condensing the pills, which was what he was about to embark on next. Spiritual energy began to course through his hands as he initiated his hand techniques on the purified and fused medicine essences, but even before he had the time to start the pill condensation, the spiritual ingredients suddenly went "Boom", and a smell of charred material wafted through the air.

A disappointed look appeared on Mo Wuji's face as he halted the pill condensing process, staring at Yan Qianyin for answers. He could still identify the core problems after his previous failures, but now, without further guidance, he had no idea what went wrong. Yan Qianyin sighed, staring back at Mo Wuji and asked, "Aren't you curious what caused your failure at refining a Tier 2 Mortal Pill?"

Mo Wuji nodded silently, thinking to himself: You don't say?

"You are the most talented pill refiner I've ever seen. From the start to the end, I never saw a single mistake in your refining techniques." Yan Qianyin replied. "The problem doesn't lie with the pill refining process, but with the pill flames instead. You are using firestones for pill refining, this in itself already makes pill refining much harder as compared to using normal flames. On top of that you chose the poorest quality firestone, red firestones, which not only give a low temperature, but is also unstable. As a result, the fusing process of medicinal essences was still incomplete."

Believing that she would continue to give him a further explanation, Mo Wuji quietly listened to Yan Qianyin's speech. As expected, she added on further, "Pill Master Ju and Pill Master Shi were able to refine the Tier 3 Mortal Pills that you saw, only because Pill Master Ju was an infinitesimal gap away from becoming a Tier 4 Earth Pill Refiner, and as Pill Master Shi had your help to barely succeed. Most importantly, their cultivation levels were greatly superior than your current state, hence allowing them to infuse spiritual energy into the pill flames to facilitate the fusing process. While you, if I'm not wrong, are only in the initial levels of the Channel Opening Stage. Even the Tier 2

Pill Refiners of the lowest cultivation levels would be at the more advanced levels of the Channel Opening Stage.”

So it was an issue with my cultivation level...

Mo Wuji lamented to himself. When he failed previously, didn't he consider that it was because his level of cultivation was too low? As it always seemed as though as his spiritual energy could never reach his desired levels when combining it with his hand techniques for the fusing process.

“So pill refining must progress parallel with one's cultivation?” Mo Wuji asked again impatiently.

“Not necessarily, some expert pill masters are still about to produce top tier pills even with their cultivation sealed up. But this sort of pill refiners are an endangered species, and even for them, they wouldn't have gotten to their level without a certain level of cultivation.” Hearing Yan Qianyin's explanation, Mo Wuji answered back, “it's not that I don't want to go with you, but at my current standard, there's no way that I'll be able to make the Ephemeral Life Pill.”

Hesitantly, Yan Qianyin pulled out an orange coloured rock, “I have an orange firestone here. The temperature of its flames are markedly higher than the red firestone, and is comparable to other earth fires, thus you'll likely be able to refine a batch of Ephemeral Life Pills with it. However, I only have one of it, so you can't do any trial and error with it first. If you're willing to take the risk, we'll depart now. But remember, once the Life Sucking Beast has been disturbed, you'll only have one chance to refine the pills.”

After speaking, Yan Qianyin was unsure if Mo Wuji would agree, hence she added on, “If there’s any skills there, I’ll let you have first pick. Even if there aren’t any, and we manage to survive, I promise that I’ll give one skill to you.”

“Okay, I’ll go with you.” With the guarantee that he would get a skill either way, what was there to hesitate about? He could already cultivate, so once he had a skill, at least he would be able to fight back if he met with any incidents.

Yan Qianyin’s eyes glimmered with appreciation, “Junior apprentice Mo, you didn’t disappoint me. I’ll lead the way, so let’s go now.”

...

An hour later, Yan Qianyin stopped at the perimeter of a gorge.

“Is this the place?” wondered Mo Wuji as he looked towards her while carrying a large pill furnace on his back. This gorge was filled with lush greenery in every corner. Every spiritual herbs here was much more valuable than anything that he had used in the past, even the density of spiritual energy was high,

Nodding her head, Yan Qianyin agreed, “Yes, this is it. Once we enter this gorge and head forward for 60 meters, you will be able to see the living habitat of the Life Sucking beast.”

“But there’s still so much life energy around here....”

Yan Qianyin cut Mo Wuji off in the middle of his sentence, “Did you think that the area where the Life Sucking Beast lived at would be devoid of all life? Even a rabbit does not eat the grass around its home, what more of the Life Sucking Beast. The beast usually chooses a location richest in life and spiritual energy to settle down at. And from a certain perspective, a Life Sucking Beast can also be considered the king of that area.”

Upon ending her speech, and with a pat to her waist, a blade appeared out of nowhere into the hands of Yan Qianyin. She gave Mo Wuji a signal through her eyes, and cautiously entered the gorge.

“Senior apprentice Yan, is it because the Life Sucking Beast can find areas with the densest life and spiritual energy that there’s so many people that want to capture the Life Sucking Beast?” Mo Wuji asked softly as he followed behind Yan Qianyin.

She answered Mo Wuji while trekking forward, focusing as hard as she could to do so, “It’s only one of the minor reasons. There is a better way to use the Life Sucking Beast, as its body is full of life energy. This sort of life energy encompasses many of the principles of cultivation, hence allowing one to easily breakthrough to the next stage. For example, I am at the Full Completion of Transcending Mortality Stage, so as long as I can get my hands on the Life Sucking Beast, I will 100% be able to breakthrough to the Yuan Dan Stage to become an Earth Realm cultivator.”

“I wish you the best of luck in catching the Life Sucking Beast,

breaking through to the Yuan Dan Stage, and becoming an Earth Realm expert. Oh ya, Senior Apprentice Yan, what's that little pouch on your waist? It can make a long sword appear with just a pat?" As long as Mo Wiji could obtain a skill, he would be satisfied. Something like the Life Sucking Beast was useless to him anyway.

But he had been curious for the longest time about the small pouch on Yan Qianyin's waist. "It's a storage bag, which can store items of much larger sizes. The one that I have was a gift from my master." Yan Qianyin answered, while speeding through the dense foliage, brushing plants and branches to the side.

Storage bag? Mo Wuji was instantly enthralled by it, and wanted to get one badly. Otherwise, it would be very inconvenient for him to travel around. He couldn't just lug tens of kilos of pill refining equipment around.

"We're almost there..." Yan Qianyin's words interrupted Mo Wuji's chain of thought. He looked up to find a cave hidden behind countless green vines.

"The Life Sucking Beast must be asleep. Start refining the pills now. Once you begin, the beast will be alerted of our presence. I'll shield you from the life draining, and the rest is up to you..."

Before she could finish her sentence, a terrifying suction power acted on the both of them. Soon after, Mo Wuji felt his body feeling weaker by the second, as though life and soul were being sucked out of him.

Chapter 85: Ephemeral Life Pill

“The Life Sucking Beast has sensed our intrusion, hurry concoct the pill...” Yan Qianyin struggled to say that sentence. With that, her whole body stopped moving.

Mo Wuji felt a strong circulation of the life force within his body. This strong circulation was able to counter the suction force which was consuming his life force, allowing him to end up unaffected.

Mo Wuji was clear that the only safe place was by Yan Qianyin's side. If he were to leave by even a single step, with his low cultivation, his entire life force would be sucked dry in an instant. At this moment, a thought suddenly struck him: Yan Qianyin and his lives were not on the same line. If she was no longer able to bear it, she could easily abandon him and escape by herself. If that were to happen, there was nothing much he could do except to wait and die.

Understanding this principle, how could Mo Wuji dare waste any more time? He used his fastest speed to place the pill furnace on the ground and ignite the orange firestone.

The orange firestone burned strongly under the furnace. Mo Wuji prepared the ingredients for the Ephemeral Life Pill by the side. Thereafter, he proceeded to clean the pill furnace.

There was no hesitation in his actions, and his actions were as smooth as water.

Even though Yan Qianyin was facing some difficulty, she could not help but praise Mo Wuji in her heart. In the face of danger, Mo Wuji did not panic and lose his cool. Instead, he was incomparably calm and did things systematically without making any mistakes.

The pill furnace had been cleaned by Mo Wuji several times before, so he only needed to clean it once this time around.

Mo Wuji then threw the ingredients into the pill furnace for purification.

Previously in all his pill refining efforts, Mo Wuji had always been using the red firestone, and he had never tried any other firestones. The moment he tried the orange firestone, he knew that it was going to be much easier than the red one. He would need to use less spiritual energy for his hand and pill techniques.

Each and every strain of spiritual herb was purified by Mo Wuji, and the medicinal dregs were all expelled from the furnace. As Mo Wuji was putting in all his efforts, he was able to purify all the ingredients in a short 20 minutes.

The medicinal essence fusion process was also uneventful; under the help of the orange firestone, Mo Wuji was able to fuse the medicinal essences in the shortest possible time.

Just when he was about to start condensing the pill, Mo Wuji felt his life force diminishing.

Mo Wuji got shocked and his hand trembled slightly, almost scattering and ruining the solution of fused essences. He no longer cared about hiding his abilities and consuming his spiritual energy; with a surge of his spiritual energy, he started to use several pill techniques in succession.

The scattered solution coagulated once more. Mo Wuji heaved a sigh of relief as he spared some of his effort to check on Yan Qianyin.

Yan Qianyin's eyes were closed shut, her face was pale and her face was trembling slightly. In this short period of time, Mo Wuji felt as though she had lost more than 10 kilograms. By her temples, some of her hair had already started to turn white.

At this moment, Mo Wuji was sure that Yan Qianyin could not last much longer.

If she stayed any longer, it would be extremely hard if she wanted to escape by herself. Yan Qianyin knew that she had the chance to run away but she still chose to stay behind to counter the Life Sucking Beast's devouring force. Even though she was merely fighting hard for the inheritance, Mo Wuji was still touched by her actions. His life was now tied to Yan Qianyin's decisions. If she chose to persevere, he would continue living; if she chose to run away, he could only prepare himself for death.

At this moment, Mo Wuji no longer had any qualms; his pill condensing techniques constantly landed on the pill furnace. It's not because he wasn't worried that Yan Qianyin wasn't able to notice him. Even if she did, he would still use his hidden aces - his

pill techniques to condense the pills.

Under Mo Wuji's consistent efforts, it took less than 10 minutes for a pill aroma to waft out.

It's succeeding! Mo Wuji rejoiced and continued to madly throw out his different pill techniques. His spiritual energy was depleting rapidly and his face also started to turn pale white. Sweat trickled down from his forehead as Mo Wuji felt his hands trembling.

Perhaps he could no longer hold on any longer. However, Mo Wuji continued to push on with a strong sense of gratitude in his heart. Yan Qianyin's life force was continuously being devoured but she chose to stay on and protect him, all so he could have the opportunity to condense the pill.

Another minute passed; 12 green pills were completely melded within the pill furnace. With a slap on the furnace, Mo Wuji started to collect the pills.

He could heedlessly use his pill techniques to condense the pills, but he could not do so for the pill collection. With his level of cultivation, even if he tried his best, he would not be able to exhibit the powers of the pill collection techniques. However, not using the technique would cause the pills to be of lower quality and lose some of its efficacy. But how could Mo Wuji care about that now? Being able to concoct the pill was already be a huge, pleasant surprise.

12 pills flew into the jade vase Yan Qianyin prepared for him. Mo

Wuji did not bother to extinguish the fire under the furnace and directly put two Ephemeral Life Pills into Yan Qianyin's mouth. At the same time, he swallowed one for himself.

As Mo Wuji consumed the Ephemeral Life Pill, he felt a blazing hot gush of energy stemming within his body. Afterwards this energy directly countered the force which was sucking his life energy.

Mo Wuji celebrated; this was some good stuff!

The effects of the Ephemeral Life Pill worked really fast; in the instant the pill landed in Yan Qianyin's mouth, her eyes opened up wide.

As she opened her eyes, she could see Mo Wuji collecting the rest of the pills, and strong emotions swelled in her heart. She truly did pick the right person, Mo Wuji really succeeded. With just one opportunity, and under such immense pressure, a Tier 1 Pill Refiner managed to concoct a Tier 2 pill. Luckily, she chose to believe Mo Wuji to the very end. If she lost hope and escaped, not only would she lose the inheritance, she would also have to live with the guilt of Mo Wuji's death.

She did not hesitate to swallow the two Ephemeral Life Pills, before running into the green vines, “Junior apprentice brother Mo, hurry and follow me. When I can no longer take it, immediately send me a pill.”

He did not need Yan Qianyin to remind him; Mo Wuji had long

started to rush towards the vines.

“Peng!” A powerful force surged out, sending Mo Wuji flying out and crashing onto the vines.

Mo Wuji finally saw what Yan Qianyin was battling with. It was a small thing with a head not even 30 centimeters long. It looked a little like a fox but its tail and ears were short. Alternatively, you could see it as a hybrid between a small dog and a fox.

“Don’t lean on the vines...” At the same time Yan Qianyin's voice called out, Mo Wuji felt something on his back biting him. A strong feeling of numbness started spreading throughout his body.

It's a poisonous snake... Back on Earth, Mo Wuji spent much of his time researching on plants. This wasn't the first time he was bitten by a poisonous snake. At the instant he was bitten, he did not hesitate to take out a jade vase and put a Poison Cleansing Pill into his mouth.

The Poison Cleansing Pill worked instantly; the numbness stopped spreading and was extinguished by the effects of the pill.

Mo Wuji let out a short breath before moving away. Previously, Yan Qianyin told him that when she was fighting the Life Sucking Beast, the beast will no longer devour his life energy. He finally could let down his vigilance.

Who knew that there would be so many poisonous snakes at

where the Life Sucking Beast was living. Luckily, he had the foresight to concoct a batch of Poison Cleansing Pill, if not he would have lost his little life.

Seeing Mo Wuji get rid of the venom, Yan Qianyin heaved a sigh of relief. Her previous idea of Mo Wuji as a person who was scared of death changed. The snake that just bit Mo Wuji was not an ordinary snake. If Mo Wuji did not have the Ephemeral Life Pill, she would have also been hesitant in going to save him.

She did not expect that Mo Wuji to neutralise the poison by himself, and so quickly. Looking at his actions, she could see that this was not his first time getting bitten by a poisonous snake. No wonder why he chose to concoct the Poison Cleansing Pill in his first attempt at Tier 2 pills. His actions always seemed to have a motive and a plan; this made Yan Qianyin change her opinion of him.

As the venom got suppressed, Mo Wuji counter-attacked with the short knife tied onto his thigh. Blood gushed out as the snake which bit Mo Wuji was directly cut in half.

At this moment, Mo Wuji discovered that there wasn't just one snake on the vine. Countless snakes were wrapped around the vines, Mo Wuji could not clearly determine how many snakes there were.

“Ephemeral Life Pill...” At this instant, Mo Wuji heard Yan Qianyin's anxious voice again.

Mo Wuji turned back and saw the Life Sucking Beast pouncing on Yan Qianyin, and Yan Qianyin's movement were slowed and sluggish. He did not think any further, and threw two Ephemeral Life Pills into Yan Qianyin's mouth.

The Ephemeral Life Pills were swallowed by Yan Qianyin. Coincidentally, the Life Sucking Beast landed on Yan Qianyin at the moment. Yan Qianyin's hands were like a fairy scattering flowers, forming countless complicated hand signs which landed on the Life Sucking Beast's body.

Chapter 86: The Broken Blade

A dull roar echoed through gorge; the Life Sucking Beast crumbled into Yan Qianyin's embrace like a little kitten. She quickly sat down, and weakly said to Mo Wuji, "Quickly give me the remaining Ephemeral Life Pills..."

Five pills appeared in his hands, and were passed to Yan Qianyin. Mo Wuji decided that he wanted to keep two for himself. Although he could produce Ephemeral Life Pills, but there was a particular spiritual herb, Life Incubating Grass. This sort of spiritual herb was very expensive, and could not be easily obtained. Thankfully for the batches of Ephemeral Life Pill he had concocted so far, all the Life Incubating Grass was provided for by Yan Qianyin. But now that the Life Sucking Beast had been subdued by her, it would be difficult for him to get any more. Moreover, she only needed to take three Ephemeral Life Pills in her current state, taking five would just be wasting two pills.

Nonetheless, Yan Qianyin gobbled down all five pills handed to her, took out a piece of rope, and restrained the Life Sucking Beast with it, before sending the beast into the burlap sack on her back. After all that, she then said to Mo Wuji, "Even though it was a waste for me to eat all of the pills, but leaving a few for yourself would be of no use anyway. This sort of pills will lose its effectiveness soon."

To this, Mo Wuji responded with a slight smile, not saying a word. He kept a few Ephemeral Life Pills not to consume them, but for research purposes. In this aspect, the Ephemeral Life Pill, a Tier 2 Mortal Pill, paled in comparison to the Elementary Life Pill, a Tier 7 Heavenly Pill that could be kept for prolonged periods of

time.

As long as the Ephemeral Life Pill could be stored longer, instead of losing its effectiveness within a short period of time, then even if it cannot compare to the Elementary Life Pill, it definitely would not remain as a mere Tier 2 pill. Regardless of whether it would work, leaving a few pills to study did not hurt anyone. This was a habit that he had developed back on Earth: to research anything and everything to see if it had any value.

“Follow me inside. Even though the Life Sucking Beast has been subdued, we still have to keep our guard up.” Yan Qianyin did not carry blabbering on after this single sentence, simply signalling to Mo Wuji before entering the depths of the cave.

Mo Wuji had gone into a demonic beast’s cave before, back when he entered the Winged Sea Leopard’s cave with Ji Guang and co. The Winged Sea Leopard’s cave was messy and stank badly. But the Life Sucking Beast’s cave was not only spick and span, but also had a frightening density of spiritual energy, which even made Mo Wuji consider staying there to cultivate.

Tens of meters down the spotless passage of the cave, a broad stone pavilion appeared before them. The first thing that caught Mo Wuji’s eyes was a broken sword. This half was the blade of the sword, stabbed into the centre of the stone pavilion. It emanated a killer aura even after who knows how long it was there for.

“The Fallen Tune Sword?” Yan Qianyin gasped uncontrollably, immediately leaping in front of the broken blade in one bound.

“Senior apprentice sister Yan, what’s the Fallen Tune Sword?” Mo Wuji questioned as he walked beside Yan Qianyin. Her eyes ran up and down the body of the blade repeatedly, before she finally replied, “Do you know of the Hanging Sword Cliff of our Formless Blade Sect?”

“Yes I do.” Mo Wuji answered quickly. In the past he was actually threatened by Shi Jun that he would be thrown to the bottom of the Hanging Sword Cliff if the pill refining failed. After agreeing with her, he seemed to understand what was going on, and followed up with the question, “senior apprentice sister Yan, are you saying that this broken half and the broken half at the Hanging Sword Cliff are from the same sword?”

Yan Qianyin nodded, “You’re right, they are from the same sword. The one at the Hanging Sword cliff is the hilt, while the one here is the blade. You still can’t recognise it yet as you have not started training in swordsmanship, but once you do, it will become very obvious.”

Mo Wuji thought to himself, even if I had trained in swordsmanship, I would not recognise that they are from the same blade as I have never even seen the half at the Hanging Sword Cliff before. Perhaps he was the only one in the whole Formless Blade Sect that saw the blade of the Fallen Tune Sword first.

“Is this sword very famous in the Formless Blade Sect?” Mo Wuji asked again. If this sword wasn’t famous, half of it wouldn’t be hanging from the Hanging Sword Cliff, and the other half kept within the Formless Blade Mountain. Yan Qianyin squatted down,

running her hands over the backbone of the Fallen Tune Sword's blade slowly before replying with a sigh, "its owner was someone called [Mo Luoqu](#), who was a good friend of Zhuo Wuhen, the founder of the Formless Blade Sect."

Wow, this guy actually has the same surname as me, Mo Wuji thought in his mind.

Yan Qianyin continued, "Rumor has it that the Fallen Tune Sword was broken by the Formless Blade, which was the personal sword of our sect's founder."

"Why did that happen? Weren't they the best of friends?" Mo Wuji was puzzled by this new piece of information. Yan Qianyin remained in her squatting position, but her hands had left the body of the blade, "It was rumored that this all happened because of a woman called Fu Yanfei. This woman was originally Mo Luoqu's lover, but as Mo Luoqu helped Zhuo Wuhen set up the Formless Blade Sect out of friendship, she began to interact with Zhuo Wuhen more and more. Zhuo Wuhen was much more interesting and humorous than Mo Luoqu, and in a short period of time, Fu Yanfei had a change of heart. Soon enough, she was in love with Wuhen and got together with him. Not only that, she went on further to help him backstab Mo Luoqu. Deeply hurt, Mo Luoqu left with his half of the sword and fled. Who knew he never left the Formless Blade Sect, but came to hide the Formless Blade Mountain."

Mo Wuji gave a cold snort, "Heh, so it's a sh*tty vixen and an adulterous man. If this fickle minded woman was in my hands, I would definitely not give her any mercy. To have made such lousy

friends and fallen in love with such a cheap woman, this Mo Luoqu must have been blind.”

Yan Qianyin did not know that Mo Wuji had been backstabbed by his lover before being reborn into this world. His criticism of Mo Luoqu was actually directed at himself too. Hence, she stared at Mo Wuji and asked, “You’re a disciple of the Formless Blade Sect, yet you dare criticise your founder?”

“Hehehe,” Mo Wuji chuckled. “Senior apprentice sister Yan, from the tone that you’re using, don’t you despise Zhuo Wuhen too? I’m just a service disciple who has neither prayed to the founder nor truly entered the door of the Formless Blade Sect. How could I even be considered a disciple in the first place?”

Yan Qianyin stood up and replied, “I’m just recounting some past events. I didn’t use any sort of tone just now.” At this point, Mo Wuji could not bother to argue with her any longer, since she could speak with such a tone, it was obvious that she also thought that Zhuo Wuhen was a person of poor character. He believed that she would not go back to the sect to tell on him, a lowly service disciple, either.

Yan Qianyin spoke again, “But you’re about to become a pill refiner of the Formless Blade Sect too, and once you do so, you will have to pray to the founder and all past sect heads. When that happens, you will be an actual disciple of the Formless Blade Sect. Do you think that a disciple should insult their founder as a piece of trash?”

Mo Wuji’s gaze fell on the broken sword in the ground, and his

voice became softer, “Kneeling down to pray to this sort of person is a real disgrace, so I won’t become Formless Blade Sect’s pill refiner any more. This way I won’t have to pray to anyone, so senior apprentice sister Yan, you don’t have to help me. I’ll just remain as a service disciple.”

It was not because of how morally upright Mo Wuji was. He simply hated people who betrayed their friends. This Zhuo Wuhen not only betrayed his close friend that helped him establish his sect, but also stole his friend’s wife at the same time. Someone who did such horrendous acts would already be considered as the scum of the world, but Zhuo Wuhen did not stop there. Together with Fu Yanfei, he backstabbed Mo Luoqu. He would rather cultivate elsewhere than to become the disciple of such a man.

Yan Qianyin was not bothered by Mo Wuji’s words, instead pointing at the piece of broken sword, “Since you empathise with Mo Luoqu that much, I’ll leave this half of the sword with you.”

“I don’t even train in swordsmanship, what use would this sword be?” Mo Wuji asked. He did not know much about swords as he did not train with them, but even if he could get a sword, it shouldn’t be a broken sword right?

“Whether you want it or not, it is up to you.” Yan Qianyin casually told him, before carrying on deeper into the stone pavilion.

After some thought, Mo Wuji bent down to grab the spine of the blade, drawing the broken blade out of the ground. To have established a sect, regardless of how good or bad he was, Zhuo

Wuhen must have been a pretty impressive guy. As someone on par with Zhuo Wuhen in reputation, Mo Luoqu couldn't have been that far off either, so Mo Wuji decided to keep this piece of the sword.

Luoqu = Fallen Tune, and Wuhen = Formless. So the swords/blades were named after their owners, and the Formless Blade Sect was named after the founder, Zhuo Wuhen

Chapter 87: Mo Luoqu's Inheritance

"There are three statues?" Seeing Yan Qianyin standing unmoving by the stone wall, Mo Wuji walked over. He saw that there were three statues carved into the stone wall.

Among the three statues, two of them were facing each other. The last one was slightly further, and only its side view could be seen.

"Do you see that below the two statues facing one another, there is a robe's hem carved into the wall?" Yan Qianyin quizzically asked.

Mo Wuji started to examine the carvings and suddenly understood the meaning behind them, "Senior apprentice sister Yan, you're saying that these two statues represent Zhuo Wuhen and Mo Luoqu? [And the lower hem of Mo Luoqu's robe has been ripped off onto the ground](#), signifying the repudiation of their brotherhood?"

Yan Qianyin nodded, "That should be the case. The woman by the side should be the one who caused these two friends to turn against each other, Fu Yanfei. If I'm not wrong, these statues should have been carved by Mo Luoqu when he escaped here."

With that, Yan Qianyin looked at the statues for a good while. Suddenly, she suggested, "Junior apprentice brother Mo, don't you hate the founder of the Formless Blade Sect? Since you hate him, why don't you come destroy this statue?"

Mo Wuji stared at Yan Qianyin; after some time, he slowly said, “Well it's true that I hate him, but why must I destroy his statue? Furthermore, I only heard that story from you, and you heard the story from someone else. I only dislike him because of your story, but before confirming the facts, I will not do anything.”

“If you're not going to do it, I will...” As Yan Qianyin was speaking, the long sword in her hand had already stabbed forward.

Mo Wuji was astonished; in his astonishment, he discovered that Yan Qianyin's target wasn't Zhuo Wuhen, but the statue of Fu Yanfei by the side.

Mo Wuji chuckled, “Senior apprentice sister Yan, I thought that as a fellow woman, you would be more lenient towards Fu Yanfei.”

“[I also don't like a woman with such loose morals](#). If not for her, my Formless Blade Sect and our founder wouldn't have become the subject of people's ridicule...”

“You must know that flies don't hover around intact eggs; there's no smoke without a fire. If Zhuo Wuhen really fell for Fu Yanfei, then he must not have been a good egg...”

“Kacha!” The sound of destruction interrupted Mo Wuji's words.

With Yan Qianyin's sword stabbed into Fu Yanfei, the entire stone wall crumbled down.

Behind the stone wall, there was a white jade platform; on that platform, there were three crystal balls. The stone wall behind the white jade platform was polished really smoothly, and on it lay a single row of words: The fated one can obtain my legacy. Bring the Fallen Tune Sword Art back to glory!

“So this is really the resting place for Senior Luoqu,” Yan Qianyin sighed before bowing towards the white jade stage.

Mo Wuji also bowed to the stage; he could not help but feel admiration towards Yan Qianyin. This woman is really better than him in many ways. He really thought that she was dissatisfied with Fu Yanfei, which was why she destroyed Fu Yanfei’s statue, but she was really just revealing this hidden treasure space.

“I’m paying my respects to a senior of the sect. Why are you bowing towards him too?” Seeing Mo Wuji bowing down, Yan Qianyin intentionally snided.

Mo Wuji said without minding, “I am paying respects to Senior Mo. I heard that when many experts leave behind their legacies and inheritance, they would intentionally leave behind some traps. However, Senior Mo did not leave behind any trap whatsoever, demonstrating that he is a forthright and honourable person. Furthermore, I will soon be obtaining one of his treasures, it’s only right for me to pay respects to this senior.”

Yan Qianyin smiled slightly; she understood that Mo Wuji was reminding her not to forget his share of the inheritance.

"These three crystal balls are skill transfer crystal balls. The good thing about skill transfer crystal balls is that it contains the predecessor's insights and understanding towards a skill or technique. These insights are extremely profound, and it will not leave the inheritor confused, even if the inheritor is retarded, he will be able to completely understand the intricacies and details with this skill transfer crystal ball." Yan Qianyin only needed one look at Mo Wuji's expression to know that he did not recognise what they were both looking at, so she took the initiative to explain.

"So that's the case. When comparing these skill transfer crystal balls to traditional manuals, they lack the inheritor's personal enlightenment towards the technique? He will be entirely inheriting the predecessor's insights and understanding?" Mo Wuji asked.

Yan Qianyin faintly said, "You can understand it like that. But for many techniques and skills, even the most talented geniuses would not understand them in such a short period of time. Some might not even understand it after practising them for a long time."

With that, Yan Qianyin no longer explained the benefits of the skill transfer crystal ball and pointed towards the first crystal ball, "There are words behind the crystal balls. The first one is the Fallen Tune Sword Art, it's a skill. As Senior Luoqu indicated, it's the most important sword art of his legacy."

Mo Wuji's cultivation was far beneath Yan Qianyin's. He simply could not see the small words at the back. However, he did not

intend to bring this sword art back to glory, he just wanted to find a suitable skill for himself.

"The second crystal ball is for Senior Mo's cultivation technique, so I won't be introducing it since you won't be interested. The third crystal ball is also a skill, it's related to the sword as well, it's called the Invisible Sword..."

After introducing the three techniques, Yan Qianyin said to Mo Wuji sincerely, "Junior apprentice brother Mo, Senior Mo is an important part of the Formless Blade Sect's heritage. Following our previous agreement, the Fallen Tune Sword Art should belong to you, but this sword art and the cultivation technique is far too important to me. The Invisible Sword could be considered the worst among the three crystal balls, and it might not be too useful for you, but I can only leave this technique for you."

Mo Wuji was already disappointed when he found both skills were related to the sword; he was not interested in the Fallen Tune Sword Art nor the Invisible Sword. After taking such a big risk to come here, he intended to obtain an incredible skill related to lightning attacks. He did not expect that there would only be two sword arts.

"It's okay, you can just give me the Invisible Sword crystal ball." Even though he was more inclined towards the first Fallen Tune Sword Art, he actually did not mind anything.

"Many thanks, junior apprentice brother Mo. When we get out, I will try to help you become a guest pill refiner, since you do not wish to be our sect's pill refiner. That way, you do not need to

formally enter the sect, and you will gain more access to our sect's resources," Yan Qianyin gratefully said.

With that, she raised her hand to grab the three crystal balls, passing the Invisible Sword over to Mo Wuji.

Previously, she had made an agreement with Mo Wuji, to let him have the first pick. But now, she had picked two things and gave Mo Wuji the leftovers, causing her to feel rather apologetic in her heart. This wasn't because she wanted to renege on the agreement, but because she did not expect that this would be the legacy of the sect's Mo Luoqu.

"Will a guest pill refiner be able to go to the Scriptures Library? Or listen in to the elders' teachings?" Mo Wuji hurried to ask. After all, his main goal when he entered the sect is to have someone provide him with directions for his cultivation.

"A guest pill refiner is a special existence in our sect. Naturally, you can enter the Scriptures Library to borrow our sect's manuals. However, there are some limitations. A guest pill refiner cannot have access to our Formless Blade Sect's sword techniques and sword arts." Yan Qianyin explained apologetically.

"That's enough for me. Thank you senior apprentice sister Yan." Mo Wuji hurried to express his gratitude. He did not want to be a direct disciple of the Formless Blade Sect, nor was he interested in seeing the sect's core manuals.

Thereafter, Mo Wuji placed the Invisible Sword crystal ball into

his bag before passing the entire bag to Yin Qianyin, "Senior apprentice sister Yan, this parcel contains my stuff; besides the broken sword and the Invisible Sword, there are also some pills and spiritual herbs. When the time comes, i would need to trouble you to help me bring them out."

As a service disciple, these things would only be gifts to other people if he were to bring them out.

Yan Qianyin threw Mo Wuji's bag into her own storage bag, "I will help you bring these things out. Actually, you are a Tier 2 Mortal Pill Refiner, you don't need my introduction to become a guest pill refiner. So consider this as me owing you a favour, we'll talk more about it when we get out."

"How do we get out?" Mo Wuji asked.

"It should have already been a month. Even if there are problems with the formation, there should only be delays of a few days; ultimately, we should still be able to leave. This time, you don't need to worry. There wouldn't be a problem when we're leaving..."

Yan Qianyin seemed to be reminded of something, and did not continue speaking further.

Mo Wuji still had some doubts in his heart, "Following what you said previously, the Life Sucking Beast should not appear here out of the blue. Since it's here, does this mean that someone else is in the Formless Blade Mountain? And did our formation malfunction because of this person?"

Yan Qianyin said hesitantly, "That's hard to say. If someone else did come before us, why is it that Senior Mo Luoqu's inheritance ended up in our hands?"

"Maybe that person is extremely strong, and does not even put Senior Mo's things in his eyes..."

Mo Wuji did not manage to finish before a horrifying chuckle interrupted his words, "Hehe, you're right. Those little things of Mo Luoqu's really do not suit my liking."

“Who’s that!” Yan Qianyin suddenly turned back.

The Mandarin term is 割袍断义 which means means to rip off one’s robes, and at the time get rid of past relations.

The author describes here as 水性杨花 which translates to having a disposition as changeable as water. This is indicating her loose morals and fickleness.

Chapter 88: Guest Pill Refiner

“That’s my pet you just captured...” A gloomy voice sounded out.

No matter how hard both Mo Wuji and Yan Qianyin looked, all they saw was the faint shadow of a lady. It was almost impossible to make out how she looked like.

Mo Wuji shivered as he could feel the gloomy aura of the cave get stronger by the minute. It felt as though the air surrounding him was going to freeze even though nothing had actually changed.

Yan Qianyin took out the bag which held the Life Sucking Beast in captive and said without hesitation, “Senior Yanfei, forgive junior for my thoughtlessness. I had no idea that this Life Sucking Beast still belongs to someone. Junior apprentice brother Mo, we cannot stay here for any longer...”

Fu Yanfei? Mo Wuji had no clue how Yan Qianyin was able to recognise who the other party was. However, Mo Wuji could tell from Yan Qianyin’s eyes that she was lying blatantly but he could not figure out her real motive for doing so.

“Don't bother leaving now that you're here. Didn't that old folk Zuo Wuhen warn you that the Formless Blade Mountain is not for anyone to enter and leave as they please?” The shadow reached out her arm and grasped Mo Wuji’s skull.

Mo Wuji tried to budge but to no avail.

Being grasped as well, Yan Qianyin spat out a mouthful of blood after managing to release herself before drawing and attacking with her sword. The frozen and tense air surrounding Mo Wuji appeared to have loosened a little.

“Junior apprentice brother Mo, this is the most I can help you with. Hurry up and escape...” Yan Qianyin vanished after attacking with her sword.

Mo Wuji did not blame Yan Qianyin for her actions because he understood the logic: Every man for themselves. This was especially true for situations like this. He knew that it would be impossible for Yan Qianyin to save him. Therefore, he truly appreciated her effort to help defrost the surrounding frozen air.

Mo Wuji did not bother trying to escape with Yan Qianyin because he understood one thing: When facing a pack of chasing wolves, you don't need to run faster than the wolves to survive; you just need to run faster than your companion. However, his companion was Yan Qianyin and he knew he could never outrun her.

This applied to Yan Qianyin but not him. The fact that Yan Qianyin helped release him proved that she had ideas of saving him and not just leaving him to fend the enemy off.

Perhaps Yan Qianyin knew that Mo Wuji alone could not buy much time, especially against this shadow lady.

Instead of fleeing the moment he was released, Mo Wuji drew out his knife and attacked back almost immediately.

“Ahh...” A devastating cry was soon heard after a blue lightning bolt flew by. Mo Wuji then realised his opponent’s fear of lightning bolts.

Mo Wuji immediately turned 180 degrees and hurried out of the cave in the shortest possible time.

The woman was so unbelievably powerful that if she were to find out Mo Wuji was only a paper tiger with that lightning bolt, it would mean the end of Mo Wuji’s short life.

Perhaps Mo Wuji’s lightning bolt was really effective because she did not follow to retaliate even when he managed to reach the vines near the entrance of the cave.

Just as Mo Wuji exited the cave, he felt an earth-shaking force tossing him into a bind. Mo Wuji became terrified thinking that this force came from the tremendously powerful woman who was chasing after him. However, as he took a glance behind him, he saw the woman just getting out of the vines at the entrance of the cave and the force could not have been from her.

By the time the woman reached out her arm to try and grasp Mo Wuji again, Mo Wuji was already tossed out of the woman’s sight.

.....

The force that threw Mo Wuji was so strong that he was so shocked he almost fell on his back as he landed. Mo Wuji scanned his surroundings and he immediately recognised that he was back at the same stone pavilion he was at before entering the Formless Blade Mountain

Mo Wuji noticed that Yan Qianyin, Pill Master Ju and one more fellow were within the vicinity as well.

13 went in but less than a third of them made it out. Pill Master Shi was not around therefore Mo Wuji's guess was that he did not survive the turmoil too. Mo Wuji felt heavy-hearted because even though Pill Master Shi's refining skills were not excellent, had poor qualifications and a very bad temper, he was a straightforward person who was not cunning at all.

Yan Qianyin's eyes widened as she saw Mo Wuji making it out. The truth was that she felt so guilty the moment she realised she did not have the capability to save Mo Wuji. She did not even care about that bit of fortune Mo Wuji had with him.

Pill Master Ju was unbelievably startled when he saw Mo Wuji. He could not believe that an ingredient boy like Mo Wuji could have survived the malfunction of the transporter earlier.

Before anyone could speak, a group of people led by the leader of the Formless Blade Sect, Gu Ran, entered the hall.

It was obvious that Gu Ran felt so relieved when he saw Yan

Qianyin. He announced, “The transporter malfunctioned earlier resulting in heavy losses for the Formless Blade Sect. Thankfully, out of the four who still made it out, three are pill refiners. It’s a great fortune out of misfortune.”

“Sect leader, we should talk when we return to the hall,” An elder said after he too heaved a sigh of relief after seeing Yan Qianyin.

“Aren't you Pill Master Shi's ingredients boy? How are you still alive?” Someone finally noticed Mo Wuji.

At this moment, the sect leader's attention turned to Mo Wuji. He was wondering how Mo Wuji made it alive but because he was too focused about Yan Qianyin, he completely forgot to ask.

Mo Wuji hurried to bow and said, “Sect seniors, junior received tremendous help from Pill Master Yan to be able to keep my small life from being taken away.”

Mo Wuji knew he had no rights to call Yan Qianyin senior apprentice sister in front of so many sect elders.

“Oh, was this true?” Everyone's eyes fell on Yan Qianyin.

Yan Qianyin nodded, “Indeed, junior apprentice brother Mo was wounded when I saw him and I offered my help. Afterwards, I found out that junior apprentice brother Mo self studied at Rao Zhou and was a pill refiner previously. Even though he has weak

spiritual roots, his knowledge for pills are extraordinary. When I saw him...”

Mo Wuji hurried to interrupt, “Credits have to go to senior apprentice sister Yan for her patient guidance. I would never have been able to become a true pill refiner without you.”

Yan Qianyin was suspicious over what Mo Wuji said. When she first saw him, Mo Wuji was already a Tier 1 pill refiner and was one step away from becoming a Tier 2. The fact was that she did not really provide Mo Wuji much guidance except for a few tips here and there. She did not continue to finish her sentence even though she was still confused over why Mo Wuji wanted to give her all the credits.

“You are a pill refiner?” Gu Ran looked at Mo Wuji doubtfully because he had never heard of a service disciple ingredients boy turned into a pill refiner all of a sudden.

Yan Qianyi replied on Mo Wuji’s behalf, “Yes he is. Sect leader, Mo Wuji is not only a pill refiner, he is as good as a Tier 2 pill refiner. I certainly did guide him a little and I am sure he can advance to become a Tier 2 pill refiner. The most important factor is his talent for pill refining, for I think he may even have talent than me.

Thinking of what Mo Wuji said earlier, Yan Qianyin took the initiative to claim the credit of Mo Wuji’s progression to become as good as a Tier 2 pill refiner.

“So this is how it is,” Gu Ran’s both eyes lit up after hearing what Yan Qianyin said, “So Wuji turns out to be a Tier 2 pill refiner. Qianyin, why don't we make Wuji an official Formless Blade Sect pill refiner...”

Pill Master Ju, who had been not very pleased with Mo Wuji, was made even more unpleasant after hearing this. He could not believe he now had to be on level terms with an ex-ingredients boy. The moment Mo Wuji become a Tier 2 pill refiner, he would no longer have any reason to pick on Mo Wuji anymore.

Yan Qianyin decided to add in, “Even though junior apprentice brother Mo is as good as a Tier 2 pill refiner who has extraordinary talent for pill refinery, his spiritual roots aren’t very good...”

Before Yan Qianyin could finish her sentence, Pill Master Ju thought of something and interrupted abruptly, “Sect leader, senior apprentice sister is right. Junior apprentice brother Mo was previously only an ingredients boy therefore, his cultivation capabilities must be pretty low. To succeed as a pill refiner, one must have both the talent for pill refinery as well as good cultivation capabilities. One will not be able to progress to the next level if his cultivation capabilities are too low. Therefore, why should the sect allow such a person to join us a pill refiner? It will only affect our reputation negatively...”

The sect leader of the Formless Blade Sect calmed himself down to consider. The sect will put in tremendous amount of resources in nurturing their own pill refiners. What good is there for the sect if they were to recruit a pill refiner who is not able to advance further?

“Sect leader, I suggest it would be the most appropriate for us to let Pill Master Mo become a guest pill refiner instead,” Yan Qianyin added.

Even Pill Master Ju was happy with this suggestion because he knew the vast difference between the resources received as an official pill refiner and a guest pill refiner. Other than talent, the most important thing for a pill refiner to advance would be resources. Without pill refinery resources, what’s the point of having talent?

Gu Ran and the other elders sighed as they heard Yan Qianyin’s words. Yan Qianyin may have prodigious talent for pill refinery but she was definitely lacking in EQ. Even if it was her wish to make Mo Wuji a guest pill refiner, she should not have said it straight in front of him. This would make Mo Wuji lose his gratitude for her.

Now that Yan Qianyin mentioned it out loud, Gu Ran had no choice other than to ask, “Pill master Mo, are you willing to join us and become a guest pill refiner at the Formless Blade Sect?”

To become Formless Blade Sect’s guest refiner was what Mo Wuji and Yan Qianyin agreed initially. Now that the sect leader asked him, Mo Wuji replied without any hesitation, “Thank you for your kind invite, I would be more than willing to join as a Formless Blade Sect guest refiner.”

The sect leader and the elders exchanged glances before concluding that a service disciple was indeed much easier to deal

with.

Chapter 89: The Brutes That Came Knocking On Our Door

“Junior apprentice brother Mo, congratulations. I don’t really have much to give you as an congratulatory gift, so these spiritual herbs will do.” Yan Qianyin took out a parcel and passed it to Mo Wuji.

“Thank you senior apprentice sister Yan.” Mo Wuji hurriedly received the parcel. This was the exact bag that he had asked Yan Qianyin to help him safekeep. There were the pills that he had refined, the broken sword, and the skill transfer crystal ball. With the parcel in hand, he could finally breathe a sigh of relief. Yan Qianyin could openly say that she was giving him spiritual ingredients, which undoubtedly were from the Formless Blade Mountain. However, he dared not even bring a single pill out. This was the difference in ability, level, and position between them.

“Pill Master Mo, if you have any requests, just approach the Pill Refiner’s Hall to bring them up.” Gu Ran warmly approached Mo Wuji, and treated him with exceptional respect. Mo Wuji’s impression of Gu Ran was quite good. But he knew that while this sect head of the Formless Blade Sect was rather decent, the sect head’s main objective of treating him this nicely was to encourage him to toil harder for the sect, and refine many pills in the future.

Mo Wuji thanked the sect head once again, “Thank you sect head for your concern, I will retire to my accommodation now as I am quite tired.” Although he was now a guest pill refiner, the Formless Blade Sect definitely had many things to discuss that would be of no concern to a guest pill refiner. So he left as soon as possible,

knowing his place.

...

In his heart, Mo Wuji was very anxious to see Yan'Er after being separated from her for a month. He did not know her current condition, hence returning to the Blood Lotus Lake as fast as possible after bidding the various elders farewell.

“Young master Mo, you're back.” Xiong Xiuzhu welcomed Mo Wuji with a deep bow. She had picked up Yan'Er's habit for calling him young master.

“Yan'Er is still doing fine right?” Mo Wuji hurriedly asked

Xiong Xiuzhu quickly followed up with a nod, “Miss Yan'Er is doing very well, here she is right now...”

As Xiong Xiuzhu was speaking, Mo Wuji saw Yan'Er holding the earthly yellow egg that he brought back from the Seven Edged Sea. Step by step she walked closer towards the Blood Lotus Lake. Perhaps because the egg was given to her by Mo Wuji, it was not simply a toy to her, but something he entrusted her with. And perhaps it was also a natural sense of closeness that made Yan'Er cutely stand at Mo Wuji's side when she arrived.

Upon observing that colour which had returned to Yan'Er's face, and that her body had developed significantly, he felt even more satisfied with Xiong Xiuzhu's care, as this showed that she looked

after Yan'Er very well.

“You did a good job,” Mo Wuji praised her satisfactorily.

This elicited a quick bow from Xiong Xiuzhu, “Thank you Young Master for taking me in, I’ve been doing much better here than before. Please drink a cup of water first young master.” These words that came from Xiong Xiuzhu’s mouth were no lies, her complexion had become much fairer and her hands were not as calloused as a month before. She immediately went to pour a cup of water for Mo Wuji to welcome his return.

“Haha, how shameless can you get, a mere service disciple calling himself Young Master...”

“Bang!” The cup in Xiong Xiuzhu’s hands fell to the ground once she heard this voice. Mo Wuji could even see her shadow slightly trembling, then retracting to his back. It was apparent how fearful she was of this voice’s owner.

Lifting his head, Mo Wuji saw two men strolling over along the edge of the Blood Lotus Lake. One of them he knew very well: Deacon of the service disciples, Wu Kai. Wu Kai seemed to be giving advice to the other guy non-stop, but he received no form of response.

When Wu Kai finally noticed Mo Wuji’s presence, he quickly took a few steps forward to speak to Mo Wuji, “Brother Mo, so you’ve returned.”

Someone like Wu Kai was not in the position to be privy of information like the transfer formation of the Formless Blade Mountain glitching out, so all he knew was that Mo Wuji earned the favour of Pill Master Shi and became his ingredients boy.

A light nod from Mo Wuji followed, before he turned his gaze towards the man that insulted him. This man had a typical triangular set of eyes, with decent looks. But those eyes made his appearance worse on so many levels. “A service disciple dares call himself Young Master after getting acquainted with Wu Kai. Heh, if that’s the case then I’ll be calling myself king.” The triangle eyed man followed up with another sentence, seeing that Mo Wuji had no response.

With Xiong Xiuzhu’s previous response, Mo Wuji could roughly guess who this guy was. If he didn’t guess wrongly, this triangle eyed man should be the one who broke Tao Ao’s legs.

“Brother Mo, this guy is a disciple related to the Fire Sword Summit Lord, Cang Wenbin.” Wu Kai quickly explained, fearing that Mo Wuji would shoot his mouth off and offend the triangle eyed guy.

Even though Mo Wuji was favoured by Pill Master Shi, but compared to Cang Wenbin, he was still slightly inferior. After all, he was just an ingredient boy, so no matter what happened, Pill Master Shi would not risk it all by confronting the Fire Sword Summit Lord.

After speaking to Mo Wuji, Wu Kai swiftly turned around to explain to the triangle eyed man, “Master Cang, this is Mo Wuji.

He's greatly favoured by Pill Master Shi and is currently working under Pill Master Shi." The intention behind these words was to let Cang Wenbin have some fear, and restrain himself a little.

"Oh, so you're actually an ingredient boy." Cang Wenbin sarcastically remarked, before his face turned black, "A lowly ingredient boy should just screw off to one side. I'm not here for you today."

Cang Wenbin was likely here as Mo Wuji had taken in Xiong Xiuzhu and her husband, and he was very unhappy about it. But this fact puzzled Mo Wuji. Logically speaking, even if Mr and Mrs Tao Ao did offend Cang Wenbin, he should not have continued to bother himself with people of their level after breaking Tao Ao's legs. However, not only did he still care about it, he also chased them to the Blood Lotus Lake.

"Master Cang, we've already passed you those things, Tao Ao's two legs were also shattered by you for being too talkative, so please I beg you, let us go." Xiong Xiuzhu collapsed onto the ground kneeling.

Cang Wenbin's expression immediately changed, "Those things, what things? What would an outer disciple of an Earth Sect want from a mere servicemaids?"

To this, Xiong Xiuzhu slammed her head against the ground, repeatedly saying, "Sorry master, I made that up. Please forgive me."

“Ok, I’ll forgive you, as long as you bring that broken legged bugger that you call your husband with you and follow me.” Cang Wenbin snorted, and a fierce look flashed through his triangle shaped eyes.

Through his recent research, his gut feeling told him that the things that he took from Xiong Xiuzhu were not ordinary, hence the idea of erasing anyone who knew about it from the face of the earth crept into his head. Once she heard that he wanted her to leave with him, Xiong Xiuzhu felt weak all over. If she left with him it was very likely that she would die, but she also knew that Mo Wuji would be implicated if she remained here.

“Yes Master, we’ll leave with you immediately...” Xiong Xiuzhu replied with a faltering voice.

“Wait up.” Mo Wuji did not bother about anything that Cang Wenbin did, but only stepped in when Xiong Xiuzhu was about to leave. “Miss Xiong, you’re now a guest of mine, so how could you just leave like that? Also, when I was not around, did this triangle eyed guy come to harass you before?”

“He...he...” Xiong Xiuzhu’s teeth chattered in fear, not knowing how to reply Mo Wuji at all. In reality, when Mo Wuji was away, Cang Wenbin had dropped by once, but for some reason he was chased away before he could say anything.

“Die you!” Cang Wenbin swung his hand towards Mo Wuji’s face.

With a small sidestep and a snap of his wrist, Mo Wuji threw a

slap out, which hit squarely on Cang Wenbin's face. Although Cang Wenbin had spirit roots, they were of poor quality. All he did was ride on the name of his senior uncle to barely scrape through to Channel Opening Level 2. Even if he had his guard up for Mo Wuji's counter attack, he would still not be able to avoid that slap. What's more he didn't guard against it at all.

The slap connected perfectly with his face, and while his head deformed and twisted to one side, multiple teeth and a spray of blood flew out of his mouth. The momentum of Mo Wuji's hand then threw him far away.

Wu Kai was stunned. Mo Wuji actually slapped Cang Wenbin with such force that he blasted off. He even made Cang Wenbin lose a few teeth. Things didn't look good...

Chapter 90: A Steel Pole

"You..." Cang Wenbin pointed at Mo Wuji in anger, he was in such shock that he forgot that he should be getting up to teach this Mo Wuji a lesson. After all, in his time in the Formless Blade Sect, he had never encountered such an incident where a mere service disciple actually acted against him.

Mo Wuji took a few steps forward, with a few lingering fears clouding his mind. Luckily, this fella left without doing anything much when he visited the first time around. If Yan'Er actually got injured or ended up disabled, it would be too late for Mo Wuji to regret. This incident was actually a wake up call: No matter where he would be going in the future, he would need to bring Yan'Er along.

Seeing that Mo Wuji intended to act once more, Wu Kai hurriedly shouted, "Brother Mo, please don't continue hitting him. You would only be harming yourself ah..."

If the Fire Sword Summit Lord got angered, even with Shi Jun protecting him, Mo Wuji would not escape death. Mo Wuji's death would not mean much to Wu Kai, but Wu Kai did invest some time into developing their relationship after all.

"You dare hit me..." Cang Wenbin finally came back to his senses, pointing at Mo Wuji with such anger that even his face had turned green. It was an extremely disgraceful affair to be beaten by a service disciple.

"Deacon Wu, if not for this fella being called away previously, who knows what would have happened to Yan'Er. You tell me, should I hit him or not?" Mo Wuji's expression was ugly. If not for Wu Kai's help towards Yan'Er, he would not have bothered explaining to Wu Kai.

Wu Kai hurriedly explained softly, "The first time around, I saw him coming for Xiong Xiuzhu, so I rushed to inform Qin Xiangyu. That time around, it was Qin Xiangyu who helped. I'm not sure how she did it, but Cang Wenbin didn't do anything. This time, I also tried to find Qin Xiangyu but I couldn't find her in the sect."

Mo Wuji finally made sense of the situation. No wonder why nothing had happened the first time around; he really needed to express his gratitude to Qin Xiangyu. He only casually helped her previously, but she came and repaid him with such a huge favour.

"Deacon Wu, many thanks," Mo Wuji patted Wu Kai's shoulder. It didn't matter why Wu Kai helped him to inform Qin Xiangyu; Mo Wuji was extremely grateful for his act.

Wu Kai wanted to reply with some words of courtesy but something seemed to catch his eye; a man wearing a deacon attire was rushing over.

Wu Kai recognised that man, he was the deacon for the Pill Refiner's Hall, Yuan Qi. Even though they were both deacons, Wu Kai simply could not even catch the eye of Yuan Qi.

Without knowing why Yuan Qi had come over, Wu Kai hurried

to bow by the side, "Deacon Wu greets Deacon Yuan."

Yuan Qi nodded slightly before clasping his fists towards Mo Wuji, "Greetings Pill Master Mo. I have arrived with Pill Master Mo's identity token and guest pill refiner robes. Also, when Pill Master Mo is free, you can go to the Hall of Affairs to take a look at the sword summits for your new residences."

Mo Wuji did not expect the response to be so fast; he returned for less than an hour but everything had already arrived neatly.

"Many thanks Deacon Yuan." Mo Wuji hurried to keep his items. He was so daring as to slap Cang Wenbin wasn't because of his relations to the now dead Pill Master Shi, but because he had already become a guest pill refiner.

"Bro..." Wu Kai retracted his words as he saw the identity token in Mo Wuji's hand, "... You're a guest pill refiner?"

Wu Kai was going to address Mo Wuji as "Brother", but he hastily swallowed down the "ther". A guest pill refiner is an existence far above a deacon in charge of service disciples. No wonder why Mo Wuji wasn't afraid of Cang Wenbin. If he was a guest pill refiner, he also wouldn't have feared Cang Wenbin.

As he thought of this, Wu Kai could not help but celebrate in his heart. Fortunately, he had helped Mo Wuji and helped call Qin Xiangyu to block Cang Wenbin.

Cang Wenbin, who had already picked himself up, had a dumb expression on his face. Since Mo Wuji was a guest pill refiner, why would he be afraid of this fox assuming the majesty of a tiger?

He had always been relying on the fact that the Fire Sword Summit Lord was his senior uncle to act as he wished. However, if something actually happens, it would not be easy for him to seek an audience with his senior uncle.

He stealthily took a few steps back, preparing to make his escape. However, Mo Wuji coldly snorted, "You think you can just leave?"

Cang Wenbin hurried and bowed, "Pill Master Mo, this small disciple did not know that you are a guest pill refiner. Regarding my previous mistake, I hope that you will pardon it. At the same time, I will not let this matter end up in my senior uncle's ears."

The last sentence was a reminder for Mo Wuji: My senior uncle is from the Fire Sword Summit. Don't go too far.

Mo Wuji faintly said, "Whether you inform your senior uncle doesn't matter to me. Xiong Xiuzhu and her husband are working for me. This is not your face time acting arrogantly at my residences. You even took Tao Ao's things and broke both his legs. Do you think I would just forget about this?"

Previously, Mo Wuji truly did not have the power to help Tao Ao seek justice. Furthermore, he was not related to Tao Ao, so there wasn't a need for him to offend others because of Tao Ao.

However, it's different now; Xiong Xiuzhu had been very meticulous and thoughtful in caring for Yan'Er. Moreover, the fact that Cang Wenbin had come to his residence to cause trouble more than once was already an issue. Most importantly, he did not need to fear Cang Wenbin.

"Pill Master Mo, do you want me to take him to the Enforcement Hall?" Yuan Qi suggested after roughly understanding the gist of the situation.

Mo Wuji was a pill refiner, and it's said that Mo Wuji's relationship with Yan Qianyin was not bad. As a deacon for the Pill Refiner's Hall, there's nothing to lose from forming good relations with Mo Wuji.

"I'm willing to compensate for the couple's losses." Hearing that Yuan Qi was interfering with this matter, Cang Wenbin hurried to say.

Mo Wuji turned towards Xiong Xiuzhu and asked, "Big sister Xiong, what did he take from you?"

Xiong Xiuzhu was at loss and did not fully understand the situation. Wasn't Mo Wuji a mere service disciple who had relatively good relations with Deacon Wu? How did he become a guest pill refiner?

She only returned to her senses when Mo Wuji asked her that question. However, her eyes still contained a trace of fear as she did not dare face Cang Wenbin.

"Just say it. He will not come back here in the future, " Mo Wuji said encouragingly.

Ultimately, Xiong Xiuzhu settled down. She understood that she had already offended Cang Weibin, and now was not the time to keep silent.

Thinking about this, she said flatly, "This person took the steel pole which my father left for me."

"I will immediately return it, immediately..." Cang Wenbin said anxiously as he hurriedly stumbled out.

"Pill Master Mo, I will take my leave. When Pill Master Mo finds a sword summit, immediately inform me, I will help build your immortal cave for you." Seeing the incident coming to a conclusion, Yuan Qi politely took his leave.

Wu Kai's heart was like boiling water, rolling endlessly. He had far too many questions which he did not dare ask Mo Wuji. After all, Mo Wuji's status had changed drastically and he did not have the qualifications to ask Mo Wuji those questions.

"Pill Master Mo... I will also take my leave. If you need anything, feel free to instruct me." Wu Kai also hurried to take his leave.

Even though he did not like Wu Kai's personality, Mo Wuji still felt grateful towards him. "Wu Kai, I owe you a favour. If you need

me to concoct a pill, I can help you once."

"Many thanks Pill Master Mo!" Wu Kai thanked Mo Wuji agitatedly. It was not a simple matter to get a pill refiner's promise to concoct pills.

Chapter 91: Revolving Star Passage Technique

Formless Blade Sect's outer disciple Cang Wenbin's residences was in great disorder. Whatever could be broken was already wrecked and destroyed. Cang Wenbin, whose face was as swollen as a steamed bun, had eyes full of hatred and unwillingness.

“Young master, you're really going to return that item?” By Cang Wenbin's side, there was a middle-aged man in long robes. When Cang Wenbin entered the Formless Blade Sect, this man was sent by the Cang House to be Cang Wenbin's attendant.

Cang Wenbin gritted his teeth and said, “What else can I do? Uncle Qianxing is at Fire Sword Summit. If there's nothing major, it would be hard for me to even see him, much less ask him to help me out.”

The middle-aged man spoke in a lowered voice, “Young master, I do have an idea. Doesn't the young master think that the steel pole is not so simple? Why don't we simply send the steel pole to Summit Lord Qianxing, and when that tiny service disciple comes looking for it, we will direct him to Summit Lord Qianxing. Then if he still insists of having it, he would only be looking for death.”

Cang Wenbin's eyes lit up, but that glister immediately disappeared as he shook his head and said, “Do you understand my senior uncle's status? It's better if we don't do harm with other's hands. Furthermore, that Mo Wuji is an extremely ruthless person. If we don't send the pole in time, he may be angered and come to screw me over. This plan is far too dangerous.”

The middle-aged man rolled his eyes, “Actually, I have another idea. We will first send the pole to that service disciple, then we will somehow inform Summit Lord Qianxing about this. Tell him that you found an impressive smithing material and you were going to present it to him as a gift. Unfortunately, it was forcefully taken away by Mo Wuji that service disciple.”

Cang Wenbin stroked the area which Mo Wuji slapped, “Very well, we’ll follow that plan. Immediately send the steel pole to that puny service disciple. Let’s see how he handles my senior uncle’s anger.”

...

After not seeing Yan’Er for a month, Mo Wuji had an endless amount of things to say to her. He hoped that this would help Yan’Er recollect her past memories. It was practically him speaking and Yan’Er listening. When Mo Wuji spoke, Yan’Er would listen silently with a peaceful expression and gentleness in her eyes. This was unlike when Xiong Xiuzhu speaks to her.

“Young master, that Cang Wenbin has sent the thing over,” Xiong Xiuzhu called out.

Mo Wuji stood up and said to Yan’Er, “Yan’Er, I have to do some research. Go outside and take a stroll. When you’re tired, you can go take a nap.”

Even though Yan’Er didn’t reply him, Mo Wuji knew that Yan’Er

understood his words.

Seeing Yan'Er go out, Mo Wuji turned towards Xiong Xiuzhu, “Big sister Xiong, this thing belongs to your family; keep it for yourself. I will be doing some research now, if there's nothing important, try not to disturb me.”

“Many thanks young master. Tao Ao and I must have done many good deeds in our previous life to have come under your protection. Since Tao Ao and I don't practise martial arts, nor do we have spiritual roots, this steel pole is useless to us. We wish to give it to the young master.” As Xiong Xiuzhu was speaking, she was also dragging the steel pole into the room.

Mo Wuji did not mind; a steel pole did not mean much and accepting it could help put Xiong Xiuzhu at ease.

However, seeing Xiong Xiuzhu dragging the pole in with great difficulty, he could tell that this steel pole wasn't simple. This steel pole was roughly the height of a person and was as thick as a baby's fist. As a person who frequently did heavy, menial work, shouldn't it have been easy for Xiong Xiuzhu to bring the pole in? However, it obviously looked like she was facing some difficulty doing that.

Unless this pole was made of some amazing material? Maybe that's why Cang Wenbin coveted it?

Thinking about this, Mo Wuji said aloud, “Then I will have to thank big sister Xiong; I will keep this steel pole then. When I'm doing my research, I would like to request big sister Xiong to help

me take care of Yan'Er. If anything happens, immediately inform me.”

“Yes. Young master can be rest assured that I will take good care of Yan'Er.” It really turned out like what Mo Wuji expected; when he accepted the steel pole, Xiong Xiuzhu became elated and left with an energetic expression.

As Mo Wuji grabbed the pole, an icy cold feeling permeated into his hand. As he lifted the pole, he estimated that it weighed roughly 100 kilograms. If not for the fact that he cultivated, it would have been extremely difficult for him to lift the pole.

There were some faint lines on the surface of the steel pole. The lines seemed to form two words. Mo Wuji squinted his eyes and identified the words: ‘Tian Ji’

Tian Ji? If not for the fact that this world was not related to the Weapon Chart, and that the Weapon Chart was a part of a writer's novel, Mo Wuji would have thought that this was the Weapon Chart's number one weapon - the [Tian Ji Pole](#).

Besides the words ‘Tian Ji’ and the immense weight of the pole, there was no further peculiarities with it. After another close examination Mo Wuji placed it at a corner. He wasn't a weaponsmith, so this pole did not have much value to him. If he was a weaponsmith, at least he could melt this pole down to examine its materials.

After placing the steel pole down, Mo Wuji opened his own bag.

The bag contained his harvests from his trip to the Formless Blade Mountain, which was also the first resources he obtained since he started cultivating.

All his Tier 1 Mortal Pills, and the spirit stones he scavenged from the Tier 3 pill refiner were all there. The broken sword and the skill transfer crystal ball were also tucked inside safely. Furthermore, there were even some additional Tier 2 spiritual herbs and a thin beastskin scroll.

As Mo Wuji unrolled the scroll, he could see that there were multiple Tier 2 pill formulas written in it. This was probably added into his bag by Yan Qianyin. She probably felt like she owed him, and wanted to use these items to reimburse him.

He did not know how Yan Qianyin thought of it, but these items were extremely suitable for Mo Wuji.

The next thing which Mo Wuji touched wasn't the skill transfer crystal ball, but the broken blade.

This broken blade was originally part of Mo Luoqu's treasured sword. According to Yan Qianyin's logic and his own observations, Mo Luoqu should have met his end at the Formless Blade Mountain after being betrayed by his lover. Mo Wuji felt a strange sense of kinship and similarity to Mo Luoqu. Thus, he was going to clean this broken sword before framing it in a nice wooden box. Not only would it be an act of remembrance but also a reminder to always be on guard.

The fracture on the Fallen Tune Sword looked rather smooth, but after corrosion of time, it was rusty and mottled.

As Mo Wuji pulled out his short knife to scrape the rust away, he discovered that there was a small crack in the sword. He started to use a greater force to work his way with the crack, causing it become bigger, and he pulled out an extremely thin piece of silk paper from the crack. More accurately, it shouldn't be called paper. This material was similar to the pages of the wordless pill manual; it was extremely tough.

Mo Wuji slowly unfolded the silk, and it actually turned out to be 1 metre long and 50 centimetres wide. There were countless minute words etched on it, and it there even clear images

The minute words looked to be a mnemonic chant and the images seemed to correspond to the chants while in cultivation.

This broken blade actually hid a secret technique; however, it still wasn't clear whether it was a cultivation technique or a skill. Mo Wuji guessed that even Mo Luoqu did not know about this hidden technique. Even if he did, it was only after he ended up at the Formless Blade Mountain.

On the top left hand corner of the silk, there were four relatively larger words: Revolving Star Passage Technique.

Mo Wuji was speechless; when he first transmigrated to this world, his circumstances were like Murong Fu. Now, even the skill he obtained had the same name as the one practised by Murong Fu.

However, that Murong Fu was a mere fictional character ah... How could there be such a situation which really caused one's balls to hurt. [There was no way that Sir Jin would have based Murong Fu off an actual person](#), right?

Casting these thoughts aside, Mo Wuji could not help but admit that the Revolving Star Passage Technique was the most impressive one among all the martial arts.

What Nine Yin True Scriptures? What Nine Yang Sacred Art? What Nine Swords of Dugu? What [Qiankun Great Shift Technique](#)? In Mo Wuji's eyes, these martial arts could not compare to the Revolving Star Passage Technique.

Mo Wuji wasn't sure how many levels there were in the Revolving Star Passage Technique, but Mo Wuji knew that when Murong Fu was merely at its first level, he was already comparable to [Qiao Feng](#). The only reason why Murong Fu was not as acclaimed as Qiao Feng was because he put all his effort into restoring his country.

According to Murong Fu's words, "In my clan's practise of the Revolving Star Passage Technique, my brother reached the 'Big Dipper Shift' level, my father reached the 'Solitary Dreamstar' level, while the creator - Patriarch Longcheng - reached the peak of the 'Meteoric Starwave' level, and ultimately attained the peerless 'Heaven's Magic Star' level..."

This Revolving Star Passage Technique which appeared in Mo

Luoqu's sword... There's no way that it was the same technique created by by [Murong Longcheng](#).

Mo Wuji started reading it, “Life originated from chaotic energy. Energy breeds essence; essence breeds spirit; spirit breeds clarity. With the energy of Yin and Yang, convert it to essence; convert essence to spirit before converting spirit to clarity. Forming spirit with energy, would cause essence to lose its shape. Training in these three, would be more natural and waste less effort...

Cultivators are governed by the law of Yin and Yang as well as the fates of numeracy. These laws hold the entire Qiankun. The spirit is a vehicle; energy is a horse. With energy and spirit together, one can be successful...”

How was this a martial art technique? This was simply a cultivation technique. That's not right, this should be a skill.

As he read further, “This manual is split into four word stages: Dou, Zhuan, Xing, Yi. (These are the hanyu pinyin characters of Revolving Star Passage Technique) There are four levels in the Dou Stage: Nature's Shift, Big Dipper Shift, Solitary Dreamstar and Meteoric Starwave. In the Zhuan Stage, there are also four levels: Heaven's Magic Star, Eternal Convergence, Midnight Revolution and finally [Qiankun](#) Upheaval.”

Mo Wuji exhaled strongly; as expected, this technique truly didn't have any links to Murong Longcheng's technique. According to Murong Fu, the Murong Clan's highest realm was the first level of the Zhuan Stage: Heaven's Magic Star. Being able to reach the 'Heaven's Magic Star' level would already put you at the pinnacle

of the martial world.

The Tian Ji Pole and the Weapon Chart are from the acclaimed 古龙 Gu Long's wuxia novels. The Tian Ji Pole was the weapon of the Old Man Tian Ji.

The Sir Jin referred to here is Jin Yong, the author of famous works such as The Legend of the Condor Heroes.

These are powerful martial arts from Jin Yong's wuxia novels

Another character from Jin Yong's novels.

Take note that Murong Longcheng and Murong Fu are different people.

Qiankun refers to the great Heavens and Earths

Chapter 92: Lotus Sword Summit

When he initially obtained this Revolving Star Passage Technique, Mo Wuji was extremely ecstatic. However, after sweeping through it and noticing that were only the two Dou and Zhuan Stages, he knew that this technique was incomplete.

These two word stages resided in the broken sword's blade. If Mo Wuji guessed correctly, the Xing and Yi Stages should be in the sword hilt. According to Yan Qianyin, this other half of the sword should be at the Formless Blade Sect's Hanging Sword Cliff.

As Mo Wuji folded the thin silk in his hand, his gaze landed upon the sect's Hanging Sword Cliff. Since he had obtained the Revolving Star Passage Technique, he needed to complete it. Regardless of the trouble, he would make a trip to the Hanging Sword Cliff and get the other two word stages from the other half of the Fallen Tune Sword.

To secretly procure the skill from the sword, he would need to change locations. Even though the Blood Lotus Lake was quiet, it wasn't a convenient place to act.

...

When Mo Wuji entered the Hall of Affairs, many people revealed an expression of envy. Even the few inner disciples were also envious of Mo Wuji. After all, these inner disciples could not get their own personal sword summit like Mo Wuji.

This was due to the unique status of pill refiners, albeit Mo Wuji was a mere Tier 2 Mortal Refiner.

“Pill Master Mo...” When the disciple from the Spiritual Herbs Warehouse - Fei Bingzhu - saw Mo Wuji, he loudly called out from afar; his voice contained a hint of reverence.

Mo Wuji walked over and patted his shoulders as he said, “Brother Fei, I'm still Mo Wuji. We're all friends so let's remain at ease with one another.”

Fei Bingzhu laughed heartily, “I always knew that senior apprentice brother Mo was different from others. Even though that's the case, I hope that senior apprentice brother Mo can simply address me as your junior apprentice brother. Within the sect, there's still a need to maintain seniority.”

“OK then, I will call you junior apprentice brother Fei in the future.” Mo Wuji had never liked people who used mincing words; he was always a straightforward person. When making friends, he had never cared about status. This was like Yan Qianyin; she did not seem to have bothered about status when she helped a mere service disciple like him.

In actuality, Mo Wuji was more willing to call Fei Bingzhu by his name. However, this wasn't the case for Fei Bingzhu; after all, in Fei Bingzhu's eyes, Mo Wuji was at an extremely high and lofty position. Moreover, his relationship with Fei Bingzhu wasn't like his relationships with Ding Bu'Er and Yuan Zhenyi.

“Is senior apprentice brother Mo looking for a sword summit to stay in?” After working in the Hall of Affairs for a long time, Fei Bingzhu's observations have naturally become more astute. Mo Wuji did not say anything but he had already guessed the reason for Mo Wuji's visit.

Mo Wuji did indeed come to find a sword summit. After he heard Fei Bingzhu's words, he casually asked, “Junior apprentice brother Fei, you understand more about the sect than me. Which of the uninhabited sword summits are not bad?”

“Naturally, it’s Seventh Sword Summit. Seventh Sword Summit is one of the Formless Blade Sect's Ten Great Sword Summits. Ever since the previous summit lord, [Ju Qijian](#), went to the Heaven Seeking Palace, the Seventh Sword Summit has always been sitting idly. The spiritual energy there is extremely rich, and it is extremely suitable for cultivation and pill refinement.” Fei Bingzhu seemed to instantly blurt that out.

“What kind of place is the Heaven Seeking Palace? That Ju Qijian is one of the sect's summit lords, why doesn't he have to return after going to the Heaven Seeking Palace?” Mo Wuji asked puzzledly.

Fei Bingzhu shook his head and said, “I don't know much about it; I only know that the Heaven Seeking Palace is one of the most sacred places within the five empires. It's a place where experts go to seek the Heaven Realm. I heard that all the Heaven Realm experts in the five empires all emerged from the Heaven Seeking Palace. Every sect's most outstanding disciples have the right to qualify for the Heaven Seeking Palace, and any of these disciples

who actually qualify to enter it was a source of pride for the sect...”

At this point, Fei Bingzhu lowered his voice, “Let me tell you something ah... I heard that the five empires are no longer fighting wars and decided to compete through pill refining competitions was due to the behest of the Heaven Seeking Palace.”

Mo Wuji did not ask further as he recalled Earth's Tsinghua and Peking University, he could actually liken this Heaven Seeking Palace as an elite institute for higher learning.

“Tell me more about this Seventh Sword Summit. If it's really that good, I will just move there.” Mo Wuji re-concentrated his efforts into find a sword summit.

Fei Bingzhu immediately spouted, “The Seventh Sword Summit Lord Ju Qijian was a peerless existence. His original name was Ju Jia. He only changed his name to Ju Qijian after moving to the Seventh Sword Summit. He was a great genius of our sect, not only did he become a summit lord in a short period of time, he also became an expert comparable to our sect's elders and sect head. He competed in the previous selection for the Heaven Seeking Palace. In those few days, he carved a bloody path and killed his way to qualify for the Heaven Seeking Palace...”

Towards the end, Mo Wuji could notice that Fei Bingzhu seemed to have some hesitations, like there were some words he did not wish to say.

“Junior apprentice brother Fei, we're already considered friends,

why is there a need to hesitate? If there's anything you wish to say, just say it.” Mo Wuji said immediately.

Fei Bingzhu looked around at the surroundings before whispering to Mo Wuji, “Senior apprentice brother Mo, even though Seventh Sword Summit is really good, after some thought, I feel it's better that you don't go.”

“Why?” Mo Wuji asked curiously.

Fei Bingzhu's volume got even lower, “Even though Summit Lord Ju is gone, his name remains. I heard that someone else picked the Seventh Sword Summit, and Summit Lord Ju returned back unhappily. Thereafter, the elder who picked that sword summit disappeared without a trace. Of course, these are only rumours but there's always some truth within rumours. Moreover, many people in the sect worship Summit Lord Ju. Once you choose Seventh Sword Summit, it will immediately end up in Summit Lord Ju's ears.”

Mo Wuji chuckled, “He has already left but he's still so tyrannical?”

Fei Bingzhu laughed dryly but did not reply.

“Pill Master Mo is here? If Pill Master Mo wishes to pick a sword summit, please follow me.” Pill Refiner's Hall's Deacon Yuan called out from afar.

“Then I will have to thank Deacon Yuan. I was just intending to take a look at Seventh Sword Summit,” Mo Wuji answered remotely.

Fei Bingzhu continued to whisper, “Senior apprentice brother Mo, if you don't have high requirements for spiritual energy, then I would suggest Lotus Sword Summit. The previous summit lord was Guan Li, and he also previously stayed in your Blood Lotus Lake. There's only one weakness to the Lotus Sword Summit, and that's because it's too close to the Hanging Sword Cliff. As a result, the spiritual energy there is a little weaker. It's good enough for normal people, but it wouldn't be enough for Spirit Building Stage cultivators and above...”

At the moment, Yuan Qi was already approaching and Fei Bingzhu immediately shut his mouth. Fei Bingzhu seemed to have a deep understanding towards Lotus Sword Summit. If not for Yuan Qi coming over, he might have talked for a good half a day.

Mo Wuji patted Fei Bingzhu, “Junior apprentice brother Fei, I'll go choose my sword summit first. We'll talk in the future.”

Yuan Qi said smilingly to Mo Wuji, “Pill Master Mo, do you want me to bring you over to Seventh Sword Summit?”

After hearing that Lotus Sword Summit was near to the Hanging Sword Cliff, Mo Wuji was already inclined to it. He laughed and said, “I will have to trouble Deacon Yuan to show me the locations of the uninhabited sword summits on a map.”

“Then I would need Pill Master Mo to follow me to the Sword Summit Chambers,” Yuan Qi made a gesture, beckoning Mo Wuji to follow him.

Actually, Mo Wuji's allocation of a sword summit was not related to Yuan Qi. Yuan Qi only took the initiative to help Mo Wuji to improve their relations.

The Sword Summit Chambers was on the second floor of the Hall of Affairs. Perhaps it was due to Yuan Qi's presence, but the disciples at the Sword Summit Chambers were especially accommodating. Not only did they bring up the map, they even offered to take out the individual blueprints of the uninhabited sword summits.

Mo Wuji took a look at the map; it was as Fei Bingzhu said, Lotus Sword Summit was indeed the closest to the Hanging Sword Cliff.

“Pill Master Mo is interested in the Seventh Sword Summit. Take out the detailed blueprints for the Seventh Sword Summit for him,” Yuan Qi took the initiative to help Mo Wuji ask.

Qijian literally means seven swords

Chapter 93: Channel Opening Stage Level 4

Mo Wuji pointed at Lotus Sword Summit's blueprints and said, "The buildings on this sword summit look quite good: nice and simple. It doesn't take up much space either, which would be convenient for me as I plan to build some structures in the future. This is the sword summit for me."

"Pill Master Mo, you're choosing the Lotus Sword Summit? The spiritual energy there is rather sparse," The disciple of the Sword Summit Chambers responsibly volunteered the negative points of the Lotus Sword Summit. Despite that, Mo Wuji waved the comment off, "It's fine, I'm not that particular about cultivating, as I mainly research into pill refining. There's no need to send people to help me rebuild the place either. The original house is good enough for my simple needs."

Since Mo Wuji had said so, Yuan Qi and the Sword Summit Chambers disciple naturally did not blabber on. Soon enough, the administrative procedure for him to stay at Lotus Sword Summit was complete.

...

Truthfully, guest pill refiners could not even get a sword summit, but on account of Yan Qianyin's relationship with Mo Wuji, he was still able to get one from the sect. Hence, after arranging a sword summit for Mo Wuji, the sect did not send any disciples to the Lotus Sword Summit.

Three days later, Mo Wuji moved into the Lotus Sword Summit.

The Lotus Sword Summit was considered to be one of the less conspicuous sword summits in the Formless Blade Sect. Its land area was not big, and neither were its peaks very tall. The only difference it had with other sword summits was that there was a decent sized lake on the peak of the Lotus Sword Summit. This lake was originally used by Guan Li to grow Blood Lotuses, but after he left, the whole sword summit became vacant, and as a result, the lake also no longer had any visitors.

In the end, there were only four people moving into Lotus Sword Summit: Mo Wuji, Yan'Er, and the Xiong Xiuzhu couple. While the number of rooms available were not many, and a hall was not present, the remaining rooms were sufficient for the four of them to live in. Other than the main building, there were two side rooms, a storeroom, and a spirit animal room.

After assigning all the menial tasks of the house and sword summit to Xiong Xiuzhu, Mo Wuji started training in the Revolving Star Passage Technique and began crafting his plans for the Hanging Sword Cliff.

...

While the concentration of spiritual energy at the Lotus Sword Summit was inferior to other summits, it was over 10 times greater than at the Blood Lotus lake. Even when compared to the accommodation of Wu Kai that Mo Wuji was envious of previously, the spiritual energy here was many times denser, and this was only a sword summit poor in spiritual energy. One could

only imagine how rich the spiritual energy would be at the better summits.

As he trained here, Mo Wuji could feel his cultivation level increasing by leaps and bounds every day, even without the use of pills or spirit stones. He did not know that skills could only be trained after reaching the Spirit Building Stage, so he began training the Revolving Star Passage Technique as he cultivated.

A month in, Mo Wuji's Revolving Star Passage Technique had reached the Nature's Passage Level.

Because of the high speed of spiritual energy absorption, his cultivation level improved greatly during this period. Within a single month, the spiritual energy within Mo Wuji was frothing wildly, which based on his experience in cultivation, meant a breakthrough was near. Han Ning mentioned before that Channel Opening Stage Level 4 and Level 3 had a vast difference between them. When one reaches Channel Opening Stage Level 4, he would power up by a significant amount. Without the guidance of a master, Mo Wuji was prepared to use spirit stones to ensure his breakthrough to Channel Opening Stage Level 4 succeeded. He intended to use the spirit stone to step out of the initial levels of the Channel Opening Stage, and into Level 4.

Glowing stones lay in his hand, as Mo Wuji began the spiritual energy circulation process. He could feel his hand become a large vacuum, relentlessly sucking away spiritual energy from the spirit stones. The pure spiritual energy spread out from his hand to the rest of his body, opening up every pore he had. His minor circulation speed increased many folds as the energy accelerated

while it flowed through him.

Mo Wuji was actively suppressing the excitement within him. “How could the spirit stones have such a great effect on me?” He thought to himself. If he gave up using pills, and focused on only using spirit stones while cultivating, perhaps he might have entered Channel Opening Stage Level 4 earlier.

Wave after wave, the spiritual energy crashed through his meridians, and in only half a day, Mo Wuji went through five spirit stones. “Bang!” It seemed as though a dam broke apart in his body; the frothing spiritual energy turned into a raging stream, causing Mo Wuji to jump up with a roar.

Han Ning was right; at that moment, he felt every cell in his body filled to the brim with explosive energy. Pride welled up from within, which Mo Wuji knew was the confidence that came with a rise in one’s strength.

Channel Opening Stage Level 4, he could be considered to be a cultivator at the intermediate level of the Channel Opening Stage. As arrogant as he felt, Mo Wuji was aware that in this sort of area where immortal masters were around every corner, he would not be able to protect himself with only this level of strength. Now that he had experienced how good a cultivation aid that spirit stones were, Mo Wuji desired to obtain more spirit stones.

Once he reached Channel Opening Stage Level 4, Mo Wuji felt a bottleneck again, just like what he experienced after reaching Channel Opening Stage Level 1. In his current condition, 27 meridians were insufficient for him to progress any further. To

cultivate further, he would have to open new spirit channels.

Having trained to Channel Opening Stage Level 4 and having obtained a skill, it was time to make a trip to the Hanging Sword Cliff.

The sky was painted a mixture of yellow and red just as Mo Wuji stepped out of the house. When he left, Yan'Er remained behind to learn embroidery from Xiong Xiuzhu. This tranquil and peaceful scene with the sunset in the backdrop looked like it came out of a painting. Upon seeing Mo Wuji, a serene look appeared on Yan'Er's face. Xiong Xiuzhu frantically stood up too, greeting him enthusiastically.

“Elder sister Xiong, I'll be going out for awhile. If I'm not back by tomorrow, and anyone comes looking for me, just say that I've shut myself in to cultivate. Oh yes, once I'm back, I'll take a look at brother Tao's broken legs. Whether I can fix them or not, I dare not guarantee you at this stage.”

Mo Wuji nodded at Xiong Xiuzhu. He was worried that the difficulty of getting close to the piece of sword at the Hanging Sword Cliff would be too high for him to accomplish the task in a night.

Don't underestimate him for being just a Tier 2 Mortal Pill Refiner. While he had no ways on hand to repair Tao Ao's broken legs, he knew Yan Qianyin, who he could inquire for solutions.

“Ahhh...” Xiong Xiuzhu was overwhelmed by joy. She quickly

understood what Mo Wuji meant, and dropped her knees to the ground, “Thank you for your mercy and grace, young master. Regardless of the outcome, Tao Ao and I will always be grateful to you.”

“Elder sister Xiong, since we’re living together now, I consider you as part of my family, so don’t stand on occasion like that next time,” Mo Wuji was aware of how grateful Xiong Xiuzhu was, and as Yan’Er’s condition improved day after day, he had already thought of her as one of his own family members for a long time.

“Yes young master,” As expected, Xiong Xiuzhu was unable to simply let it go. Despite standing up, her eyes still held a deep sense of gratitude and reverence towards the young pill refiner. To this, Mo Wuji could not do much but to let her go, if he made anymore demands of her, it would only serve to make her feel uncomfortable.

The most crucial task now was to proceed on to the Hanging Sword Cliff after dusk. Other than cultivating this past month, all other preparations for this operation were made.

...

The Hanging Sword Cliff was located at the extreme left of the Formless Blade Sect. Any further out from it, and you would leave the boundaries of the sect. It seemed as though everyone from the sect feared the cliff to some extent, hence visitors to this corner of the sect grounds were far and few between.

By the time Mo Wuji arrived at the Hanging Sword Cliff, it was already in the middle of the night. A crescent moon hung in the sky, its gentle rays shining down and illuminating the cliff. But despite that, the pit that lay below the cliff still appeared to have no limit in depth, darker and blacker than anything could be. The occasional hooting of owls in the night, added the final piece of the puzzle to create a oppressive and fearful atmosphere in the dark.

This was not the first time that Mo Wuji came to look at the broken blade, which lay hanging on the inner side of the cliff wall, a good 60 over metres from the top of the cliff. The side of the cliff glistened in the moonlight, smooth as a mirror, leaving no footholds or handgrips for Mo Wuji to latch on at all.

Mo Wuji had heard from rumors that there was a very strong gravitational pull originating from the bottom of the Hanging Sword Cliff. Even birds were unable to fly past this area, simply plunging to an unknown fate in the depths of the dark pit, drawn in by a mysterious force.

In reality, Mo Wuji did not have any methods to fly either, and he only brought a 90 metre long rope instead. First he drove a steel rod into the top of the cliff as a strong point, before securing one end of the rope around it, and the other end around his waist, carefully paying out the rope to descend down the Hanging Sword Cliff.

Chapter 94: The Unusual Hanging Sword Cliff

The whole process was very simple as it only took Mo Wuji a few minutes to slide over a distance of three metres. After arriving here, with the help of the hazy and dim moonlight, Mo Wuji was able to look at the broken sword very visibly.

The hilt of the broken sword had been locked up on the cliff by a mottled lock. Maybe it was due to many years of erosion by the wind and rain, the quality of this half of the broken sword was not as good as the half he found in the Formless Blade Mountain.

Mo Wuji did not bother about the quality of the broken sword hilt. Afterall, what he wanted was not the broken sword but rather what was inside the broken sword. Furthermore, he had no intentions to take the sword away.

Mo Wuji did not panic nor tried to rush things even if the other half of the sword was right in front of him. Instead, he even slowed and calmed himself down. This was the habit he cultivated over the many years of research: The more crucial something is, the more careful he shall be.

When Mo Wuji was less than a metre away from the broken sword, a powerful force swept Mo Wuji off his feet and then causing him to fall back onto the ground. It was almost as if Mo Wuji experienced a bizarre wind causing him to fall flat on the cliff. Despite being at Channel Opening Stage Level 4, this fall caused Mo Wuji to spit out blood and concurrently breaking one of the bones in his ribcage.

Mo Wuji took out his sharp knife in a hurry and point it in the direction of the opening of the cliff. The good thing was that this powerful force came and left very quickly, toyed with Mo Wuji and then disappeared without a trace.

Mo Wuji was a little creeped out by what happened hence he quickly took out and swallowed a pill from his pocket. There was clearly no wind just now yet he was swept off his feet so casually.

At the thought of the legend of the Hanging Sword Cliff's gravitational pull, Mo Wuji did not dare to be careless. Mo Wuji finally settled down once again after careful observation for another minute to confirm that the bizarre wind would not come again.

Two minutes later, Mo Wuji appeared at the flat ground where the broken sword was placed at. Below him was the pitched black cliff and Mo Wuji could even feel the dense and chill vibes from all the way up here. It was as if all sorts of monsters were calling out for him from below, resulting in him having many goosebumps.

Mo Wuji was dead sure that this was not his illusion. He may not be of any stature when standing next to the other pill refiners but he should be considered to be a strong cultivator in the eyes of the mortals.

Seeing how odd this Hanging Sword Cliff was, Mo Wuji became extremely cautious as he slowly ascended the cliff. Instead of immediately grabbing the broken sword, Mo Wuji used his knife to

start digging a hole for himself to take cover in the event of another powerful force acting on him.

Furthermore, the gravitational pull spoken of in the legend had not appeared yet. Once it appears, who knows whether the rope would be enough to keep him safe? What if he ignites a chain of reactions the moment he touched the broken sword? There was still some time before daylight hence it would not be wrong to take more precautions.

Being at Channel Opening Stage Level 4, Mo Wuji only needed very little energy to dig up the hole for himself to hide in.

To do such things, the one thing Mo Wuji did not lack was patience. Back on Earth, his drug refinery teacher once told him that: If one has perseverance and patience, the work will already be half done and the other half is dependent on skills. If one were to be anxious and impatient, he has already failed 90% of his work and the remaining 10% is dependent on luck.

It was due to the fact that this advice was etched deeply in his heart that he had succeeded so many times.

Only after Mo Wuji finished digging his cover that he reached out to grab the hilt of the sword cautiously.

Everything seemed calm and peaceful. There were neither any massive gravitational pull nor a powerful force like previously sweeping him off the ground.

Mo Wuji heaved a sigh of relief before using one hand to hold on to the cover he made and the other hand to grab and flip the hilt of the broken sword over to himself.

There were two words carved indistinctively onto the hilt of the sword: Luoqu. Yan Qianyin certainly did not lie about the origin of this sword. It did belong to Mo Luoqu. Meticulous as always, Mo Wuji only took a short while to realise that these two words were carved onto the hilt much later on. The original wordings looked like it has been covered up. It seemed like this was not Mo Luoqu's sword from the beginning and that he only carved his name onto it after he realised he liked it.

Even though there were some mosses on the sword itself, it still looked very smooth. Just as Mo Wuji carefully used the knife in his other hand to clean the moss away, the powerful force came once again.

Even though Mo Wuji dug only a small hole for himself, the force was so strong that he was swept hard against the wall of the hole that he dug. He nearly broke his arm as a result of this impact.

An even more formidable force came straightaway after this wave of force died down. This time, the energy was from beneath. A powerful gravitational pull directly affected Mo Wuji, pulling him downwards.

Mo Wuji used all his strength to hold on to his position. Fortunately for him, the gravitational pull was only acting on him vertically downwards. Any other direction and he would have been blown away easily no matter how tightly he held onto his position.

in the hole.

“Ka...” Mo Wuji heard the cracking sound of his bone in his left leg. Mo Wuji gritted and held on even more tightly for his dear life.

He was secretly relieved that he was cautious and made a hole for himself to hide in in case of emergency. With such terrifying gravitational pull acting on him, the steel rod his rope was secured to would have followed him and his rope into the depths of the Hanging Sword Cliff. Even if the steel rod did not break loose, his body would have been torn apart anyway.

After a full half an hour, the energy dissipated and Mo Wuji quickly swallowed a pill. Following which, Mo Wuji hurried to get rid of the moss on the sword.

After removing the moss, the broken sword looked more even. Mo Wuji used his short knife to prick the fracture of the sword. Like he expected, a small hole was pricked opened by Mo Wuji. Instead of widening the hole, Mo Wuji used a hook to reach into it. In one try, he managed to hook out a thin silk just like the one he had on him.

Containing his excitement, Mo Wuji kept the thin silk into his pocket before putting things back in place. He waited for the fracture to not look so obvious before he carefully placed the moss back to where it was before.

Perhaps this was redundant but Mo Wuji did not mind at all. No matter the task, one must complete it meticulously. Sometimes,

the incident that we thought will never happen are the ones that actually happened.

No one knew how long the sword was here for and maybe for a long time nobody will pay close attention to it. However, Mo Wuji did not think this way. He believed that if he was able to find something suspicious about this sword then there was a chance others could find it too.

After settling everything properly, Mo Wuji carefully placed the broken sword back in place. The moment he let go of the sword, the bizarre force acted again. Mo Wuji stayed in his hole, patiently waiting for the force to gradually disappear.

Yet another half an hour passed by before the force died down completely. Mo Wuji finally breathed easy, waited for a couple of minutes before releasing his rope to prepare to leave.

The pity was that he could not fill up the hole that he dug up. If he could, he would have filled it fully again before leaving.

Using his ability at Channel Opening Stage Level 4 without the interference of external influence, Mo Wuji landed with the aid of the rope in only a few minutes. After keeping his rope, Mo Wuji then kept his short knife.

He got his short knife from Hu Fei and it had already saved his life countless of times. Now that Mo Wuji was at Channel Opening Stage Level 4, he could tell how extraordinary this knife was. Even though it was not some treasure, a mortal iron shop will definitely

not be able to make such a knife.

Chapter 95: Trouble Comes Knocking On Your Door

When Mo Wuji Just returned to the Lotus Sword Summit, it was already daybreak. Neither Yan'Er nor the Xiong Xiuzhu couple knew of his return, and Mo Wuji did not alert them of his presence either.

To a Tier 2 Mortal Pill Refiner like him, that sort of fractures were no big deal. Once he reached his room, Mo Wuji simply swallowed a few injury healing pills, and immediately opened up the thin piece of silk obtained from the broken sword.

The contents on the silk, that was no larger than the tip of the blade, were gobbled up by Mo Wuji's hungry eyes in the shortest amount of time possible. After he finished reading it, he froze on the spot for a moment. This indeed was the second half of the Revolving Star Passage Technique, but there were four words in it, of which he had obtained the first two: the Dou word, and the Zhuan word. Logically speaking, there would be two words in the second half, but in this this silk piece, there was only the Xing word.

He did get the technique manual, but it lacked the Yi word.

Even back then Mo Wuji repeatedly checked the inside of the broken sword to make sure that this was the only thing inside. As he could conclude by then, the Fallen Tune Sword was originally missing the Technique word of the Revolving Star Passage Technique.

The Xing Word was made up of four levels, the first being the Rising Dragon Star Shift, the second being the Earthly Star Shift, the third being the Heavenly Star Shift, and the fourth being the Revolving Star Passage, and the fourth level shared the same name as this technique.

As he put the silk piece away, something clicked within him. At his current level, who knew how many months it would take for him to master the first twelve levels of the Revolving Star Passage Technique, hence at least in the short term, the Yi word had no use to him at all. Moreover, he only had 27 meridians open at the moment, which meant that he had to find other ways to open his spirit channels, otherwise, it would be rather challenging for him to cross into Channel Opening Stage Level 5.

...

The next day, Xiong Xiuzhu saw that Mo Wuji was back, but did not think much about it.

Subsequently in the following days, Mo Wuji accompanied Yan'Er at the Lotus Sword Summit. With the bottleneck at cultivation he was facing, continuing to cultivate had little purpose. The plan was to go out for a trip, not only to ask Yan Qianyin about Tao Ao's broken legs, but to also purchase some ingredients for making the channel opening solution, then refine a batch of the drug. On top of all this, the most troublesome part was for him to find a source of lightning too.

Mo Wuji enjoyed this sedentary lifestyle for four to five days, but as he was about to leave, Yan Qianyin surprisingly appeared on his front door. "Senior apprentice sister Yan, I was just about to go look for you, to request for your help on a matter. I didn't know you would come over to the Lotus Sword Summit yourself," Mo Wuji quickly stepped forth to welcome Yan Qianyin upon sighting her arrival.

He had interacted with Yan Qianyin before, and as a result, knew that she was a decent person. But if both of them had a conflict of interest, she would naturally still take the side that was advantageous to her. Her sudden appearance at the Lotus Sword Summit must have been fueled by a need to request something from Mo Wuji. Knowing this, he decided to bring up his request first, as her request would likely be difficult to fulfil.

Her eyes gazed upon Mo Wuji as a forced smile appeared on her face, "Oh, so junior apprentice brother Mo chose the Lotus Sword Summit. The atmosphere here is rather average. Haha, so your intention must be to focus solely on cultivating. May I ask what issue you have for me this time?"

With this sentence, Mo Wuji knew that Yan Qianyin understood him very well, and he replied in a straightforward manner, "Senior apprentice sister Yan, I have a family member whose legs were broken by someone else, so I wanted to ask for your assistance to fix that." When she heard that this was all that Mo Wuji was asking of her, she let out a great sigh of relief, "Give him this pill, and his injuries should heal quickly." "What sort of pill is this?" Curious, Mo Wuji inquired after receiving the jade bottle from Yan Qianyin. "It is a Tier 3 Mortal Pill, the Bone Settling Pill." Yan Qianyin casually replied. Indeed, a Tier 3 Mortal Pill was nothing

to a Tier 4 Earth Pill Refiner like her.

Immediately Mo Wuji summoned Xiong Xiuzhu, passing the pill to her, “Elder sister Xiong, this is a Bone Settling Pill given by senior apprentice sister Yan. Elder brother Tao’s legs should heal after he consumes it.”

“What should, it definitely will heal his legs.” Yan Qianyin coldly corrected Mo Wuji’s words. While Xiong Xiuzhu had never seen her before, but having been a service disciple in the Formless Blade Sect for many years, she could guess that this person was Yan Qianyin when Mo Wuji mentioned the words “senior apprentice Yan”. Thinking back to the promise Mo Wuji made to her a few days ago, her heart raced with joy.

Xiong Xiuzhu’s hands shivering in excitement as she received the pill. She simply could not remain as calm as Mo Wuji, kowtowing to Yan Qianyin before leaving the house. With her status and position, it would be a farce to promise to repay the favour.

Once Xiong Xiuzhu left, Yan Qianyin broke her silence, “Now that we’ve resolved your problem, I have one of my own for you.”

Mo Wuji swiftly replied, “Please ask away senior apprentice Yan, as long as it is within my capabilities, I will try my best to fulfill it.” He did not blindly make any promises. After all, if she asked him to hand over Yan’Er, could he just give her away?”

With a light laugh, Yan Qianyin spoke, “I know that you’ll definitely do your best, but before we move on to my request, I

have to inform you of something. When did you offend the Fire Sword Summit Head, Cang Qianxing? He's likely going to come settle his grudge with you soon."

His eyebrows instantly went into a frow. Even as a Summit Head, Cang Qianxing this scoundrel still dared to stand up for a piece of trash like Cang Wenbin. "The husband of the lady that you just gave a pill to, Tao Ao, had his legs broken by Cang Wenbin. I took in this poor couple, but he did not intend to simply let them off the hook, and came barging into the Blood Lotus Lake. But I foiled his plans."

Hearing Mo Wuji's words, Yan Qianyin was pretty impressed with him. "You're indeed a man of your word. I remember you once said that there are no high or low class people, only people with good or bad character, and from that I had a good impression of you. Now, you've actually walked the talk. I believe that other than you, there's probably no one else in the whole Formless Blade Sect that would dare to offend a summit head over two service disciples."

Mo Wuji simply chuckled, "I don't agree with you. I feel that you don't separate people by class either. Back when I was still a service disciple, didn't you stand up for me?" Yan Qianyin replied with a slight smile of her face, "That's different, it's because my my position was way higher than Pill Master Ju's, so no matter what I said, he would not dare to go against me at all."

At this point, Mo Wuji was tired of going on about this topic, so he changed the speaking point, "I've already gained the Lotus Sword Summit, so even if Cang Qianxing came, are you sure he

would be able to kill me just like that? Senior apprentice sister Yan, why don't you tell me what you've come to request of me today?"

With that, Yan Qianyin no longer brought up Cang Qianyin. Instead, she took out the broken hilt of a blade and placed it on the table in front of her. Mo Wuji's heart skipped a beat when he saw the hilt. This was precisely the one that he tampered with a few days ago at the Hanging Sword Cliff. There were even the words "Fallen Tune" on it.

What was Yan Qianyin's intention behind placing this half of the Fallen Tune Sword in front of him? Did she know that he had tampered with the hilt, and was here to question him about it?

But that shouldn't be the case, if it were questioning, Yan Qianyin would not be the one that came to look for him, but experts from the Enforcement Hall.

"Senior apprentice sister Yan, this is...?" Mo Wuji acted as though this was the first time he saw this piece of the sword, analysing Yan Qianyin's movements suspiciously. He did not know what the hell was going on.

Chapter 96: Yan Qianyin's Motive

“Take another look.” Seeing Mo Wuji's look of blankness, Yan Qianyin pointed towards the mottled sword hilt once more.

Mo Wuji did not understand what Yan Qianyin wanted; he extended his hand to feel the sword hilt before asking in 'shock', “Senior apprentice sister Yan, don't tell me that this is the other half of the broken sword? Did senior apprentice sister Yan bring this over as a gift for me, so that I can make the two halves whole?”

Yan Qianyin answered awkwardly, “This is indeed the Hanging Sword Cliff's other half of the Fallen Tune Sword. It's just that after obtaining the Fallen Tune Sword Art, I want this Fallen Tune Sword. The sect head has already allowed me to retrieve the sword hilt, and I'm here now to shamelessly ask junior apprentice brother for the other half.”

Yan Qianyin felt a little uncomfortable; compared to Mo Wuji's help and compromises, her help did not count much.

Firstly, her life was saved by Mo Wuji. Secondly, she broke her own agreement with Mo Wuji so that she would have yield absolute advantages. Lastly, she was the one who offered to give Mo Wuji the broken sword blade. Now, she's going back on her words by asking Mo Wuji for it.

Mo Wuji did not reply her immediately; he felt that there was something weird with Yan Qianyin's words. Logically, if Yan

Qianyin wanted the Fallen Tune Sword because she had obtained its corresponding sword art, she would have asked him for back at Formless Blade Mountain. She did not need to wait for an entire month to ask him for it. There could only be one possible explanation: She discovered a secret from Mo Luoqu's skill transfer crystal ball.

Conversely, this set Mo Wuji at ease; this meant that Yan Qianyin wasn't here to investigate about his previous heist at the Hanging Sword Cliff.

“Junior apprentice brother Mo, I know this is a little too much. To reimburse you, I am willing to offer three Tier 3 pill formulas as well as some spiritual herbs for those pills. These will be the resources for your advancement to a Tier 3 Mortal Pill Refiner. How's that?” Yan Qianyin asked sincerely.

Mo Wuji slowly contemplated. The Fallen Tune Sword was useless to him; the real value of the sword was the Revolving Star Passage Technique which he already took out. Thus, he could fully accept Yan Qianyin's conditions.

It seems like Yan Qianyin knew about the secret of the Fallen Tune Sword. She used an excuse of practising the sword art with the actual sword; naturally, it was because she didn't want Mo Wuji to think that something weird was going on. Well, this was human nature. If it was him, he also wouldn't have talked about it directly.

“Since senior apprentice sister Yan values the Fallen Tune Sword highly, I will gladly give it to you. Actually, there's also one thing I

would need senior apprentice sister's help in...”

“Please speak.” Hearing Mo Wuji willingly offer the Fallen Tune Sword, Yan Qianyin was elated.

“Senior apprentice sister Yan, I have this family member who needs help. Because of some reason, her spiritual roots had dispersed, her spirit channels were torn apart, and her memory was wiped out. I wonder if senior apprentice sister Yan can take a look if she could be cured?” Ever since Mo Wuji was acquainted with Yan Qianyin, he had always wanted her help to examine Yan’Er.

According to Shen Lian, Yan Qianyin should not be able to cure Yan’Er. However, her origins were not simple, and she might actually find a way.

“Where is she?” Yan Qianyin replied.

“Yan’Er, come over for a short while,” Mo Wuji eagerly stood up, walked towards the door and called out.

Yan’Er was alone by the lake. After hearing Mo Wuji's call, she immediately stood up and walked into the house.

Yan Qianyin also stood up and walked to Yan’Er's side, extending her hand to grab Yan’Er’s wrists. In a single breath’s time, the colour of Yan Qianyin's face changed, “Her spiritual roots were forcefully robbed? Who would do such a venomous act?”

Mo Wuji shook his head and did not offer an explanation; he only asked, “Senior apprentice sister Yan, is there any way to help her?”

It wasn't that he did not believe in Yan Qianyin; even if he trusted Yan Qianyin, she would not have any ways to help him seek revenge. However, if this information were to leak out, it would only lead to death. Furthermore, this sort of vengeance required Mo Wuji to personally seek it.

Yan Qianyin sunk into her thoughts for a good while, before muttering, “Maybe my grandmaster has a way...”

Thereafter, she shook head. Even her master might not be able to find her grandmaster, much less Yan Qianyin herself.

Mo Wuji also went silent; he had heard Yan Qianyin mention about her grandmaster before, this was akin to seeing flowers through a mist.

“Oh right, there's someone else who can save her...”

“Who is it?” Without waiting for Yan Qianyin to finish, Mo Wuji anxiously interrupted her words.

“Heaven Seeking Palace's Granny Linglong. Some say that she's infinitely close to being a Heavenly Pill Refiner. However, my master once told me that Granny Linglong is actually the sole Heavenly Pill Refiner from the Lost Continent,” Yan Qianyin said

with strong emotions; ostensibly, she was genuinely trying to help Mo Wuji find a solution.

“Lost Continent?” Mo Wuji did hear about the Heaven Seeking Palace before; it was the place where the Seventh Sword Summit Lord, Ju Qijian, went off too. However, he had never heard of the Lost Continent before.

Yan Qianyin explained, “Actually our five empires are collectively called the Lost Continent. The reason for this name is because our land has been abandoned by the heavenly laws, and our experts have never been able to advance past the First Heaven of the Heaven Realm. That's why countless experts want to leave this Lost Continent and enter the Five Elements Desolate Domain, so that they can attain higher realms.”

Mo Wuji clenched his fists tightly, he definitely needed to find Granny Linglong to help him. With his current improvement pace, how long would it take for him to be able to cure Yan'Er? What if even after ten years, he still wasn't able to save Yan'Er?

Yan Qianyin seemed to read Mo Wuji's mind as she said hesitantly, “Junior apprentice brother Mo, even though Granny Linglong might be able to cure her, she might not necessarily help you. Even the experts from the Heaven Seeking Palace might not be able to get Granny Linglong to help concoct pills for them. Furthermore, if I'm not wrong, Yan'Er would not live for more than another three years.”

“What?” Mo Wuji stood up agitatedly. Even though he was a Tier 2 pill refiner, he could not determine Yan'Er's remaining life span.

If Yan Qianyin wasn't lying to him, then Shen Lian must have been the one who lied to him. Perhaps Shen Lian wanted to comfort him so that he would not be overly anxious, but her words nearly killed Yan'Er. If he knew that Yan'Er only had less than three years left, how could he cultivate and progress at some a stable and gradual pace?

“She really only has three years left. Let's take a step back and talk. Even if you go to the Heaven Seeking Palace and get to meet Granny Linglong, and I guess that there's a 99% chance that you wouldn't even be able to see her, it would still be a wasted effort. In reality, travelling at your current speed from the Formless Blade Sect to the Heaven Seeking Palace will take two to three years. And that's if you don't meet with any delays.”

Yan Qianyin's words were like a bucket of cold water poured over Mo Wuji's head. Mo Wuji's hands and feet were icy cold, he was completely clueless on what he could do.

No one could understand the place Yan'Er had in his heart. After being plotted against by Xia Ruoyin, Mo Wuji came into this world with nothing at all. Yan'Er was willing to exchange her life for his, placing this young master above everything else, allowing him to feel the feelings of affection between human beings. He had never felt that before, and now that he did, he knew that he had to cherish it.

“Actually there's another way: the Five Elements Desolate Domain Pill Competition which will take place half a year from now. When the Five Elements Desolate Domain opens, Granny

Linglong would definitely personally enter to gather spiritual herbs. Maybe you might have a chance to see Granny Linglong.” Seeing Mo Wuji's listless expression, Yan Qianyin tried to console him.

Mo Wuji suddenly pulled out two rolls of thin silk and passed them to Yan Qianyin before bowing to her, “Senior apprentice sister Yan, these two silk pieces contain the secrets of the Fallen Tune Sword. I would like to request senior apprentice sister Yan for something.”

Chapter 97: She Saved Your Life

“You know why I'm looking for the Fallen Tune Sword, and even found the secrets from within?” Yan Qianyin made sense of the situation and asked awkwardly. If she could find out about the Fallen Tune Sword's secret from the skill transfer crystal ball, Mo Wuji could have too. However, she did not know that Mo Wuji found the Fallen Tune Sword's secret by chance and he hadn't even used the Invisible Sword skill transfer crystal ball.

Mo Wuji did not hide anything, “Yes. There's a skill within the Fallen Tune Sword, it's called the Revolving Star Passage Technique.”

Yan Qianyin opened the thin silk and naturally found the Revolving Star Passage Technique. By the side, Mo Wuji was still speaking, “This skill is missing one of the word manuals - The Yi Stage. Now this skill belongs to senior apprentice sister Yan. I only ask for senior apprentice sister Yan to bring me along for the Five Elements Desolate Domain Pill Competition. Even if it turns out to be unsuccessful, I want to try or I will never be at ease for the rest of my life.”

He could obtain another skill in the future but Yan'Er needed to be cured immediately. Moreover, he had already recorded every single word and every single cultivation image of the Revolving Star Passage Technique.

Yan Qianyin rolled the scroll up, looked at Mo Wuji and asked, “May I know what's your relationship with Yan'Er?”

With one look at the skill, Yan Qianyin could tell that it was far from normal. It was not as though Mo Wuji could not cultivate; being able to give this skill up demonstrated how important Yan'Er was in his heart.

“Yan'Er used to be my servant...” At this point, there was nothing left to hide; Mo Wuji briefly narrated his and Yan'Er's story in Raozhou.

Despite knowing that the Mo Clan has fallen, Yan'Er did not leave Mo Wuji. Instead, she was willing to starve for him, so much so that she ended up thin and emaciated. She toiled hard at night just so she could earn money to satisfy Mo Wuji's dream of being a king. Yan Qianyin's eyes could not help but fall on Yan'Er. It was enough that she was a loyal servant, but she even starved herself just to fulfil her young master's unreasonable desires. Yan Qianyin truly never saw a servant like Yan'Er before.

After Yan'Er knew that her spiritual roots were extremely good, she did not ask to cultivate, but asked if she could transfer her spiritual roots over to her young master. This was something never seen before. After all, this was akin to giving up her opportunity to become an immortal.

Who could expect that her words would actually become reality. It's just that her spiritual roots weren't transferred to her young master but someone else. Fortunately, the transfer failed. If it was actually successful, she would die in the spot and she would not be here right now.

Even though she lost her memories and mental state, she could

still remember her young master. This kind of person was definitely worth saving.

“I can take you to the Five Elements Desolate Domain Pill Competition. If you can advance to a Tier 3 Mortal Pill Refiner, you can even personally take part in the competition. However, I still need to remind you, even if you meet Granny Linglong, she would not help you,” Yan Qianyin sighed. She was an Earth Pill Refiner, and she better understood the temperaments of pill refiners. Even if Mo Wuji was resolute and firm, the chances of Granny Linglong helping was close to zero.

Mo Wuji decisively said, “I have to try.”

Yan Qianyin did not continue persuading him, but picked up the silk in her hand and said, “Junior apprentice brother Mo, did you dig the hole at the Hanging Sword Cliff? You picked the Lotus Sword Summit also for this reason right?”

Mo Wuji's heart trembled and he immediately thought of denying it. However, he knew that since Yan Qianyin already knew so much, there was no point in doing so. He honestly and simply said, “Yes senior apprentice sister Yan, I did indeed go to the Hanging Sword Cliff. How did you know?”

Yan Qianyin laughed faintly, “Because I personally retrieved this sword hilt from the Hanging Sword Cliff. Your hole even helped me.”

With that, Yan Qianyin looked at Yan'Er, “She saved your life.”

“Ahh...” Mo Wuji looked at Yan Qianyin in confusion. However, he immediately made sense of the situation. When he opened the hilt to retrieve the silk, he left behind traces. Yan Qianyin was not an idiot, she could definitely discover those traces on the hilt. Furthermore, Mo Wuji moved to the Lotus Sword Summit and there was a newly dug hole at the Hanging Sword Cliff, she could easily guess that he was the one who removed what was in the sword hilt.

If he did not give the silk scrolls up for Yan'Er, and when Yan Qianyin discovers that the Fallen Tune Sword's secret had already been removed, she would not treat him so nicely. That was why Yan Qianyin said that Yan'Er saved Mo Wuji's life.

“Senior apprentice sister Yan, if I did not pass you the scrolls and you discovered it, you would kill me?” Mo Wuji secretly heaved a sigh of relief and he casually asked. However, he had interacted with Yan Qianyin, and he did not believe she would kill him because of this. From the looks of it, she would at the very most force him to hand the thing over.

Yan Qianyin shook her head and explained, “I wouldn't have killed you, but the sect head would.”

“The sect head knows about the secret?” Mo Wuji asked on shock. If the sect head knows about it, Mo Wuji might still be executed even though he had already handed the Revolving Star Passage Technique over.

Yan Qianyin replied, “If the sect head didn't know about the Fallen Tune Sword's secret, do you think he would have allowed me to take the sword hilt? If you didn't hand over the skill, I would definitely have guessed that you were the one who took it. When that happens, I would have been very disappointed with you, and I wouldn't have helped you hide the truth.

Even if I didn't say anything, the sect head would have doubts over why I didn't take out the Fallen Tune Sword's secret. He would definitely send people to investigate the location of the sword hilt and see the hole you dug. By then, don't you think he'll start questioning me? I just need to confess that I wasn't the one who dug it, and that it was already there when I came to retrieve the sword hilt. What do you think will happen next?”

Cold sweat trickled down Mo Wuji's back; Yan Qianyin was completely right. If he lied to Yan Qianyin and he did not offer the Revolving Star Passage Technique, why would Yan Qianyin cover up for him? Even if Yan Qianyin didn't say anything about what happened at the Hanging Sword Cliff or the Formless Blade Mountain, the sect head would still have been able to find links to him. After all, Mo Wuji moved to the Lotus Sword Summit and the hole at the Hanging Sword Cliff were dug at around the same time. That was too close to be considered a coincidence. So Yan Qianyin was completely right to have said that Yan'Er saved his life.

Yan Qianyin kept the silk scrolls, “Junior apprentice brother Mo, you saved my life before and now you are being so honest with me. I, Yan Qianyin, am not an ungrateful person. I can't give you this Revolving Star Passage Technique as the sect head also wants to see it. But if you meet any problems, I will try to help you. Also, it's

very possible that this Revolving Star Passage Technique is not a skill. It doesn't matter if you have already memorised the contents, but this matter cannot be leaked.”

“If this is not a skill, then what is it?” Mo Wuji hurriedly asked. He really did memorise the contents on the two silk scrolls.

Yan Qianyin answered, “It could even be a sacred art. However, my cultivation is too low and I am not very well-read, so I'm not too sure...”

“The guy surnamed Mo, do you think you're very incredible now that you're a guest pill refiner? This senior only needs one slap to squash you...” A hoarse and loud voice outside the house interrupted Yan Qianyin's sentence. It was followed by a raging tornado which sped towards Mo Wuji's house.

Yan Qianyin, who was talking to Mo Wuji, took a step forward, and also sent a wave out.

“Hong!” The clash of the two forces directly destroyed the exterior of Mo Wuji's house. Mo Wuji hurried out to see Yan Qianyin facing a ferocious looking man. The space between the two of them seemed to have been plowed, looking extremely messy and disorderly.

Chapter 98: The Immortal Training Tower

“Pill Master Yan, why are you here too? You’ve advanced into the first stage of the Earth Realm, the Yuan Dan Stage?” The hideously muscular man stared at Yan Qianyin with a surprised look on his face.

To become an Earth Pill Refiner at such a young age was already a frightening accomplishment, but to enter the first stage of the Earth Realm too? He was already in the 7th level of the Yuan Dan Stage, but how many years did he take to get there? By the time he entered the Yuan Dan Stage, he was already much older than Yan Qianyin.

Yan Qianyin casually replied, “Whether I’m in the Yuan Dan Stage or not is not important. I’m actually quite curious, as lord of a sword summit, why would Summit Lord Cang forcibly come to the Lotus Sword Summit to destroy Pill Master Mo’s home?” While Cang Qianxing did not acknowledge Mo Wuji, he could not afford to act without restraint in front of Yan Qianyin. Even before she stepped into the Yuan Dan Stage, she was the top ranked existence below the Formless Blade Sect Head, and now that she was in the Yuan Dan Stage, her position was not something that the Fire Sword Summit Lord could compare to.

“Since you want to know why, let me enlighten you. This man took advantage of his position of a guest pill refiner to bully others. My nephew found some materials for smithing and intended to give them to me, but somehow he caught wind of this. In the end, not only did he give my nephew a good beating, but he also snatched away the smithing materials.” Although Cang Qianxing did not outrank Yan Qianyin, but he believed that in front of the

truth, she would not dare to overly protect Mo Wuji.

“Thank you young master, thank you Pill Master Yan, my husband Tao Ao can now walk again thanks to you.” Just as the final word left Cang Qianxing’s mouth, Xiong Xiuzhu assisted Tao Ao to walk over from afar, with a voice shaking from emotion. If she was not helping Tao Ao to stand, she would have fallen to her knees by then.

Yan Qianyin took advantage of this, asking Xiong Xiuzhu, “This is the Fire Sword Summit Lord, please explain how your husband’s leg got broken and the current situation to him. Summit Lord Cang claims that Pill Master Mo snatched Cang Wenbin’s smithing materials, a steel pole, and is here to settle this debt with Pill Master Mo.”

Xiong Xiuzhu understood what was going on immediately, and quickly clarified, “No, it’s not like that. The steel pole is a family heirloom of mine...”

Once Cang Qianxing heard that Cang Wenbin broke Tao Ao’s legs, and that the steel pole was stolen from Xiong Xiuzhu by Cang Wenbin, how could he not understand what was going on?

A livid expression appeared on his face, though not because he had wronged Mo Wuji. If Yan Qianyin was not present, even if he knew that Cang Wenbin was being unreasonable, he would still carry on to destroy Mo Wuji’s house, and take the steel pole away by force. But now he was furious that Cang Wenbin actually wanted to manipulate him to teach Mo Wuji a lesson. Turning around, he saw Cang Wenbin with a face as white as a sheet. No

questions were needed to confirm that Xiong Xiuzhu was not lying.

With one leap, Cang Qianxing landed in front of Cang Wenbin. His giant palm lifted into the air, and swept down onto Cang Wenbin's recently recovered face, which had once again become bloody after the single slap.

After the slap, Cang Qianxing did not speak any further. Extending his strides, all traces of him left the summit in seconds. Since Cang Qianxing had left, Cang Wenbin dared not make any noise, and stumbled off the summit as fast as he could.

Mo Wuji took in a deep breath. If Yan Qianyin was not here today, he would definitely have been humiliated by Cang Qianxing. "One day," he swore, "I'll go to the Fire Sword Summit to teach this cunning old man a lesson."

"Junior apprentice brother Mo, you have to be wary of Cang Qianxing in the future. This guy will definitely settle this grudge someday. Even though he won't dare to make a move against you openly, but he'll make your life difficult somehow. If I guess correctly, he should be at Yuan Dan Stage Level 7. I've just entered the Yuan Dan Stage and cannot stand up to him yet." Yan Qianyin warned Mo Wuji in a serious tone the moment Cang Qianxing left.

Without this reminder, Mo Wuji would also have known that he could not afford to offend someone like Cang Qianxing. But even though he did not do so this time, Cang Qianxing still came knocking on his door. He couldn't deflect these bullets even if he wanted to.

“Senior apprentice sister Yan, do you know where there’s something like a lightning lake nearby?” Mo Wuji’s desire to become stronger lit up again in his heart, and he had to find a lightning source to open new meridians.

Yan Qianyin gazed at Mo Wuji with a puzzled look, “Why are you looking for lightning lakes? Do you have lightning affinity spiritual roots?” She totally did not believe that Mo Wuji had lightning affinity spiritual roots, as those with unique spiritual roots were all top tier geniuses. In general, most unique affinity spiritual roots were of supreme grade, and even the worst of them were high grade spirit roots.

Mo Wuji clarified, “Actually, I have a technique that allows me to strengthen my body by immersing myself in lightning, so I wanted to find somewhere suitable to train with it.”

So this was the case, Yan Qianyin nodded her head. No wonder Mo Wuji survived the malfunction in the transfer formation. His body had been forged by lightning.

This explanation cleared any suspicion that Yan Qianyin had. In reality, there were many techniques that used wind, lightning, fire, ice, and other methods to strengthen the body. So it was not unusual for Mo Wuji to obtain a lightning affinity body strengthening technique.

“At the Fringe City there’s a gigantic training facility, called the Fringe City Immortal Training Tower. You can go there to rent a

cultivation room. Not only are there lightning tempering rooms, but also five elements tempering rooms, ice tempering rooms, etc.” Yan Qianyin replied.

As someone that did not understand much about the world of cultivators, Mo Wuji’s jaw dropped when he heard that there were specialised lightning rooms for cultivation, before asking excitedly, “Such a place exists?”

A smile emerged on Yan Qianyin’s face, “This sort of facility isn’t actually anything special, as long as you have spirit stones, you could also go to locations with spiritual energy as dense as on the Formless Blade Sect Head’s Summit. Fringe City is a city of cultivation where many major sects cross paths, so try not to stir up any trouble while you’re there. The Fringe City Immortal Training Tower is very famous. It was made in the image of the Heaven Seeking Palace Training Tower, and out of all of the towers that mimic the Heaven Seeking Palace Training Tower, the one at Fringe City is the best.”

“Senior apprentice sister Yan, thank you for the recommendation. I intend to go to Fringe City to train for a period of time, and would like Yan’Er to stay with you for a few days, is that possible?” Since Cang Qianxing had suddenly barged to his house, Mo Wuji became more cautious. If not for his insufficient strength and the inconvenience of bringing someone around, he would have kept Yan’Er by his side.

Yan Qianyin replied, “Sure, no problem. The place that I live in is very spacious, so why don’t you let the XLong Ziuzhu couple come over too, since someone has to take care of Yan’Er anyway.” When

Xiong Xiuzhu, who had been waiting to thank Yan Qianyin, heard this, her knees immediately hit the ground, followed by cries of gratitude.

With her hand gesturing for Xiong Xiuzhu to get up, Yan Qianyin said to Mo Wuji, “My suggestion for you is to take up some pill refining jobs of the sect, this will be beneficial for your growth.”

...

After handing over Yan’Er, Xiong Xiuzhu, and Tao Ao to Yan Qianyin, Mo Wuji began preparing for his trip to Fringe City. He did not really take note of Yan Qianyin’s suggestion to take up pill refining jobs. The main priority was to increase his strength, and the first step was to open new meridians.

There were flying beast carriages flying from the Formless Blade Sect to Fringe City, but those required spirit stones for payment. So Mo Wuji went to collect his guest pill refiner pay, which added up to a total of over a hundred spirit stones. After paying for a seat on the flying beast carriage, he was left with only a hundred spirit stones. Mo Wuji dared not use these stones for cultivation. He had to save them up for the Immortal Training Tower, which used spirit stones instead of gold coins as their currency.

Chapter 99: The Expensive Lightning Tempering Room

Fringe City.

It had a desolate sounding name, but in reality, it wasn't the case.

Besides the mottled and weather-beaten walls, this place was unbelievably crowded. There were countless streams of beast carriages and flying beast carriages. The passing people all carried weapons on their backs, with an imposing aura encompassing their entire body. Compared to a mortal city, cultivator cities were really indescribable.

Mo Wuji carried his drug refining equipment on his back as he walked into the city. According to the information he gathered, there were other sects near Fringe City. Besides Formless Blade Sect, there were also the Nine Spirits School, Thundercloud Sect, Thousand Leaves Alliance and at least ten other sects.

The Formless Blade Sect was not the strongest sect among all these sects, and it was because of this, that Yan Qianyin nagged at Mo Wuji to try his best not to offend others.

While there were many people in Fringe City, there were also many inns and hotels. Mo Wuji was quickly able to find a place to stay: the North Water Inn. According to the waiter, the North Water Inn was the very close to the Immortal Training Tower.

Even though this was a cultivator city, Mo Wuji found that the facilities of the North Water Inn was far from Chang Luo's Tian Luo Hotel. The only good point was that this inn accepted gold coins, if not Mo Wuji wouldn't have wanted to stay there. He only had a hundred pieces of spirit stones, and he even heard that they were low grade ones.

Besides his salary as a guest pill refiner, he got most of his hundred spirit stones from the Formless Blade Mountain.

What made Mo Wuji a little happy was that the inn actually had its own pill room. For the guests, this pill room was not necessarily for concocting pills; it could be used to house their beast pets, smithing or any other function.

Mo Wuji wanted this pill room not for concocting drugs, but to concoct his channel opening solution. That was also the reason why he brought his drug refining equipment out. Mo Wuji intended to concoct his solution in the night, and go to the Immortal Training Tower in the day to open his meridians. This was the best way to make use of his time.

After placing his belongings in the inn, the first thing Mo Wuji did wasn't to take a look at the Immortal Training Tower. Since Yan Qianyin said that there were Lightning Tempering Rooms there, then they would definitely be there. Instead, the first thing he did was to purchase medicinal herbs and prepare to concoct his channel opening solution. He only had a few bottles of it on himself; these bottles were not enough for him to use.

...

As this was a city for cultivators, in addition to the fact that Mo Wuji was merely buying lowly medicinal ingredients, he did not need to spend much time and effort to get what he needed. In just two to three hours, he was all prepared to start his drug refining. This time, he purchased 30 batches of ingredients.

By now, concocting the channel opening solution was as easy as steaming rice. Furthermore, he was already at Channel Opening Stage Level 4, his concentration was far improved from before. In a single night, he brewed 15 bottles of channel opening solution. With the seven bottles he already had, he now had a total of 22 bottles of channel opening solution on him.

When first light broke, Mo Wuji stopped his concocting. He sat down and started cultivating. Despite not sleeping the entire night, Mo Wuji's spirit and vitality were brimming with just two hours of cultivation.

After eating a simple breakfast, Mo Wuji brought his 22 bottles of channel opening solution and headed towards the Immortal Training Tower.

If there were enough chances, Mo Wuji was determined to open as many meridians as he can before slowly cultivating.

To cultivators, opening spirit channels was a phase within the Channel Opening Stage. When they advanced into the Spirit Building Stage, the body's spirit channels were fixed, and could no longer be opened. Unless the cultivator chose to waste his

cultivation and try once more from the Channel Opening Stage. However, even an idiot would not want to do such a thing.

...

From the way Mo Wuji looked at it, as a cultivator city, and with the the Immortal Training Tower being the most popular place in Fringe City, its square must be immensely big. It should at least be bigger than the one back at Chang Luo.

However, when Mo Wuji arrived outside the Immortal Training Tower, he could see that its area was nowhere comparable to the one at Chang Luo. The only astounding thing about it was the five huge golden words floating outside the square: Fringe City Immortal Training Tower.

As the square was relatively small, and there was a huge flow of people, the place looked extremely crowded. At the centre of the square, there was a tower over a 100 metres tall. As it's body was wide, the tower looked a little bloated.

Mo Wuji was used to skyscrapers back on Earth; a tower which was not more than 150 metres tall did not astound him.

As he walked closer to the tower, Mo Wuji saw a huge sign hung outside the door. The sign indicated the prices of the various tempering rooms. Not only did Mo Wuji see the Five Elemental Tempering Rooms which Yan Qianyin mentioned, he also saw Swordplay Room, Gravity Room, Floating Room...

Whether it was imaginable or unimaginable, this place had it all. However, after Mo Wuji took a look at the price tags, his initial excitement dropped by half. The cheapest tempering rooms all had a daily fee of 10 spirit stones or more. The more expensive ones even needed more than a hundred spirit stones; this was especially so for the Swordplay Room, it required a hefty 300 low grade spirit stones just for a single day.

Mo Wuji hurried to scan through the eclectic range of tempering rooms and soon found the Lightning Tempering Room.

When he saw the price of the Lightning Tempering Room, his breath turned cold. It's price wasn't calculated by the days but by the hour; every hour required 10 low grade spirit stones. With the amount of spirit stones he had on him, he could only afford 10 hours.

After a few moments of hesitation, Mo Wuji still chose to enter the Immortal Training Tower. If he was alone, he would definitely have taken the risk to find the Six-footed Lightning Crocodile. However, he now had Yan'Er along with him, so he did not have the time to hunt for lightning crocodiles. Moreover, if he had the choice, he would not want to risk his life. After all, spirit stones could be earned but a lost life could not be recovered. He was even a Tier 2 pill refiner with a good supply of pills on him. All these could be used to exchange for spirit stones..

"I want to use the Lightning Tempering Room for two hours..." Mo Wuji carefully took out 20 spirit stones and placed it in front of the payment window.

He was reminded of this sentence from an essay he once read: "['Two bowls of warm wine, and a dish of fennel beans' and he passed over nine copper coins.](#)"

Mo Wuji suddenly immersed into the mood which Kong Yiji had been in. Much like Old Kong, he also passed over these valuable 20 spirit stones with deep sentiments.

"The Lightning Tempering Room requires a deposit of 100 spirit stones. We will charge you based on the hour, and the remaining spirit stones will be returned to you." The voice behind the window answered mechanically.

You even need a deposit?

Looking at Mo Wuji's startled face, a man by the side said, "Brother, this must be your first time here, right? Everything here requires a deposit. You can choose to apply for a jade slip, and deposit some spirit stones within the jade slip. In the future, you can simply pay using your jade slip."

Mo Wuji hurried to thank him, before taking all hundred spirit stones from his bag. Fortunately, he had exactly a hundred spirit stones, or this would have been a wasted trip.

After passing over the hundred spirit stones, the person at the window quickly passed Mo Wuji a jade slip. At the same time, he said with an icy cold, mechanical voice, "Insert the jade slip into the door groove. When you come out, return the jade slip to exchange for spirit stones, or hand over extra spirit stones if you

exceeded your time."

"Can this friend here lend me three spirit stones? I only have 97 spirit stones on me, which is not enough for a deposit. Don't worry, I will only be cultivating for two hours, so after I retrieve my deposit, I will wait here to return you your spirit stones." A slightly tender voice sounded by Mo Wuji's ear. Mo Wuji turned to see a roughly 13 to 14 year old youth looking at him expectantly.

Ostensibly, this youth had seen him hand over the spirit stones, and felt that he had more spirit stones on him.

From Mo Wuji's experience, this youth was really lacking three spirit stones. He could clearly see the desire in this youth's eyes. If he had more spirit stones on him, he would not have minded lending the youth the three spirit stones. Unfortunately, Mo Wuji really did not have any spirit stones left on him, and he apologetically said to the youth, "I'm really sorry. I only had 100 spirit stones on me."

As he finished this sentence, Mo Wuji saw a few looks of disdain from the surroundings.

The youth's eyes revealed an expression of disappointment. Ostensibly, he thought that Mo Wuji was simply finding excuses. He directed this gaze to the surroundings, but no one spoke up.

"I will help you out with the three spirit stones," A slightly magnetic voice sounded, and three spirit stones were sent into the youth's hands.

It was a young man, and even Mo Wuji had to secretly praise this guy's looks. Not only was he handsome, his voice brought with him some magnetism and charm. You don't even need to look at his face; his long slender arms were already enough to earn the envy of countless women.

If this was on Earth, this person could easily earn money with his face alone.

There was a pretty lady by this man's side. Her eyes swept across Mo Wuji with a look of contempt.

Mo Wuji merely shook his head; he did not mind about this matter. He looked at the jade slip in his hand. It wrote: Lightning Room 1.

This is from a poem by Lu Xun, a figure of modern Chinese Literature. If you're interested in the full poem, [it's being translated here](#).

Chapter 100: Lucky To Be Alive

Lightning Room 1 was located on the ninth floor of the Fringe City Immortal Training Tower, and it was the first training room that came into Mo Wuji's field of vision when he arrived on the ninth floor. There was indeed a groove for the jade slip outside the tempering room, and Mo Wuji casually slid his jade slip into the groove, then the heavy stone door of the tempering room began to creak open.

After Mo Wuji entered the stone door, it automatically closed behind him. Upon preliminary inspection, the stone chamber he was in had at least 200 square meters in floor area, and around 10 meters in height. The chamber was completely empty, less three handles at the entrance. The first was labelled "Begin training", the second labelled "Stop training", and the last labelled "Open door". Other than that, there was no dial or handle to adjust the strength of lightning in the chamber.

Even though he had not undergone training in a lightning tempering room before, it was not the first time that Mo Wuji tempered meridians with lightning. A bottle of channel opening solution disappeared in a gulp, and Mo Wuji pulled down the first handle to start his training.

Waves of rumbling rang out from all corners of the chamber, and around 10 breaths later, tiny lightning bolts came shooting out. Even though the lightning tempering room was rather large, but Mo Wuji noticed that the lightning bolts were only landing within a radius of a few metres in the centre of the room with loud crackling noises, while nothing happened elsewhere. Those lightning bolts were no weaker than those that he encountered for

the first time in the lightning lake . Without a single shred of hesitation, Mo Wuji stepped into the area which bore the brunt of the lightning bolt strikes. Every minute that he hesitated was equivalent to wasting some spirit stones.

“Bang...crackle...” The lightning bolts struck Mo Wuji’s body, and the streams of hot energy that followed were guided by Mo Wuji into the various meridians in his body. It was only then that Mo Wuji felt the difference between the lightning bolts in the lightning tempering room, and those from the lightning lake and the Six-footed Lightning Crocodiles. The strength of every lightning bolt was consistent, which to him, was much better for tempering his meridians.

It was good to be rich. Even in the world of cultivators, this fact did not change.

A single major circulation with the <Immortal Mortal Technique> later, Mo Wuji’s 28th meridian popped open.

Unfortunately, he had no spirit stones, otherwise, he would definitely take the chance to cultivate at the same time. Who knew what that would feel like?

The lightning bolts rained down endlessly, and Mo Wuji ceaselessly consumed bottle after bottle of channel opening solution. The only good point of tempering his meridians in the lightning tempering room was that he did not have to worry about his safety. Once he could not handle the intensity of lightning, he could just step out of the epicenter of the lightning bolts to take a short break.

This was a luxury that Mo Wuji did not have when facing the lightning crocodiles and in the lightning lake. When making use of lightning crocodiles, he would have to bring a guy along to help, so as to prevent him from being killed by the crocodile by accident.

On the other hand, the lightning lake was a much more dangerous place to train in. No one knew when a extremely strong lightning bolt would strike. For lightning that strong, perhaps only a single bolt would already easily wipe a weak newbie like Mo Wuji off the face of the planet.

In the lightning tempering room, nearly no single piece of Mo Wuji's flesh was left in its original state. Luckily, he threw his clothes outside of the lightning radius at the start, otherwise he would have to leave naked. How could he anticipate this and bring an extra set of clothes with him?

The smell of charred flesh filled the lightning tempering room, and with every lightning strike, Mo Wuji would spasm uncontrollably, but even so, he did not choose to leave the lightning radius to rest. Not a single lightning bolt should have been wasted by taking a break, as every one was bought with spirit stones. More importantly, Mo Wuji was aware that while the lightning tempering room was safe and stable, but there was one factor lacking: the pressure from fighting for his life.

One thing that Yan Qianyin got right was that it would be difficult for someone that did not experience life and death situations to become an expert. Mo Wuji's determination in the face of these lightning strikes, was also to push himself to his

limits. As long as he did not reach the thin line between life and death, rest would not be an option.

Determination was sometimes more important than talent. For Mo Wuji to get to where he was, perhaps his talent had a part to play, but in his heart, grit and drive played the most crucial role.

33 meridians...34 meridians...

When Mo Wuji consumed the 30th bottle of channel opening solution, a continuous stream of four lightning bolts were guided into his 36th meridian. “Bang!” Once the four lightning bolts completely burst open his 36th meridian, a relaxed feeling spread throughout his whole body. Who cared if he was burnt black and was filled with cuts and wounds caused by the lightning strikes? Once the 36th meridian was opened, he had a sublime feeling all over.

This feeling of joy and comfort was similar to what he felt when progressing from Channel Opening Stage Level 3 to Level 4. No, it felt even better than that.

Mo Wuji, who had originally planned to take a short break after opening 36 meridians, changed his mind. He felt really good, possibly even stronger than before he entered the lightning tempering room, so he decided that he would finish all of the channel opening solution before stopping.

Down his throat the 14th bottle of channel opening solution went, but a sense of uneasiness appeared in Mo Wuji’s heart,

because the burning line sensation was no longer present. Other than a light burn in his throat, there was no other reaction from his body. Without any reaction from his body, he would not be able to guide the lightning bolts to attack his meridians to open them.

Multiple lightning bolts continued to land on him, and Mo Wuji allowed them to freely strike his body, but other than the physical harm that they inflicted on him, there were no benefits that could be reaped any further

An uncomfortable feeling welled up within him. Desperate, Mo Wuji drank five bottles of channel opening solution, but to no avail. All he felt was some heat in his throat. His meridians no longer responded.

The lightning bolts kept raining down, and Mo Wuji forcibly started the circulation process to guide the lightning to break open one of the possible meridians. “Boom!” Mo Wuji spat out a mouthful of blood just as the lightning was guided into him, before falling to the ground, paralysed and spasming.

Lightning bolts threatened to strike again. Whatever was left of Mo Wuji struggled to crawl out of the area at the centre of the room where lightning struck. It was as though countless needles were pierced through his spine, as he spat out more blood with each wave of pain that hit him. Thankfully he had already got out of the epicenter of the lightning strikes, otherwise, he would not be able to crawl out ever in his life.

Forcefully guiding lightning through the body’s meridians had

caused great pain and damage to Mo Wuji, making him unable to stand up. While he lay on the floor, he could not even move a muscle either. Even though the lightning bolts continued to fall, and his spirit stones were still being used up, but he did not have the strength to reach and pull the “Stop training” handle.

After a good one over hour of lying on the ground did Mo Wuji regain some strength. With this, he wriggled his way to the bag at one side to retrieve some recovery pills, instantly popping a few of them into his mouth.

The recovery pills coupled with half an hour of rest did the trick, and Mo Wuji could just barely stand up. He wobbled to the side of the door, and pulled the “Stop training” handle before collapsing to the ground once again.

The wastage of spirit stones were of secondary importance now. The main issue on his mind was why the channel opening solution lost its effectiveness. Could his natural limit be 36 opened meridians?

But based on his prior knowledge, he knew that the maximum number was 99 spirit channels, and even though Mo Wuji did not know the difference between meridians and spirit channels, from experience he also knew that there was negligible difference between opening 36 meridians and 36 spirit channels. In the world of cultivation, for those who could cultivate, opening 36 spirit channels was commonplace, and even those with the most average talent could achieve it. As long as you were a cultivator, you would be expected to at least open more than 36 spirit channels.

A strong sense of resentment burst forth from inside him. If he really only had the potential of 36 opened meridians, then he would likely be unable to cultivate even to the later levels of the Channel Opening Stage, much less higher stages or realms.

Time passed quickly while Mo Wuji just sat there, and at some point in time, an alarm went off in the lightning tempering room. This signified that Mo Wuji had not been training in the room for quite awhile, and would have to leave the room if he did not wish to continue cultivating. Only then, Mo Wuji woke up his idea, and a shiver went down his spine. Back when he could not cultivate, he was not sad or disappointed, but instead worked hard to find a path of cultivation for himself. However, now that he could already cultivate, and had become a Channel Opening Stage Level 4 cultivator, he was surprisingly defeated by his limit of opening 36 meridians.

This was out of character for him. Mo Wuji once told himself, so what if he had mortal roots? He would not give up, what more if he had mortal roots that allowed him to cultivate. No turning back, Mo Wuji had to find a new method to open meridians. If he couldn't, then he would revert to his original plan, and pursue training in martial arts.

Thinking to this point, Mo Wuji instantly became mentally recharged, and his confidence was renewed. So what if I have mortal roots? So what if I only have 36 opened meridians? I can't give up here. I must never give up!

At most, he would just die as an ordinary mortal, which did not matter. He was already very lucky to have reached such a stage, so

what was there to worry about? Mo Wuji soon regained his composure, put on his torn clothes, picked up his bag, and yanked open the door of the lightning tempering room.

Outside the lightning tempering room stood seven, eight people, out of which a guy and a girl were squashed in center. The guy, Mo Wuji could recognise. He was the one who gave three spirit stones to the young and handsome youth previously. The pretty girl had also been at his side.

Those outside were shocked by Mo Wuji's appearance. Whole body burnt black, hair as though as it was lit on fire, body still releasing smoke, and the blood on the chest and the corner of the mouth mixed with black soot; Mo Wuji looked as though as he crawled out of a pile of dead people.

The only thing that looked out of place was his eyes. That pair of eyes reflected a profound sense of serenity, as though as the whole world had exploded, but yet he remained unaffected and calm.

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